

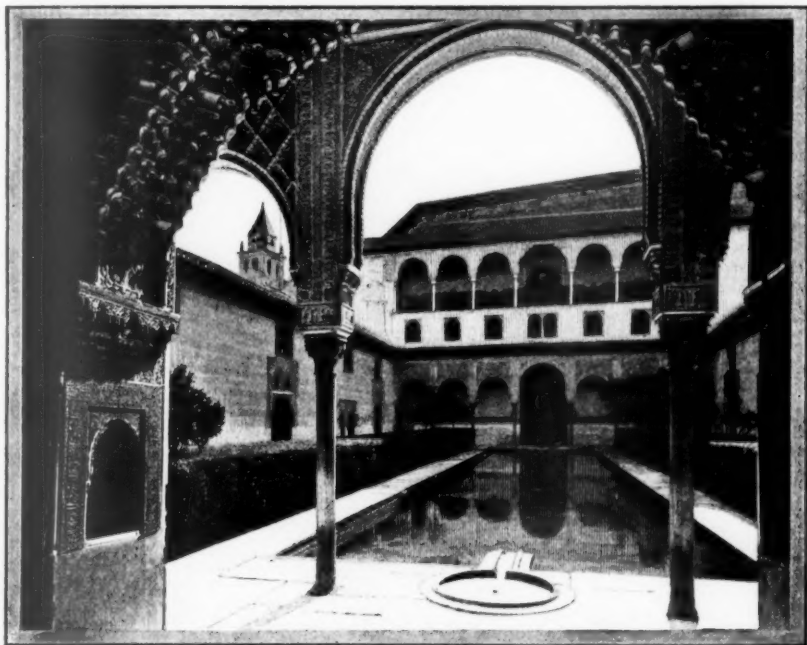
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

BY H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

THERE are views one can never forget: scenes which leave an imperishable memory. There can be, however, no impression more lasting than one's recollection of the landscape from the Vela tower of the Alhambra. Below are the red battlements of the Moorish fortress; across the rushing Dáuro the gray-white town is piled high on the hill-tops. Beyond the jumble of tile roofs and hanging balconies lies the green Vega of Granada, dotted with olives and pop-

lars, with the glinting walls of villages, stretching like a carpet of plush toward the purple mountains of Malaga. To the north the rugged Sierra Nevada raise their snow-capped peaks above the clouds, and high on the hillside beyond the towers of the Alhambra, the white arcades of the Generalife glisten in the sunlight. Myrtles and oranges grow amid the crumbling ruins at one's feet; across the river a Carthusian monastery, perched upon a hill-top, proudly over-

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looks the troublous Albaicin quarter and recalls stern Ximenes and his unrelenting treatment of the conquered Moor.

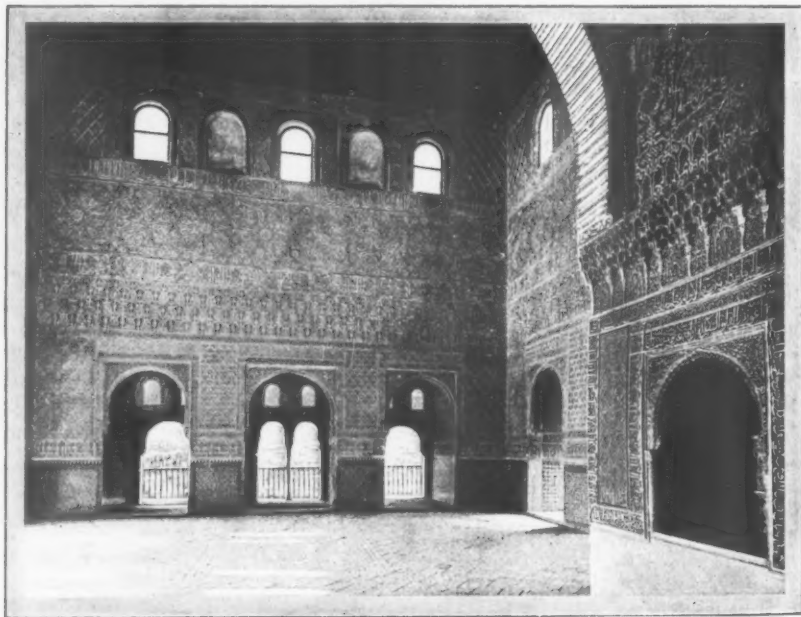
But wherever one turns there are memories. There is the gate where the hapless Boabdil's lance was shattered as he went forth to disaster, and across the Vega the gray towers of Santa Fé, reared by the invading host of the Catholic kings rise dimly from the plain. In fancy one sees the smoke of the conqueror's torch or the dust of Moorish cavalry.

But those days are over; Granada the beautiful sleeps. There, in the town below, mice-like donkeys tread their patient way beside the rumbling Darro, while ghost-like Spaniards in flowing cloaks silently come and go. Bells toll; the mournful cries of street venders mingle with the ripple of waters; the air has the soft stillness of summer; the lazy beggars dozing in the sun make one know that the Granada of long ago is only a glorious dream.

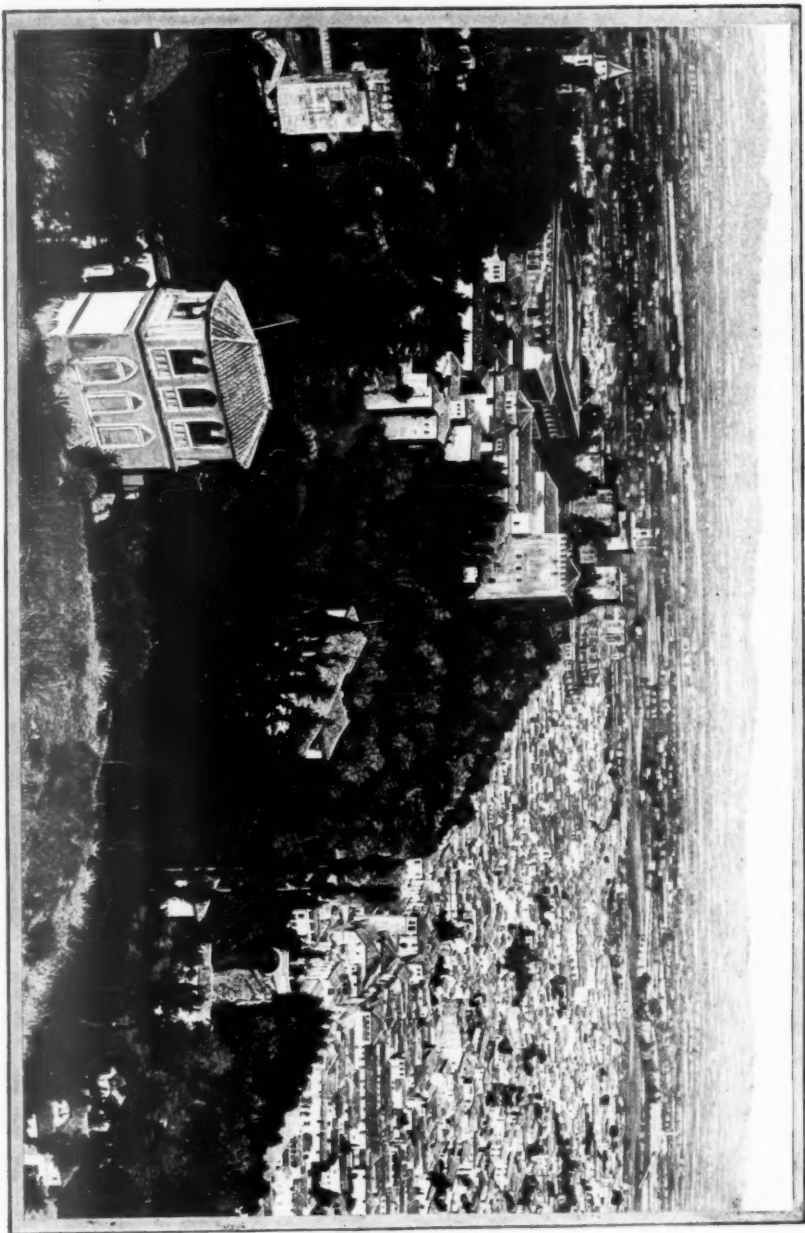
To speak of Granada is to speak of the Alhambra, but one falters at describing the vastness and the delicacy of that last effort of the Spanish Moor, who made

the place and all its memories so thoroughly his own. The hotel beneath the walls bears the name of Washington Irving. His "Tales" are sold by importunate venders; the guide shows the room in which he slept with an air of mysterious reverence; wherever one turns one feels the presence of the American who, more than any other writer, has preserved the memory of the Moor. But all the world does not read Irving to-day, and there are many to whom the "Conquest of Granada" and "Tales of the Alhambra" are merely the names of unread books.

The Alhambra has been called a palace-fortress, and such it certainly was in the days of its prime. Almost a city as well, and so numerous were the buildings clustered upon the long promontory, or ridge, rising between the rivers Dáuro and Genil, that the place was called by the Arabs *Medináh Alhamra*, or *Alhambra City*. The name has been usually considered to mean "red castle" from the reddish color of the *tapia* work of the walls. More probably, however, it is derived from *Kasru-l-hamra*, meaning the



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, ALHAMBRA.



THE ALHAMBRA AND GRANADA FROM GENERALIFE.

sultan's palace, Kasr being a corruption of *Cæsar*. But whatever the origin of the name, the Alhambra of to-day is of far more recent workmanship than most of the Moorish ruins of Spain, for although the promontory where the palace stands has long been a stronghold, the Alhambra itself is practically the creation of Ibn-l-Ahmar, the founder of the Masrite dynasty, and dates from about 1248.

The kingdom of Granada was the last stronghold of the Moors in the peninsula. Cordova was the capital of Moorish Spain in its prime. On the breaking up of the

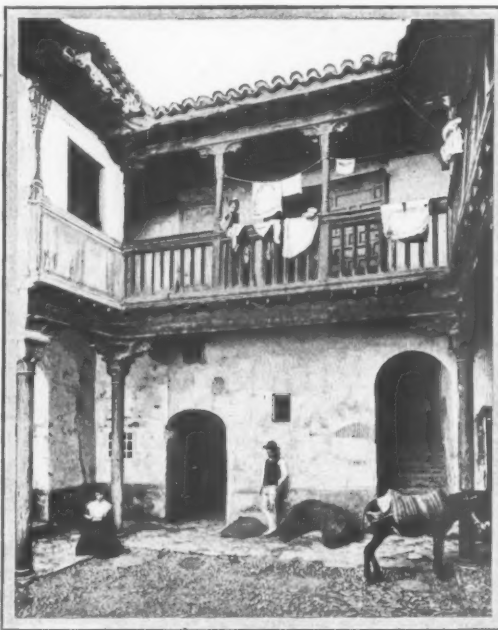
Omayyan caliphate, after the death of Almanzor in 1002, into numerous petty kingdoms, Seville rose to greatest prominence. The feuds between these petty kingdoms were nearly successful in destroying the Arab power, and had not the Almoravides and the Almohades two fanatical sects from Africa, invaded Spain successively in the interests of the Crescent, the end of Moslem rule might have been ante-

dated some four centuries. The semi-barbarous tribes from Africa infused new vigor into the declining Moor and prolonged the Mohammedan power, and it was not until the great Christian victory of Navas de Toloso, in 1212, that the power of the Almohades was crushed. The fall of Cordova and Seville was then but a question of a few years. Granada, one of the petty Arab kingdoms, became the refuge. The Moslem, after being driven from Cordova and Seville, sought shelter in this little mountain kingdom,

where for two centuries the decadent Moors, by acknowledging the suzerainty of the kings of Castile, were enabled to govern themselves and prolong the hour of their final downfall.

The Grenadine, like all decadents, was luxurious, effeminate and contentious. His history is a history of palace intrigues, rebellions and civil wars; when he was not fighting the Christian, he was plotting; and his idle moments were spent with the women of his harem, surrounded by all the luxury his ingenuity could devise. His art was delicate and

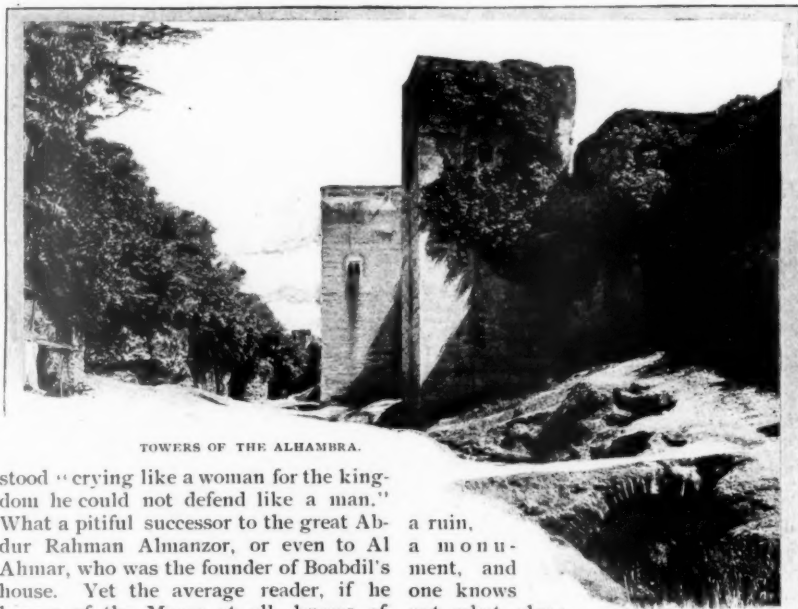
refined, but it lacked the vigor shown in the works of the Cordovans. Its very effeminacy, however, imparts to it that charm which gives the Alhambra first rank in interest among the Moorish ruins. One pities a fallen race. One has sympathy for a people who, like the Grenadines, were the remnant of a mighty power. That is the reason perhaps that the two centuries of Granada's history almost overshadow



MOORISH HOUSE IN ALBAICIN QUARTER.

the five centuries of Moorish grandeur at Cordova.

The last struggle of the Moors against the power of the Catholic kings has been the topic of many a romance and poem, and Boabdil, the miserable, the rebel, the tool of women, the traitor, has become a hero at the expense of his brave father and still braver uncle, merely because it was he who surrendered the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, and because as he looked for the last time upon the towers of the Alhambra, he



TOWERS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

stood "crying like a woman for the kingdom he could not defend like a man." What a pitiful successor to the great Abdur Rahman Almanzor, or even to Al Ahmar, who was the founder of Boabdil's house. Yet the average reader, if he knows of the Moors at all, knows of Boabdil. The great names of Moorish history have been forgotten that the name of the rebel and traitor may live. So, likewise, the Alhambra has attained preëminence undeserved in point of grandeur, though certainly not in point of beauty; for this fairy palace of the declining Moor stands unique among the world's monuments.

The earlier phase of Moorish art, exemplified by the mosque of Cordova was the outcome of a stern, almost ascetic spirit, avoiding frivolous ornamentation, and reflecting the vigorous character of the times. The Alhambra, on the contrary, belongs to the last period of Moorish architecture, a degenerate period wanting in lofty inspiration, and expressing the effeminacy and luxury of the age. Excessive in ornamentation, its proportions are almost paltry, and there is exaggeration in outline; but no other Moorish monument possesses the delicate refinement, the inexpressible charm of this palace of the Grenadine kings.

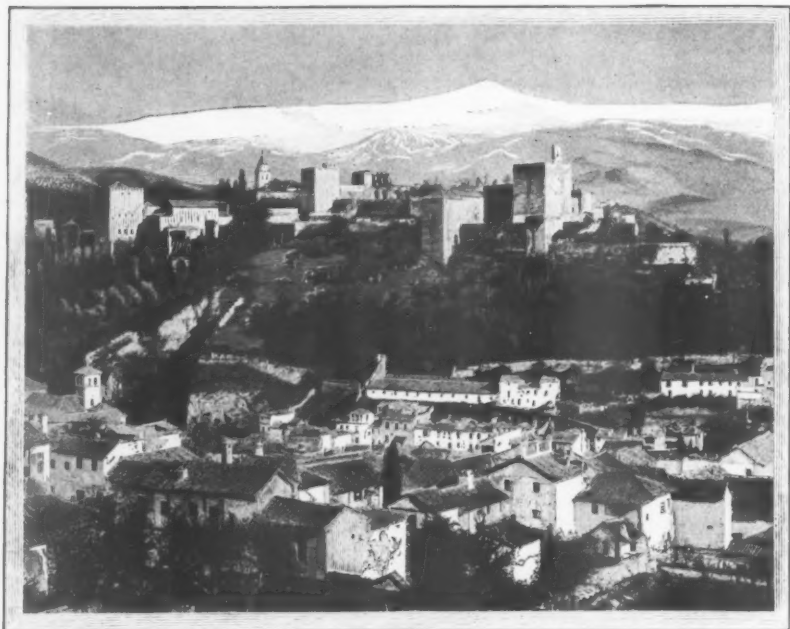
How many times has the Alhambra been described minutely? As often as a traveler with pencil and a note-book has wandered within its walls. It has been called a fortress, a castle, a palace, a city,

a ruin,
a monument, and
one knows
not what else;

each stone, each azulejo has received its share of attention, and the end is not yet. One prefers to saunter quietly through the shady courts, tarrying for a moment here and there, and leaving minute description to the architect or the antiquary.

In the Plaza de los Algibes (Place of the Cisterns), for instance, you may rest for a while in the shade of a crumbling wall and study the history of Spain objectively. Surrounding you are the irregular walls and square castellated towers of the fortress, the entrance to the Moorish palace, the Church of San Nicolas, the unfinished Tuscan palace of Charles v., and the houses of the Alhambra leeches who thrive on travelers. One sees the vestiges of Roman rule and Arab dominion side by side with the monumental evidence of Spanish fanaticism and Austrian conceit. Lolling in the sun are the slothful Spaniards of to-day, typical of a greatness which has waned.

But it is impossible to tarry unmolested in the Plaza de los Algibes. Just when one's fancy is turning to the romantic period of Moorish rule and picturing that palace yard filled with bearded Moors, resplendent with colored silks and



THE ALHAMBRA AND THE SIERRA NEVADA.

jeweled cimeters, white turbans and glistening lances, the self-styled "Prince of the Gypsies" thrusts his smirking countenance before one's face and begs for a copper to keep his royal highness in aguardiénto. This picturesque ruffian was once a model for Fortuny. Now attired in fantastic garb and preying upon the unwary tourist, he is but one of a host of miscreants haunting the Alhambra, and dogging the visitor's footsteps. Entering the palace itself, the employees are civil and one is left unmolested to enjoy the delights of Moorish art.

Of all the courts of the Alhambra, that of the Lions is most universally known. It is a perfect model of the Moorish patio, and the light, graceful columns, the open filigree-work, the colored tiles, the stalactite arches are so admirably blended that criticism seems futile. The fountain, too, with its huge alabaster basin, supported by twelve heraldic lions, is the familiar friend one has known in story and picture from childhood. Across this court there is a view which, for delicacy and charm, is unrivaled. You must make friends with the empleado who paces to and fro

the marble pavement, eyeing the visitors who come and go. As it is his duty to protect the court from defacement, the relic hunting tourist is his enemy; but with a word or two of greeting, and the offer of a cigarillo, he becomes your friend, and with rare attention he fishes out an old chair from behind some column and places it for you in the cool, shady entrance to the Hall of the Abencerages. Not only does he thus provide for your comfort, but he discreetly retires to a neighboring hall and leaves you to unmolested enjoyment of the place.

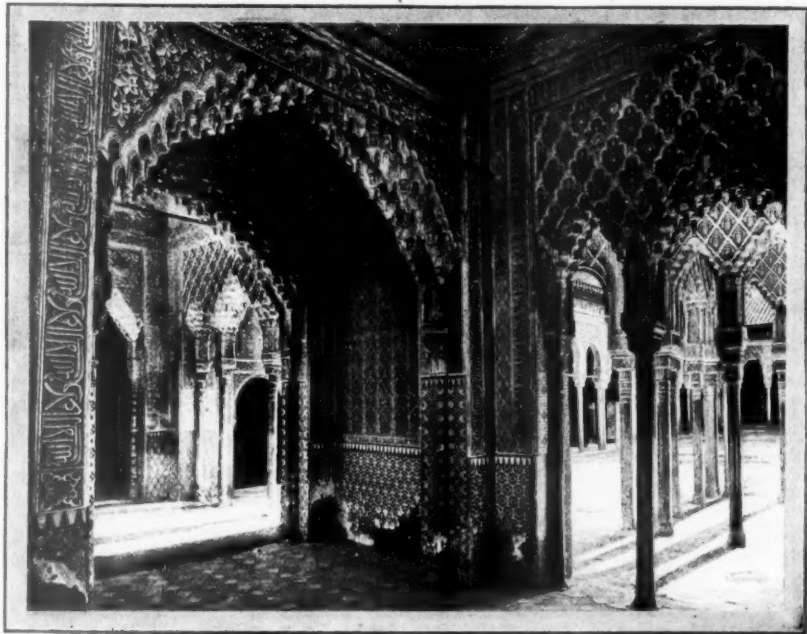
Across the court, where griffin-like lions gaze heavenward, is the Hall of the Two Sisters. Broad marble steps descend gently; lace-like arches are grouped in bewildering perspective, some white, some of delicate flesh color, with here and there pale tints of pink and blue. Behind the fountain a net-work of stalactite archways, deep in shadow, converge to the double mirador of the "Favorite", where alabaster columns glisten in the sunlight, and orange and cyprus trees spread their brilliant green branches in the Lindaraja garden beyond.

In the Hall, where one is sitting, the dark ferruginous blotches on the pavement are said to be the blood stains of the Abencerages, a powerful family of Granada murdered by the miserable Boabdil, as the tyrant's reward for their assistance in placing him upon his father's throne. It is one of the legends of the Alhambra, but no more reliable than the stains upon the floor. But one dislikes to examine the fables of the Moor under the cold light of history. One prefers rather the romantic tales of Irving; tales of fair sultanas and their Christian, captive lovers, of cruel califs and plotting vizirs. One listens in fancy to the rattle of the cimeter and the tramp of bearded warriors, and pictures in imagination the dark eyes of harem favorites glancing from the miradores above upon lithe dancing girls, moving to the sonorous lute and the clash of cymbals, in the court below; while luxurious Moors, reclining on silken divans, sip fragrant sherbet from golden cups, and Nubian slaves slowly fan the summer air.

The Alhambra is bewilderment. Wherever one turns there is grace in outline and charm in color. One wanders through

halls and galleries with maze-like arches and myriad columns—everywhere Arabic legends intricately interwoven in countless designs. There are shady courts, where gold fish play in marble basins and the shadows of myrtle hedges are cast upon the green water; there are delicate balconies set in the outer walls, where one gazes from dizzy heights upon the rushing Dáuro and the white town sprinkled on the hillside; there are crumbling towers with fairy chambers, where fair sultanas dwelt, and mosques, and baths, and halls of justice. One confesses an inability even to enumerate the delights of the Alhambra, for there is fascination everywhere.

Those Grenadine kings, however, were not content with their palace fortress. In the hot summer months they retired to the hillside above, where the white villa of the Generalife looks down upon the Alhambra. The name Generalife is said to signify "Garden of the Dance", and it is told that care was taken that the place should not belie its name. It was used for festival occasions and for idle moments, a villa of revelry and pleasure, where the



THE HALL OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

sensuous Moor might indulge in his favorite pleasures. Neglect and the white-wash brush have marred the delicate stucco work; but the many fountains, and the gardens, with their orange and lemon trees, their evergreen arches, and yews twisted into fantastic patterns, give some idea of the charms of the Generalife in the days of its prime. One understands the flowery praise of Arab poets. It is a pleasure to tarry in those gardens: fountains murmur, and leaves of the orange trees are vivid in the sunlight; tall forms of cypresses cast cool shadows on the pavement, and odor of roses scents the air. Involuntarily, one's thoughts turn to the long ago when the host of the Catholic kings are marshaled on the plain below, pennons flutter, the armor of Christian knights glistens as their restless chargers stamp the ground. Ferdinand and Isabella are there, and Gonzalo de Cordova, "the great captain", whose fame is to resound throughout Europe; stern Mendoza, too, and all the Christian soldiers and prelates, who for ten long years have been waging relentless war upon the Moor. It is the hour of triumph for the Cross, for hapless Boabdil comes

forth from the city gates to surrender the keys of Granada to the conqueror. The story of the Moor is ended. The banner of Castile, hoisted by the hand of Cardinal Mendoza, flutters from the Vela tower, and Spain becomes a Christian nation.

It was a marvelous period in her history, for Columbus went forth that year from Palos. He had been present in the besieging camp of Santa Fé pleading his cause. Weary and disgusted by temporizing, he had turned his face toward France and was on his way across the Vega when a messenger from the Queen overtook him, and he came back to add another world to Castile-Leon.

Spain was given a glorious chance, but the Spanish Christian, like the Spanish Moor, was unequal to the task. Four hundred years have passed, and the world looks on to-day at Spain's desperate struggle to retain the last possession of her mighty empire.

"There is no conqueror but God". That is the inscription chiseled in a hundred places on the walls of the Alhambra. It was the sentiment of the fatalistic Moor; but the lazy Spaniard who lolls there in the sun to-day, if he



GYPSIES.



THE GENERALIFE.

thinks at all, should realize its truth, as exemplified, over and over again, in the history of his country.

The Granada of to-day is a sluggish Spanish city, with narrow, winding streets, where idlers congregate. The houses are taller than those of Seville, with more balconies, but the walls are not so white, and there are few of those delightful courts with fountains and flowers, which lend a holiday air to the rival city. Granada is more like a Castillian than an Andalusian city, and there is little to attract the visitor who wanders down the steep Alhambra hill into the town. Curiosity shops are there to entrap the traveler, and in some of the narrower streets there are attractive dashes of local color, dingy booths and donkeys, and tattered beggars. There are pretty girls, too, leaning on the balconies, their spirited eyes flashing defiance at cloaked gallants lounging in the sun. But the town has the forlorn air of "decayed gentility".

The women, however, almost redeem the city, for nowhere in Spain are there such marvelous complexions as one sees

in Granada. There is a delicate softness to the skin, and a rich flush of color, which combined with glossy hair and piercing black eyes form the perfect Spanish type of beauty. The beauty is facial, however, for few Spanish women have good figures, and they waddle rather than walk. Clad in the simple black dresses and lace mantillas which they wear going to mass, they are the Spanish women of one's imagination; but in French bonnets and gowns they become fat and awkward. In Granada, however, one sees them even to better advantage than in Seville.

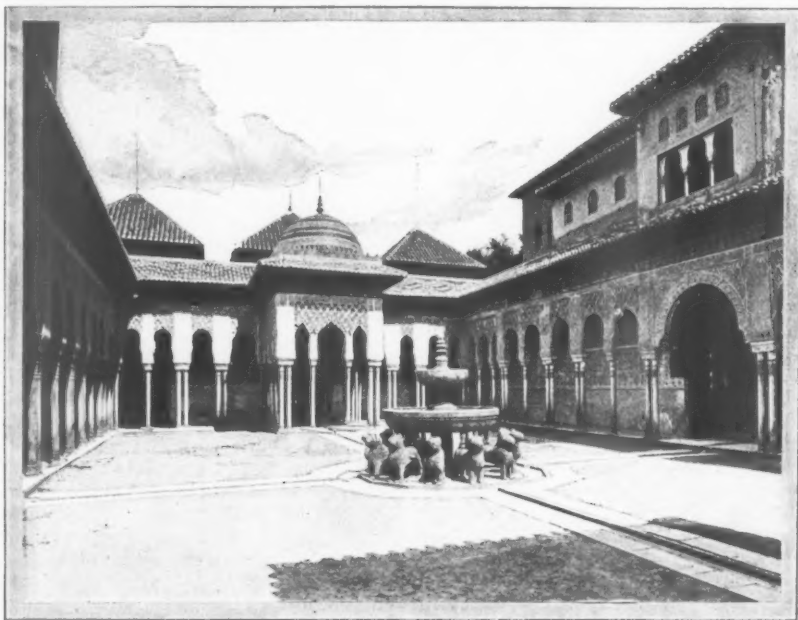
Some ten or fifteen years ago, at the time of a former visit, national costumes were almost universal in Andalusia. Everywhere the *Manóla* dress, with short skirt and silken shawl wrapped about the shoulders, the high comb and lace mantilla. But now, even the dancing girls wear clothes of modern pattern. The men, too, used to wear the *boléro* jacket and skin-tight breeches, the *palainas* or leggings, the *fája* or broad sash, and the *calañes* or round hat, with the two balls or ponpons one sees in Carmen. But now that costume is only found in the country,

far from the larger cities; and, of national garments, only the *cápa* or cloak remains. That, too, is disappearing. The Spaniard, like the Japanese, modernized, loses his character. What a pity he does not realize it.

Granada, like all the cities of Spain, has its cathedral, a Greco-Roman pile, built in 1529 on the site of the great mosque. It was intended by the architect to be second to no church in the world, except perhaps St. Peters; but it is second to many in Spain. The proportions are good, but the building is so crowded in

has the impressive gloom, absent in the larger church. There are slender palm-like pillars of unusual charm, and the basso-relievo of the *retábulo*, representing the surrender of Granada and the conversion of infidels, recall stirring times. Effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella kneel beside the altar, and in the centre of the chapel are the alabaster sepulchers of the Catholic kings, with those of Phillip I. and Crazy Jane at either side. On the walls are sculptured the words:

"This chapel was founded by the most Catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel,



COURT OF THE LIONS.

among the surrounding houses that it is not seen to advantage, and the interior, though simple, one might almost say grand, has been too thoroughly renovated to possess the sombre charm of such edifices as the cathedrals of Seville, Toledo and Burgos. There is much that is gaudy, too, in the coloring, and the general effect is disappointing.

One's interest in the cathedral centers in the royal chapel, where Ferdinand and Isabella are buried. This chapel is really independent of the cathedral, as it has its own chapter and chaplains. The interior

King and Queen of Spain, of Naples, of Sicily and Jerusalem, who conquered this Kingdom and brought it back to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli and Bugia, who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms and reformed religion."

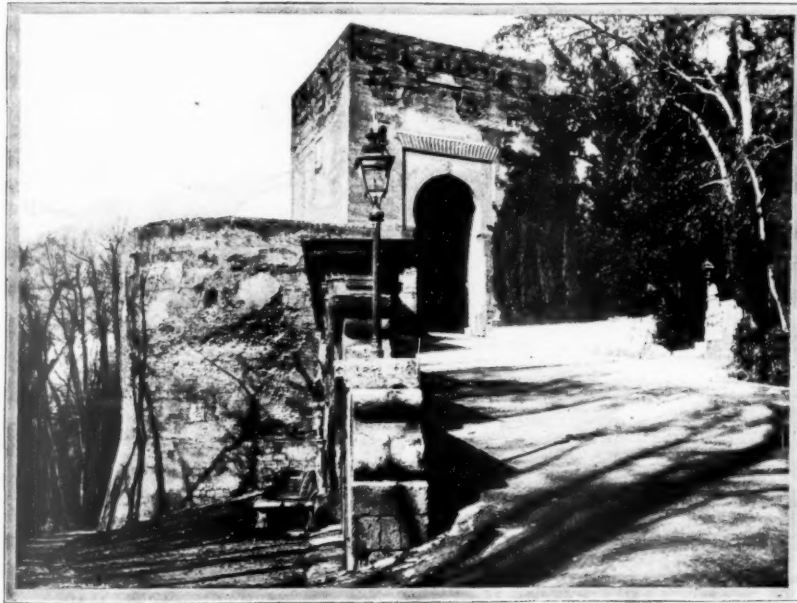
One stops to ponder on the lifework of those kings—a work that should have made of Spain a nation such as England is to-day. And, as one ponders, the words "who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms and reformed

religion" stand out. In them lies the secret of the failure of Spain.

Wherever one turns in Granada there are historical lessons. In the church of San Geronimo, one of the many uninteresting sacred edifices which are scattered through the city, Gonzalo de Cordova lies buried. He was the greatest soldier Spain ever produced—a man who, more than any other, created the European empire of the Spaniard. He revolutionized the art of war, and over and over again defeated the best troops of France with greatly inferior numbers. He maintained the Spanish power in Italy without money and without men, only to be rewarded by the base ingratitude of his master, the miserly and crafty Ferdinand. The two men who created the magnificent empire of the Catholic kings were Columbus and Gonzalo de Cordova, "the great captain". Each died of a broken heart.

One of the sights of Granada which the tourist invariably sees is the gypsy quarter. It is the stock in trade of the guides, and the dances organized there, at exorbitant rates, are usually successful in entrapping the unwary traveler.

Among the filthy, miserable, unprincipled vagabonds of Christendom the Grenadine gypsies hold preëminence. They live in a series of caves, dug in the hillside, across the Dáuro, and their sole means of livelihood is derived from fleecing strangers. The moment a traveler appears within sight of the gypsy quarter he is surrounded by a clamorous, yelling mob of filthy urchins, who dog his footsteps with appalling persistency. The dance he is to witness takes place in a dingy, foul-smelling hut, with dirt floor and smoky walls. You are seated in state in a rickety chair and told that the price agreed upon is not sufficient to insure the full performance. The guitarist needs a larger share, four girls cannot do all the dances, for a few dollars more you can see the entire show. After a great deal of gesticulating the bargain is finally consummated. Then the imposition begins. Fat, ugly girls, in gaudy cotton gowns, exhibit a vulgarity excelling anything seen in the Midway during the World's Fair, and as the performance progresses their movements become more and more objectionable. The leader who plays the guitar is a clever performer; but the foul place, the vulgar



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

dancers, the gaping crowd of beggars in the doorway, all make one thankful to escape.

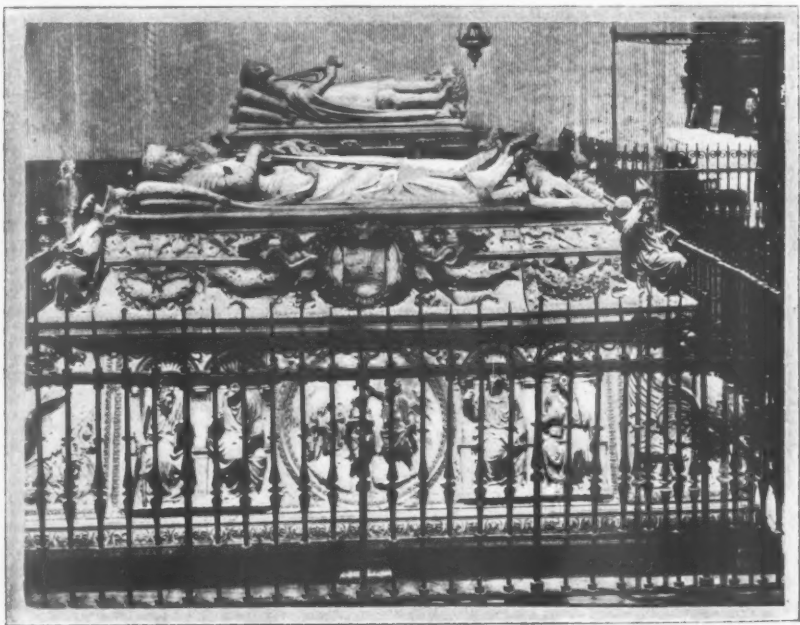
Leaving the gypsies, you walk back through the old Moorish section of the city, known as the Albaicin quarter. The Arab houses are still there, and you can roam leisurely through the narrow streets, peeping into the little shops and the quaint old courts, with their Moorish arches and their fountains, their white-washed walls and cool balconies, where vines are growing and dark skinned girls are leaning on the railings.

There are many excursions to be made about Granada, drives across the Vega to Santa Fé, drives along the gorge of the Dáuro to the Colegiata del Sacro Monte, with its subterranean chapels, erected to commemorate numberless miracles. If you have the time there are excursions to the Alpuxarra mountains, so historically interesting as being the last home of the Moors, and the scene of that frightful series of wars succeeding the fall of Granada; where Don John of Austria won his spurs, and the remnants of the Moors, known as the Moriscos, defied the power

of Spain. The great rebellion of the Alpuxarras lasted for two years, and its records of assassination, treachery, brutality, and reckless deeds of daring are among the most horrible and fascinating of history.

Some six miles from Granada there is a hamlet called Zubia, deserving a special commendation as being the only place in Spain where one does not meet a beggar. But Zubia has other interest. During the siege of Granada, Isabella rode there from the camp at Santa Fé, to obtain a view of the Alhambra and the promised land of the Moor. A sally was made from the city and the Queen barely escaped capture.

One tarries for a last view of white Granada, scattered over its four hills, and the red Alhambra outlined against the purple mountains beyond. The snow caps of the Sierra Nevada sparkle in the sunlight, the green Vega stretches toward Malaga and the sea; fleecy clouds hang motionless in the hazy, blue sky. The air is balmy and, loitering there, one breathes a last sigh for the Moor, who made of Spain the center of



TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



STREET ALONG THE DÁURO.

arts and sciences, the seat of learning and refinement. Spain, during the brief brilliancy of the Catholic kings and the Hapsburg Empire, was a mighty nation ; but it shone with the borrowed light of

the Moor. The Moor was banished. His best memorial lies in the desolate tracts, where his vines and olives once grew : in the sleepy, ignorant cities, where his art and learning once flourished.

THE FALL O' TH' YEAR.

BY RUTH HALL.

AWAY from their empty, dangling nests
The birds are flown into fathomless air.

As out of its old belief and rest
My soul has wandered—where ?





WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

A MEMORY.

BY MRS. LEW WALLACE.

THE Golden Milestone has never been set up outside the Forum, and Rome is yet the center of the world. To enter its gates and salute it with the freshness of unworn enthusiasm, is such happiness as not often comes in life. My visit was made while the earth was passing through the fiery sunsets of 1883. From the far Campania we saw the dome of St. Peter's against the blood-red sky that flamed through the arches of the Colosseum, changing them to beaten gold.

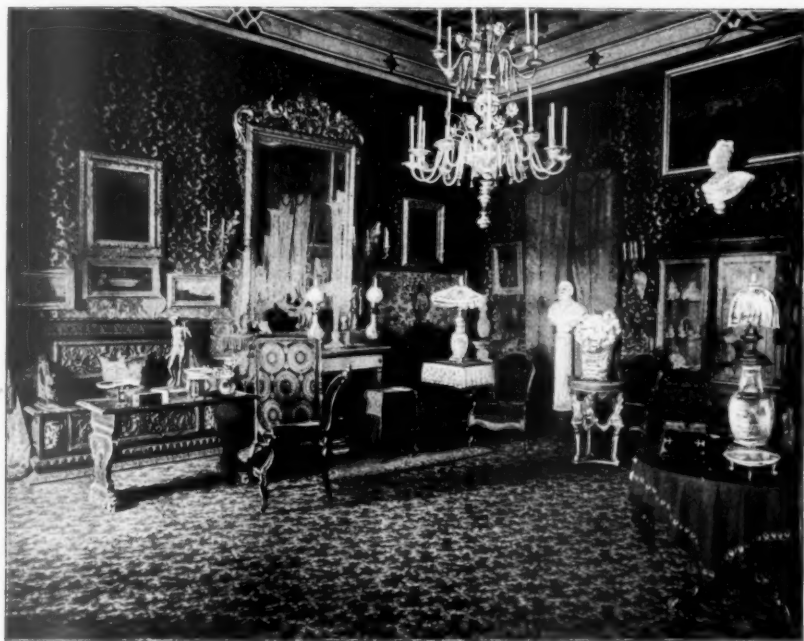
But after a time sightseeing had grown wearisome. I longed to escape the chill of the marble mountains of Carrara, though wrought into shapes of imperishable beauty.

I found my refuge in the Barberini Palace, the cheerful home of William Wetmore Story. It was filled with the warmth the stranger covets. Under the church hard by the palace, in sacred earth from Jerusalem, the bones of four thousand Capuchins are the decorations of their burial place. To leave these ghastly memorials for the apartments of the poet so long a social center, was as much better as youth is better than age, as life is better than death. I do not know the history of the Barberini Palace, only that its foundations were quarried by Urban VIII. from the stones of the Colosseum. In olden times famous banquets must have been held there, and perhaps the grand

duke himself dined in sumptuous state with princes and cardinals. Churchmen and statesmen, chiefs and priests, the heart and brain of Italy, have planned and plotted there, and fancy easily peoples the ample space with phantoms from the generations long vanished. Lords of high degree and ladies gay have swept the halls in pictorial dress, and flowers, perfumes, lights, music, and the dance have made night festal. In the stormy centuries past it may have withstood sieges, and the stone floor resounded with gride of sword and jingle of spurs as the lover

ity for nearly half a century, brought their flowers to lay on the oaken casket of the master who was also their friend.

His natural sprightliness of spirit made him a charming host, and his exquisite tact brought out what was best in his visitor. Nor was he, like Coleridge and de Quincy, merely strong in monologue. What is much rarer, he was an attentive hearer as well, and used to say there are ten fine talkers to one listener. Under his guidance conversation never declined to dullness nor sunk to the level of gossip. At his table Margaret Fuller led her hear-



RED DRAWING-ROOM OF BARBERINI PALACE.

bound for battle knelt to kiss the hand of his mistress.

But of those who have lived within its walls, no married life was ever happier than that of the poet-sculptor of whom I write. It is said the duration of a man's friendships are the measure of his worth. If this be true we must award Story the highest praise. His friends never dropped from their allegiance. Some subtle quality enforced remembrance, and even the employees of his studio and their families, after serving him with unflinching fidel-

ers captive—those who denied her beliefs and defied her teachings going down before her almost without a struggle. There Hawthorne, poet though he made no rhymes, was beguiled into society.

There were meetings at which every comer contributed. Among the many were Miss Hosmer, Harriet Martineau, Thackeray, Browning and his ethereal wife, now sleeping in Florence; Rogers, Landor, and Leighton. How can I number the choice spirits who met in the drawing-room of the ancient palace?

There were debates of law, of politics, of science and of literature. The subjects were never commonplace. There was forecasted the destiny of Italy. Favorite themes were the mysteries of the Unseen, of death, and of life undying. In the attrition of kindred minds, sparks were struck, and steel sharpened iron. Story was master of the feast.

The gracious power of making friends was laid with other ancestral gifts in his cradle. Not subject to moods and tenses, a certain sweetness of manner impressed all so fortunate as to come near him, reminding me of what Seneca wrote of his favorite brother: "No one is so pleasant to any one as my brother Galeon is to every one." It was not acquired pleasantness, for the charm was lasting, and remained after the graces that wait on youth were faded, and age, with stealing step, was nigh. There was no need for him to sing as he did:

"Old age in others is charming.
In mothers is lovely;
But somehow 'tis not in ourselves."

One of his household of this time wrote:

"Mr. Story was a man of such rare intellectual powers, combined with such kindness and sweetness of disposition, that no one was ever a more delightful companion to live with." It appeared slight effort for him to do what mediocrity accomplished by slow toil. Whatever he touched was beautified. A poem, a charade, a little play thrown off to be enacted the night after it was written; how easy it seemed! Whoever has tried, knows that the faculty for rapid and excellent work is the result of practice. Skill comes by doing. With such boyish enjoyment did the versatile spirit enter into pastimes he called foolish games that we hardly believe him the patient worker of whom Mrs. Story said: "William has not had a holiday in thirty years. * * * All the world knows his genius, only I know his goodness."

Early in life he turned from the study and practise of law and Boston to the only land where sculptor's dreams come true. Fifty years ago this was considered a bold move, with uncertainty at the end. But he chose to be a laborer in the kingdom of the



BREAKFAST-ROOM OF BARBERINI PALACE.



TEA ON THE LAWN AT VALLAMBROSA.

beautiful, and must go where there were artists enough to create an atmosphere of their own, instead of living in the arctic regions of Beacon street. At best, the sculptor is a solitary man, though his is the only calling in which the drudgery may be done by another. The dusty stone-cutters of Rome, though called mere mechanics, being often more skilful with mallet and chisel than the master who shapes the clay model, guided by that mystic force, never defined nor comprehended, which the world calls genius.

One day in the studio I asked Mr. Story to have the work go on. The cutter struck the snow white mass, without hesitancy, apparently a careless blow; but it was of sure effect.

"Does he make no false strokes?" I inquired, for the artisan looked less skilled than our tombstone carvers. "No," was the answer, "men of his class have a feeling for the clay model not found in other countries."

Story's rest was change of employment, and the ink in his blood was stirring when he began his career as sculptor. The loveliness of Italy (O! how it comes back to me now!) had sunk deep into his soul, and made it overflow in prose and verse.

Some forlorn aspirant for literary honors, secretly making a timid offering to fame, may take heart at learning how "Roba di Roma" fared when first given to the public. A portion had been printed in "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Atlantic Monthly." The papers were collected, and, with fresh material added, were sent to a Boston publisher. Months passed without news of the venture, notwithstanding the pathetic yearning with which the youthful writer waited to hear from his beloved MS. A year went by. The precious thing could not be found. Whether destroyed by fire, theft, or carelessness, none could tell, and, though with little hope, the author, visiting his native land, insisted on a thorough hunt for the manuscript. The vaults of the house were overhauled, and dusty copy in quantity brought to light, but no "Roba di Roma." The search was abandoned as useless. Disappointed, but not cast down, Story went back to Rome and set about a new composition. One day—a happy one we may be sure—a heavy package was brought by mail. It proved to be the book which had so long been mourned as lost, and of which there had been no second copy. Then he had the supreme revenge

of the sufferer under rejected manuscripts, for the book, being published on both sides of the sea, was from the first received with favor. Its popularity has not waned, and it is still in demand in Europe and the United States.

When we see the author whose works we have admired, there is often a sense of disappointment. He is not like his own ideals, nor yet a likeness of the image we had in mind and a moment of sad surprise may follow a meeting sought with anticipated delight. There was no

pret far-off music, the messages of the winds and the waterfalls.

It was himself of whom he wrote: "He was in the habit of wandering alone, during the summer mornings, through the forest and along the mountainside, and one of his favorite haunts was a picturesque glen, where he often sat for hours alone with Nature, lost in vague contemplation; now watching the busy insect life in the grass or in the air; now listening to the chiming of birds in the woods, the murmuring of bees hovering about

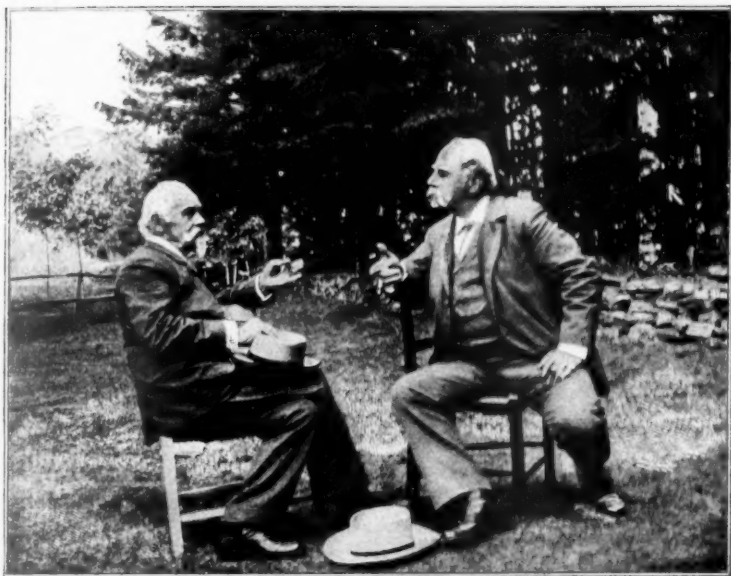


THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF BARBERINI PALACE.

such risk in near approach to Story. The man was wiser, better than his books. One of the elect whom fate had fitted to his surroundings, he put to flight the old idea that to follow art aright one must forsake father and mother and cleave only unto her. He loved "dear Nature" and, leaning on her breast, he dreamed dreams and saw visions. In cool, shadowy places, with sense attuned to finest harmonies, he had ears to hear the grass grow, the trees stretch their limbs, the calling voices of naiads haunting the oaks, or to inter-

the flowers, or the welling of the clear mountain torrent, that told forever its endless tale as it wandered by mossy boulders and rounded stones to the valley below; now gazing idly into the sky, against which the overhanging beeches printed their leaves in tessellated light and dark, or vaguely watching the lazy clouds that trailed across the tender blue."

When I first met the great artist, his new book, "He and She" was just out. From the volume bound in bridal white,



AT VALLAMBROSA. W. W. STORY AND TOMMASO SALVINI DISCUSSING "MACBETH."

light to the touch, fair to the eye, Mrs. Story, the proud and loving wife, quoted "The Song of the Vanquished" as the best. Here is one verse :

"I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in
the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom
the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows
wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the
weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a
silent and desperate part.
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose
hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them,
unpitied, unheeded alone,
With death sweeping down o'er their failure and
all but their faith overthrown."

We, the visitors, declared for the poem written in the fervor and passion of youth, "Cleopatra." The very spirit of Antony's "Serpent of Old Nile" breathes in every line. It calls up that commanding figure of oriental history who was con-

queror of conquerors; and the fateful woman, full of beauty, who held in check generals whose wars had changed the map of the world. This poem sings of the enchantress of many lovers whom he had carved in marble, and marvelous is the cunning that can shape a lump of wet clay from the Tiber into a creation so like life that it seems to lack nothing but breath.

Not many see the marble woman whose heart of fire never cools, but all may feel the fierce power of the sorceress in the burning words of Antony.

"Tell my dear serpent I must see her, fill
My eyes with the glad light of her great eyes,
Though death, dishonor, anything you will,
Staid in the way! Aye, by my soul, disgrace
Is better in the sun of Egypt's face
Than pomp or power in this detested place!
Oh, for the wine my queen alone can pour
From her rich nature! Let me starve no more
On this weak, tepid drink that never warms
My life-blood, but away with shams and forns!

Away with Rome! One hour in Egypt's eyes
Is worth a score of Roman centuries."

Of the friends we left in Rome, Story was among the last to join the silent majority. The loss of the wife of his

youth, whom he survived but a year, was a bitter blow; and with her passed his interest in affairs. It was only when his children suggested that he should make a monument to her memory that he consented to resume work; the design he chose was the Angel of Grief, and it is wrought to exquisite finish, as are the statues modeled in his summer prime. When this was done he left the studio never to return. The illness which began shortly afterward was long and severe. Soon he was forced to stay almost continually in his room, and strength waned till time became a too grievous burden. His best lover would not have held him back from the Unseen Land of which he wrote so tenderly. In October, 1895, while in the matchless vale, where Milton first beheld Paradise, the end of life came. It was at Vallambrosa, in the villa of his beloved daughter, Madame Peruzzi di Medici, that he spoke to her his last words: "O dear, I am so glad to have you near me." Suddenly life forsook his face, like light removed.

The sculptor, Death, whom men should call Divine, had, at a blow, stricken him into marble.

Near the antique Pyramid of Caius Cestius, beside the Aurelian wall, in the soil to which he was drawn by mysterious kinship, he sleeps as in a sheltered garden. Nearly a hundred years ago Shelley said of the Protestant cemetery of Rome: "It might make one in love with death to think of burial in so sweet a place." So lovely is it and so lonely! Through ages to come, pilgrims will pause there reverently under the sighing pines and the sad cypresses that whisper their secrets, not disturbing the still sleepers below. Daisies and violets bloom the year round, and picture the sod where I drop this poor Western flower. At morning, larks flood the sky with melody; in the hush of evening, when shadows gather broad and dark, the love-lorn nightingale stills all the world to listen to her tale of how the rose has pierced her breast with cruel thorns.

In their palace of peace the husband and wife rest close together, and near them is the urn holding all that remains of the restless heart of Shelley. The body of their old friend Marsh is not far

off, and at the end of a little winding path, the grave of Keats. Round about, on carved stones, are names in tongues foreign to Italy—brief, pathetic records. Travelers from countries widely separated, leaving their homes in search of health, have come together in this consecrated spot.

Except that death is always mournful, there is nothing for tears by the tomb of Story. A full, rich life lived out, a stainless name linked with varied victories, are the heritage of his children. The sons who keep their name illustrious by their own light, though his has set, remember him as the playmate of their childhood, the companion of their youth, the patient counselor of their later years.

Death breaks the lock of every portfolio, and without unveiling sacred places, I venture to enrich an imperfect sketch with a letter from Mrs. Story. It seems a sort of treachery to print what was never intended for publication, and I pray forgiveness of the writer if, perchance, her gentle shade hovers about the world she made the fairer for her living in it.

LETTER OF MRS. STORY.

N. Lago di Vallambrosa,)
October 28, 1886.)

My Dear Mrs. Wallace:

Many a time, impatient of the silence which has come between us, have I wished to break it on my side, but so vague was my knowledge of your whereabouts that I was frightened about launching into infinite space my little skiff. Your most kind letter came and helps me to find you out. How often is "Ben-Hur" in our minds and its praises on our tongues!

The book of books of this age! Read aloud for the second time it has lost none of its rare charm, and it is beyond words to say how greatly we prize it. All our English friends to whom we have introduced it join in this chorus and its reputation is fast growing there as in America.

I do not like to think that being snugly settled in your old home, "outré mer," we are not likely soon to see you in Rome,



THEATRE-ROOM OF BARBERINI PALACE.

but we cling to the hope that it is not impossible. We have had a most delightful summer at St. Moritz in the Engadine, and are there, in the pine woods, building a house! There are few things more absorbing than the building of one's future home, and when, as in this case, the situation is so completely to one's tastes and physical wants, it is abundantly comforting to see its growth. We are building of the stone found on the place, rough and unhewn. It was graciously brought there ages ago by some friendly old glacier and delivered, fit for use, at our very door. As it grows in height we see that it dominates the valley with no discordant note, it might have grown there, first cousin to the snow-capped mountains, all gray and subdued. The cement between the stones has been carefully made of the same color and there is no offense to the landscape, or anything too new about it. The greater part of each day have we passed in our pine wood there, until we feel that we already have possession, and have grown familiar with all its shades and moods.

They promise to have it ready for occupation next summer.

We are now making a visit to our daughter, Edith Peruzzi, and are greatly enjoying the grand-children, who are very original, clever, and amusing. It is in the heart of the Vallambrosa forest, and the leaves are thick as in Milton's time.

The life here is singularly simple and idyllic. No report of the outer world comes except through Galignani's judging columns, and the days go by happily, without incident or note.

Our plan is to go to Rome next week and shake down into our old routine at the Palazzo Barberini early in November. How pleasant had we hope of seeing you there this winter. I do not like to wait too long for my good things, but am impatient in my old age to snatch them up lest they escape me altogether.

My husband, for the first time since our marriage, has been taking a holiday, and while watching the masons and stone-cutters at St. Moritz has found ample amusement and, I hope, rest from his con-

stant work. However, his is the working temperament, and it is his great delight as he goes from one thing to another. The Key monument, for San Francisco, is finished, and, if I say it, who perhaps shouldn't say it, is one of the grandest monuments of modern times.

My boy Julian is painting, in Paris, a large historical picture; it is the incident of Madame de Sembreuil and her father. They tell us (we haven't seen it) that it will be a great success, and this I am not unwilling to believe, as you may imagine.

My son Waldo and my son-in-law, Peruzzi, have just come in with their dogs

and guns. A slender bag is all they can hope for here as the game is not abundant. But the accidental woodcock involves a long tramp over the hills, and this is what they must be content with instead of the full bags of England.

Now, my dear friend, pray let us hear from you sometimes, and believe that we have a very deep interest in all that concerns you and your husband. 'Though our intercourse was all too short, yet it was long enough to make us feel the most affectionate sympathy and abiding confidence in you both.

With love from my husband,

Yours, most cordially,

EVELYN STORY.





Drawn by Louis Meynelle.

A SUMMER OUTING ON NORTHWESTERN WATERS.

BY ROBERT E. STRAHORN.

DICK and I were fagged out. A rest was imperative. We had just pulled through a commercial cataclysm—he the Pacific coast manager and I the eastern head of a financial concern that, like many others of late, had trodden a very thorny path—and this after years of strain such as few middle-aged Americans live through. We had occasionally, when compelled, tried the ordinary outings, a few weeks at a time, in close touch with the telegraph, telephone and locomotive. But the effects of this last hard pull, even at the age of forty, would not be effaced by such homeopathic treatment. Our physicians insisted on a whole summer in the Rocky mountains, where outdoor life was compulsory and isolation complete. This our wives, both blessed with health, could not possibly relish as much as we. However, in such a cause they were enthusiastically ready for anything—even to cooking over a camp fire and sleeping on the ground—two evidences of devotion at which, if they had been city reared, they might, not unreasonably, have drawn the line.

Thus it happened that one summer

afternoon we dropped off a Pacific express at Glacier Siding in Northwestern Montana, bound for Lake McDonald, which lay in a deep gash in the Rockies, two or three miles to the north. The middle fork of the Flathead river, a typical mountain torrent, here a hundred yards wide, was the avenue by which we were to reach the lake.

The sense of loneliness, as we stood there by the solitary section house, our recent luxuriously appointed home on wheels just disappearing down the cañon, was not relieved as we halted to "take stock" at the base of a stupendous mountain which, with a grudging air, almost crowded us and our camp outfit into the turbulent current. All of our party had been boaters since early childhood, and we had looked forward to this moment with keen delight. Much to our disgust, now we found that our own good boat, long overdue, had not arrived. It was somewhat akin to losing one's guide in a forest or rudder in mid-ocean. Finally, we found an Indian "dugout," half a mile down stream, and two woodsmen, who agreed to guide us safely to the lake, if



HEADWATERS.

we cared to risk their skill. Very anxious to get settled in camp that night we voted to embark with them after an exhibition of their prowess in mid-river, though not without some misgivings. The canoe was little more than a rough trough hewn out of a log, about thirty feet long and three feet across, and it was soon discovered that our tent, blankets, provisions, guns, and cooking utensils were almost a load. Therefore, Dick and I were forced to walk or take the chance of swamping the canoe.

The men occupied the opposite ends of the craft, our wives sitting on the bottom amidship. The canoe was magnificently handled. It proved a wild chase for us to keep sight of that precious load as it fairly danced and flew down the foaming two-mile course. Alongshore we encountered dense thickets, and boulders and fallen timber at every jump. We reached McDonald creek breathless, hatless and with other evidences of hard usage, in no mood or condition to proceed further. When, however, it came to ascending the creek our task was the easier while that of the boatsmen had only really begun. For a part of the time they were in the ice-cold water, one pushing and the other pulling at the canoe, the rapids being so rough that poles and paddles would have been of no avail to keep the craft right side up. Dick's wife declared their work heroic and insisted that she

would never have subjected any one to such an ordeal could she have foreseen it all. But the gallant fellows, wet to their necks and panting with the exertion, maintained that it was sport of the highest order.

We reached the lake as the setting sun was painting the towering snow-fields and the sky, that seemed so near, with gold and crimson. All agreed that one such view was worth a globe-circling trip. From one to three miles in width, with entrancingly beautiful shore lines, and stretching northward eighteen miles along the sublime peaks and glaciers of an unusually elevated section of the Rockies, Lake McDonald certainly deserves an abler pen than mine to do faithful homage to its beauties. Scarcely five thousand feet above sea level, we found a wonderful variety and luxuriance of Pacific coast shrub and tree growth lining its romantic bays and headlands, in strange contrast to the Arctic belt crowning the serrated summits, which at places rose a mile or more above the water. To all this add the exhilaration of this tonic air, so marvelously pure and



Drawn by
Louis Meynelle.

A CLOSE SHAVE ON THE KOOTENAI.



IN THE FLATHEAD FOREST.

sweet, so aromatic with the odors of the myriad pines, and you may imagine the rapturous ending of our four days' sultry journey through the lowlands.

Too tired to "make camp" and impatient to test the merits of Lake McDonald trout, we accepted the hospitality of pioneer Charley Howe, for the night—six of us cooking, eating and sleeping in the single room of his log-cabin camp. Charley is an enthusiast. With true far west enterprise, he straightway told us all about the fishing, hunting, climatic and other advantages of the region, and quickly pointed out the sparkling ripples in the stream, just where it breaks from the lake, as the place for trout. And what glorious sport we had right there and then, and many times after! How utterly forgetful of our day's hardships and weariness as we struggled with our first three-pound speckled trout! Never did trout strike more viciously or fight more desperately than in the deepening twilight of that beautiful summer evening.

"Making camp" next morning was to us an important episode. We selected a shady, well sheltered spot a few yards from the lake, near the creek, commanding a glorious view of both. A ten by twelve tent, with canvas partition, served for our sleeping room; the tent fly, pitched just in front and connecting, was

parlor, piazza and dining-room in one, and a connecting arbor, off to one side (thatched with cedar boughs), our kitchen. Two hammocks swung between neighboring pines, several folding chairs, stools and tables and a kitchen cupboard, improvised from the boxes containing our provisions, constituted our furniture. In trimming tent poles and timbers for the arbor, many limbs were left cut in convenient places and lengths for hooks, on which were hung our utensils, clothing, etc. Bushels of pine boughs were cut for our beds—and such beds! Only the devotee of camp life knows the restfulness, luxury and healthfulness of a properly constructed "odorous piney bed." Pockets, conveniently arranged along the sides of the tent, held many useful trifles. A good lantern swung from the ridge pole. Several shelves were contrived from nicely split cedar "shakes," and all the space not occupied by the beds was carpeted with tarpaulin. With our guns and fishing tackle in our respective corners, the field glasses conveniently suspended from the front tent pole, the little medicine chest our wives had so carefully conjured over on a shelf between the heads of the beds, and the camera in a safe location, the reader may fancy how much at home we soon felt.

As for the culinary department, we had only the prime necessities—such utensils as "Dutch oven," frying pans, coffee pot, camp kettle, and our supplies including the plain, wholesome and least bulky items. All baking was done in the "Dutch oven." Many a savory pie, pudding, or other dessert hailed therefrom. Such delicious bread, our Boston baked beans, baked stuffed salmon and fowl, and other dishes could hardly have been prepared without it. Much of the plainer cooking was done on the camp fire at first. But Dick and I soon constructed a huge stove (dubbed the "smelting works") from stone and scraps of heavy tin obtained from empty cans. The novelty of all these little tasks made the experience an unending picnic for Dick and I, and if our wives felt differently at times, their tact in hiding it was worthy of great praise. What appetites and digestion all this developed! It seemed as though half of the time was taken in cooking and eating, and planning to cook again. Food never did taste so good, and hunger would return again and again after the briefest period. Such time as could be spared from camp duties was pretty evenly divided between reading, whist, boating, fishing or hunting. The days seemed all too short.

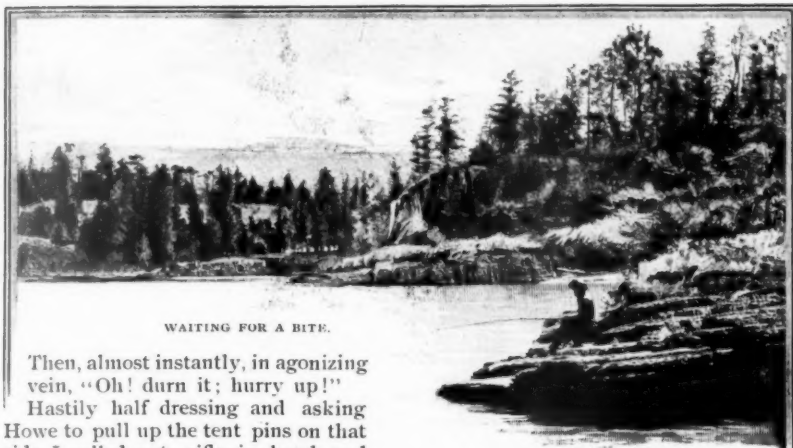
The darkly wooded shores of Lake Mc-

Donald seemed to be the hunter's glory; its translucent waters the blissful realization of the angler's wildest dream. Charlie Howe claimed that he had frequently shot deer from his cabin door, and many were the superb antlers and well tanned skins which he had in proof of his assertions. "See them logs," Howe would say, "well, you may call this a big 'un, but, sure as taxes, some of the wearers of them same skins browsed on the branches of the down trees while I was cutting them into lengths fur this 'ere cabin." Mountain sheep and goats are readily found by those who will climb well up among the snowy summits overlooking on the east and north. Bear—grizzly, cinnamon and black—are more easily accessible, while numerous beaver dams in nearby streams, and plenty of fresh minx, marten, otter and muskrat "signs" attest the attractions for the trapper. Several varieties of grouse and ducks were toothsome items of our bill of fare when wanted. Early one frosty morning, while enjoying our soundest sleep, we were startled by an unusual scraping on the rear end of our tent, followed by Howe's subdued and informal salutation:

"Get out o' the back side o' the tent here quicker'n lightnin'. Biggest buck you ever see down there by the lake."



A SOURCE OF THE FLATHEAD.



WAITING FOR A BITE.

Then, almost instantly, in agonizing vein, "Oh! darn it; hurry up!"

Hastily half dressing and asking Howe to pull up the tent pins on that side I rolled out, rifle in hand, and peeping round the corner of the tent was quite ready to agree with Howe's estimate of the deer. How my heart thumped as I contemplated the lordly specimen not one hundred yards away at the edge of the lake, whose nectar he had been drinking. With head high in air, sniffing as if danger had been just scented, every inch of him suggesting a quick dash for the cover, which was offered by thick foliage about fifty yards beyond, his superb form and beautiful pose amid such surroundings captivated me, and the hunter had time to whisper:

"Oh! blast it, what are you waitin' for? *Quick, now!*"

It was none too soon. The buck, quickly wheeling from the water, had presented his broadside. In a second more he would have made his first jump for liberty. The change of position was my opportunity and I fired. As he disappeared, I fired again. Neither had any apparent effect. The beating of my heart almost ceased as I looked appealingly to Howe.

The latter spoke: "Guess you've got 'im."

Howe was right, for the animal ran but a few rods before he fell. Here followed a lesson in hunting I shall never forget. Running with Howe to the spot and taking his quickly proffered knife for the coup de grâce, I had only drawn the keen edge fairly through the thick skin of the buck's throat when I was hurled over backward as from a catapult, while the knife flew yards away and my rifle dropped in the

excitement, I knew not where. I was stunned and dazed. The terrific and wholly unexpected onslaught was like a scene in one of those direful nightmares which we seem so powerless to repel.

Howe seemed ages leaping those few yards to the rescue. In an instant those coveted antlers and razor-like hoofs were above me, the beautiful brown eyes I had so recently admired glittering like vengeful balls of fire. But that supreme effort was the last, and the stag fell upon me limp as a rag. When Howe had pulled him off it was a question whether victor or vanquished presented the most gory appearance. My first shot had done the work, passing through the animal near the heart.

As for trout: the audacious, iridescent "rainbow," the hard fighting, shining "silver side," that gallant, exquisite blending of orange, violet, green and vermillion, the real mountain trout, and the almost unconquerable king of them all, the great salmon trout, running up to thirty pounds weight, all are there. There is not a coward or weakling among them. The coldest and purest water in the world with its dark depths and wild rushes develops to the highest degree the staying qualities of this gamy family. Those of a few ounces in weight, fresh from the ice cold water, browned to a turn, were our most delicious and, in fact, almost unvarying supper and breakfast dish. The larger ones received more elaborate attention, being usually stuffed, baked in



A MOUNTAIN TRIBUTARY.

our "Dutch oven" and served with various sauces, the like of which Dick and I insisted could never have been produced at Delmonico's. Dick and I can testify that one Lake McDonald trout at least was ambitious enough to cross swords with two fishermen at the same time, as we both hooked him and got into no end of trouble through tangled tackle in the thrilling mêlée that finally led to his capture. When told of it, Howe would not believe it, saying, "trout in this here lake will bite at anything short of a red rag, but they're not such durned fools as to bite the second time before spitting out the first hook."

With many little camp chores, boating, fishing, hunting and frequent five mile tramps over the picturesque trail to the railroad and back, Dick and I grew so strong that twenty miles at the oars or a day's climb in the mountains came to be regarded as mere matters of recreation. Our wives joined heartily in all our plans that lay within their reach physically. Hard indeed were the tasks that they acknowledged too severe. Dick's wife had a great fondness for botany, in which she is highly skilled, and Mrs. Strahorn's devotion to her camera, and quickly acquired skill with the rifle, added much to the general interest and pleasure.

But it takes a great deal to hold down the average American who has imbibed such an elixir as Lake McDonald air awhile. We soon began to sigh for newer worlds. The nearly forty-mile row to the head of the lake and back, amid scenes probably as nearly Alpine and inspiring as any on the American continent, the

climb to neighboring glaciers, whose like are nowhere else so accessible, and trips to several nearby smaller lakes and exquisitely beautiful waterfalls, only whetted our appetites and proved our capacity for more extended exploration than we would have thought possible a few weeks before. Shooting the now tame rapids between the lake and

Flathead river had given us great confidence in our prowess with the paddles and the poles. We very soon learned to gage our needs for a comfortable night or two away from the home camp and our capacity for carrying the necessary tent, bedding and rations.

Thus restive, we confidently planned a trip by boat into the then wilderness of Northern Idaho. But before breaking camp and proceeding westward down the Flathead, as we had now arranged, it was thought best for me to go up to McCarthyville for a few needed supplies. Reaching the straggling collection of frame shacks, log huts and tents of this typical "hurrah town" about dark, I proceeded to the most pretentious structure in sight and found the usual combination of bar-room, office, dance-hall, kitchen, etc., on the lower floor. Registering in the large book lying on one end of the bar, I asked for a room for the night and was informed by a very large and very red faced man



TOOTHACHE IN CAMP.



Drawn by
Louis Meynelle.

IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER AT MCCARTHYVILLE.

that there were none left but the bridal chamber. That had been spoken for, he went on to say, but if the expected guests should fail to arrive, I should have it.

Assurances that I could get along with something less luxurious than the bridal chamber brought forth the frank suggestion that I "didn't look it." The proprietor further suggested that I "might as well have the best the country afforded." During this colloquy, I noticed a trio of very tough looking citizens taking special interest in my autograph, and happened to hear one of them say in a disappointed way that I was one of those "smart Alecks" that didn't propose to let them know who I was. This was not the first time my attention had been called to my woeful chirography, and I would have relished the joke exceedingly had I felt a little more at ease as to the tendencies

of the critic. Now, McCarthyville was not as safe as a New England village of equal size; in fact, it was noted all over the western half of the Union as being a trifle the roughest place in the Rocky mountains. A necessary adjunct to rapid railway construction, it sprung up in a night and disappeared with the same celerity. An army of railway graders, woodsmen, track layers and railway operatives made it a supply point, which it remained while the Great Northern was being built. Troughs of every type congregated from all over the West to add élat to the occasion, and, incidentally, rob or, when necessary, kill in order to secure their share of the wealth that the great work was putting into circulation. It had been a dull day when McCarthyville didn't afford a killing or a lynching, therefore, and it is gratifying to know that, in most cases, the right parties inhabit the lonely graveyard, which is now one of the most conspicuous and doleful reminders of those flush days. I looked over the town somewhat nervously and returning, asked mine host whether I was to have the bridal chamber. He answered cheerily:

"Yes, siree; they can't expect me to hold a room like that on an uncertainty. A dollar, please. That's right; now go right up stairs to number forty-nine and make yourself to home. Can't miss it;



A FLATHEAD SHOPPING DAY AT KALISPEL.

first room to the right, head of the stairs. You'll find light and everything all right; if you don't, jess ring."

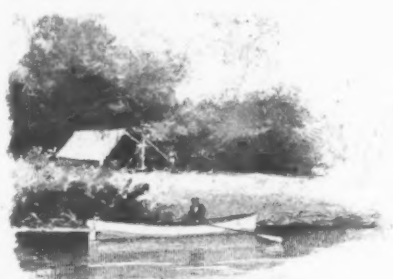
Proceeding up stairs I found myself in a long, low, dimly lighted attic room, with canvas roof. Three rows of rough board bunks ranged the entire length, each bunk having its number painted on it in large figures; number forty-nine, the bridal chamber, not differing from the rest. Here was humor; grim, coarse, McCarthyville humor. In the bunk was a thin straw pillow, one blanket for a mattress and one for cover. The night was frosty, as all nights are at that elevation and I got between the blankets without removing much clothing. A few o'er tired lodgers were already snoring, and other typical residents dropped in rapidly until I had probably half a hundred companions. After a few hours' troubled sleep I was suddenly startled by something tugging at my meager covering, and found the humorous landlord leaning over me endeavoring to pull off the blanket for whose use I had paid so liberally. Anticipating robbery or something worse, my revolver was at his face quick as a flash, but he simply retreated, muttering:

"Don't shoot! no harm meant, friend; but it's orful cold, orful cold."

He shuffled on down the aisle muttering something about the cold, finally stopped at another bunk, where he quietly slipped off the only blanket covering the sleeper, proceeded to the other end of the "corral" and retired somewhat more comfortably than his guests.

Breaking camp early on the morning appointed for our start, we had Howe convoy us down McDonald creek to the Flathead, dividing our luggage between the two boats that far. As we danced merrily down the sparkling rapids or slowly floated the shady pools we enjoyed the best two hour's fishing of the entire summer.

We found it imperative to discard all bulky and not absolutely necessary luggage.



Drawn by Louis Meynelle.

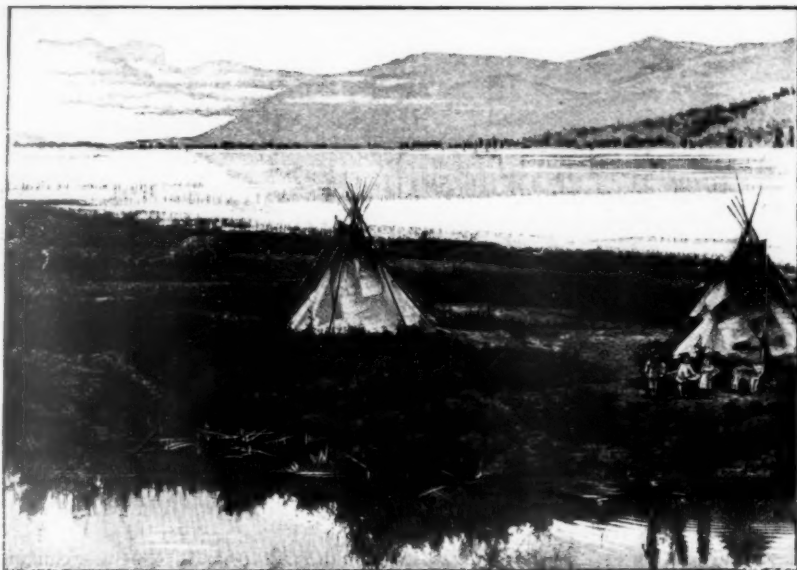
AT HOME FOR A DAY.

One authority on camp life says: "Look over your outfit carefully; discard everything not absolutely necessary. Then look it over again more carefully and discard half of what remains." But there is such a thing as going to the other extreme and by inviting exposure and hardship, sacrificing all pleasure. Good shelter, good beds and wholesome food are three prime requisites. Retaining these, with our camera, guns, change of clothing, fishing tackle and provisions for three weeks, made our outfit aggregate about six hundred and fifty pounds. Our boat was modeled pretty closely on the lines of the Swampscott dory, being designed for the sudden squalls, so common on the mountain lakes, as well as the shallows, rocks and rapids of turbulent rivers. It was of white cedar, sixteen feet long, forty-four inches beam, twenty inches deep at the bow, fifteen amidships, and seventeen inches deep at the stern. It was built for wear; stanch, graceful and light for its size—although a good load for us to carry when that had to be done. Carefully constructed air-tight compartments

at bow and stern rendered the boat unsinkable and afforded two good seats. We had two air-cushions which were designed either for life preservers or pillows and were always attached to the weaker members of the party while we were en route. Another safeguard was



A REAL ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.



INDIAN CAMP ON THE KOOTENAI.

a rope running along the boat's keel from stem to stern for a holding place in case of capsizing. Oars, paddles and a light tent pole fashioned to carry a sail in smooth waters, but of far more use in forcing the boat against the rapids, about completed our equipment.

We soon discovered, however, that the descent of the Flathead should never be attempted by those unaccustomed to boating in the wildest waters in which a canoe can live. We fairly jumped through the five miles of savage rapids leading down to the junction of the North Fork with the main Flathead river. A few miles beyond the great South Fork joined the parent stream and the volume now reached about that of the Hudson at Albany. Bad Rock cañon, through which the river makes its final plunge into the broad Flathead valley, is aptly named. Under other circumstances we could have admired nature's massive and unique architecture, but buffeted as we were, like a feather, on those angry waters, with the mountains rising to such stupendous heights as to dwarf us into utter insignificance, there was a sense of awe and helplessness in the almost cavernous depths of that mighty cañon that banished every thought but the seriousness

of the business in hand; and as we shot under a railway bridge we readily confessed that right there the palace car tourists had the advantage.

Near the pretty village of Columbia Falls, where a short portage was necessitated by a precipitous descent, we fairly entered the valley and then there was a twenty-mile stretch of really enjoyable boating to the town of Kalispel (head of steam navigation on the Flathead river). The country opened out park-like, with an agreeable alternation of forest and prairie. Occasionally remnant settlements of the once powerful Flathead tribe were seen on sheltered slopes—an unromantic mixture of log huts and tepees—while here and there were the thrifty homes of their conquerors. Flathead valley is a fertile, inter-mountain empire, as large as several New England States. It is notable for its genial climate, which is much like that of Tennessee, and for its beautiful lake, fifteen by thirty-five miles in extent.

Here we had a council of war. We determined to avail ourselves of the railway and make a portage from Flathead waters over to those of the Kootenai. Although far inland and only some seven hundred miles long, we soon learned to



A NOONDAY REST.

respect and class the unique and erratic Kootenai among America's greatest rivers. In its wildest rushes it was little more than a boat-length across. Then would come a hundred miles of more placid stretches where the navies of the earth might safely deploy. The close shaves on the rapids and tiresome portages at the falls belonging to a most sublime mountain environment in earlier stages, finally gave way to many miles of serene, sinuous, low-banked courses, where, in the constant, graceful curves, toned and enriched by an almost tropical wealth of verdure, we enjoyed an ever-changing vista. Usually at sunset the country was glorified into a rosy realm of enchantment with startling reflections of objects near and distant. At the lake-like widenings, with balmy, favoring breezes, our occupation lapsed and we spent hours of glorious unalloyed idleness.

For noonday lunch or evening camp we selected the most inviting, best sheltered nooks, and departed early, late or not at all, as best suited. A good trout brook dashing through a neighboring cañon was a magnet Dick and I could never resist, if the spot were acceptable also to the others. Nothing could tempt us to forsake the comforts of camp in unpromising weather; or if, for any reason, the spirit didn't move. This often suggested

the point that as no house is large enough for two families, neither can any long camp trip be even endurable unless the party is made up of thoroughly congenial, self-sacrificing spirits. Our better halves had brought along a rope with which, it was agreed, the first complainant should be hung. That there was even no suggestion of this unpleasant ceremony was, of course, not wholly due to our being different flesh and blood from any other four who might have thus traveled, but somewhat to the meek and lowly manner in which the discordant party would beat around the bush in filing "a suggestion," rather than "a complaint." There were a few exceptions to this usual serenity that had to be overlooked, notably when Dick had the roaring toothache and I a terrific two-mile running fight with a swarm of hornets; and again when that Flathead valley cow walked through the tent, eating everything in sight, even to the soap, and carrying part of the tent and contents away on her horns. Then again when our dear companions planted that most life-like sand-hill crane (fabricated by a Chinaman in Boston and smuggled all the way out for the purpose) in the edge of the river, and Dick and I took several shots at it before discovering the cruel joke. Neither can we forget my five-mile chase and swim across the icy Kootenai

to recover our boat that had broken its fastenings; nor Dick's being overhauled by vigilants as a suspected horse thief while hunting on Libby creek.

We greatly excited the curiosity of the few bands of Kootenai Indians whose occasional picturesque camps lent a tinge of romance to sheltered nooks along the river. They seemed thoroughly friendly and their greatest vice, so far as we learned, was their insatiable appetite for gambling. They "neighbor" with the Flatheads who are also not slow at this diversion. Their most recent exchange of courtesies in this direction resulted in the Kootenais returning with everything in sight, even to the ponies, dogs and guns of their unlucky hosts.

We found the lower Kootenai alive with water fowl; of geese, ducks and brant there were myriads, and of the dainty curlew and jack-snipe enough. This Kootenai has for years been the American fur hunter's paradise. A trader near the British Columbia line informed us that he still secures large quantities of the choicest bear, elk, deer, beaver, cougar, mink, otter, marten and fox skins. The goats that furnish the splendid white rugs, browse on the higher slopes of the Selkirks thereabouts, sometimes in flocks of thirty, or even as many as fifty. The goat is probably the only game animal in America that has held its own in numbers, owing largely to the strong, musky flavor of its meat. On the other hand, the moose and elk are being shamefully slaughtered. Fifty of these noble animals had been shot by one party of trappers to bait their bear traps during the previous winter. A settler, from whom we bought some delicious butter, informed us that the deer fairly over-ran the wooded bottoms near his cabin in winter. He added that he had seen seven bears in one day; that, metaphorically speaking, the grizzly was al-

ways going out of one end of the cañon as the steamboat came in at the other. "Yer wanter sleep mighty close to yer grub pile," he said, "for they're mighty apt ter steal ye blind!"

This last declaration was particularly interesting to the ladies and was not over-drawn, as we discovered later on. We had finally grown a little weary of wandering and had located in an ideal permanent camp—one of those spots we never quite hope to enjoy again this side the pearly gates. Our dooryard, a dainty, well-shaded, well-grassed park, sloped to the sparkling river, and a great sheltering mountain, darkly clothed with spruce and pine—whose balsamic odors were a daily and nightly tonic, rose abruptly in the rear. Tumbling joyously down the mountain into the Kootenai, a few yards away, was a trout brook—our ever singing æolian—whose icy waters were utilized to preserve that much prized butter. We were beginning to feel as though that beautiful portion of the footstool was wholly ours, when one night we were awakened by a rattling in the dairy and an ominous swish-swash of the waters. Expecting to find a thieving Indian dog or small water animal, I hurried out with a shot gun and almost ran against an enormous bear, who, having dislodged the pail, was following it down stream and endeavoring to fish it out with those great paws of his. The surprise and marrow-chilling scare was apparently mutual, for neither party in interest stood upon the order of his going, and for aught we know that little tin pail with its once toothsome contents is still en route to the Pacific. Thenceforth, until—with the clear eyes, steady nerves and the strong strokes of rugged health—we regretfully made our way toward the haunts of man, "What e'er smacks of 'noyance or unrest was far, far off, expelled from this delicious nest."



THE WONDERFUL, NEW EYE OF SCIENCE.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

AN interesting Astronomical Congress has just assembled at the Paris Observatory to decide upon the final arrangements for the completion of the international enterprise undertaken in 1887, having for its purpose the photographing of the starry heavens. Sixteen foreign astronomers have come to Paris to hold conferences for a week with nine French astronomers, in order to discuss the results already obtained and to study the most practical means of carrying to a successful termination this vast work.

When Hipparchus gave to science, two thousand years ago, the first catalogue of stars, his contemporaries were astonished, and Pliny characterized the undertaking as a rash one, "even for a god." The catalogue of the astronomer of Rhodes contains one thousand and twenty-two stars. Our present catalogues contain more than one million. The two general charts which are being prepared contain, the first, two and a half millions of stars, whose proportions are to be calculated and tabulated; the second, thirty millions.

Sixteen observatories, situated at different points around the globe, have divided among them the work to be accomplished. Each of them has engaged to furnish many hundred stereotype-plates of an exposure of five minutes each, and others of an exposure of an hour each. Eleven thousand and twenty-seven of these plates are required to cover the entire heavens. Each plate photographs two degrees square of the heavens, and measures sixteen centimeters. This immense celestial chart represents a sphere of twenty-one meters in circumference, or three and forty-four-hundredths meters in radius. The instruments employed to take these photographs are identical in the sixteen observatories; they are equatorials, with an object-glass measuring thirty-three-hundredths of a meter in diameter, and whose length is three and forty-three-hundredths meters. Let us consider for a moment this taking possession of the heavens by photography—a new eye, even more marvelous than the human eye.

Every one knows that stars below the

sixth magnitude are invisible to the naked eye, and that the word magnitude is to be understood solely as relating to the apparent brilliancy of the stars; those of the first magnitude being the most brilliant, those of the second being a little less brilliant, and so on in succession; those of the sixth magnitude being the last that can be seen by the naked eye.

The following table gives the probable number of stars of each magnitude down to the fourteenth:

MAGNITUDE.	NUMBER.	MAGNITUDE.	NUMBER.
1st,	20	8th,	40,000
2d,	59	9th,	120,000
3d,	182	10th, . . .	380,000
4th,	530	11th, . . .	1,000,000
5th,	1,000	12th, . . .	3,000,000
6th,	4,800	13th, . . .	9,000,000
7th,	13,000	14th, . . .	27,000,000

These stars are visible through the instruments in use in observatories at the present day. We have seen that the total number of stars of these fourteen degrees of brilliancy exceeds forty millions. To catalogue this celestial host would be not only a superhuman task; it would be altogether impracticable, for errors would inevitably creep into so vast a number of observations as it would be necessary to make, as well in the work of reduction and transcription as in that of giving the stars their places on the chart.

Countless years would not suffice for the task, and while engaged in it the stars themselves would change their places in space; for each of them is endowed with a motion of its own, more or less rapid.

But photography can accomplish this colossal labor in an hour!

Five-thousandths of a second will suffice to photograph a star of the first magnitude; half a second will suffice to photograph the small stars visible to the naked eye; thirteen minutes are required to photograph those of the fourteenth magnitude.

By leaving the plate exposed for an hour, all the stars, down to those of the fourteenth magnitude inclusive, will be

distinctly marked on it, each one by a point, of which the size will be in proportion to the photogenic brilliancy of the star and the duration of the exposure.

If, on the same day or the same night, the eleven thousand plates of which we have spoken could be exposed all around the globe, and the whole of the heavens photographed, the work would be accomplished.

But it is easy to understand that these conditions are not possible. Each observatory, as we have said, is to make twelve hundred plates. It will be necessary to select nights when the sky is unclouded and hours in which the different points of the heavens are visible. Then, when all the photographs have been taken successfully they must be made permanent; each one must be studied separately, and the geometrical coördinates of the first series of plates designed to form the catalogue of two and a half millions of stars determined. The work practically begun five years ago will certainly not be completed before the end of the century, which, however, is not far distant. It will be a magnificent legacy from our century to future ages, and one which will prepare the way for the solution of the great problem of the general constitution of the universe.

We see from this, as has been recently demonstrated by the Röntgen rays, that the photographic eye is really a new eye, whose vision far surpasses that of our perishable eye.

The human eye is, indeed, an admirable optic apparatus. What transparency in this living crystal! What enchanting hues, what profundity, and what charm in this iris! It is life, it is love, it is light. Let all eyes be closed and what would remain of the creation.

But the lens of the photographic apparatus is really a new eye, which supplements ours, and which, more wonderful still, surpasses it.

This giant eye is endowed with four considerable advantages over ours; it sees more quickly, farther, longer, and, wonderful faculty, it receives and retains the impress of what it sees.

It sees more quickly! In the half-thousandth of a second, it photographs the sun, its spots, its vortexes, its fires,

its flaming mountains, on an imperishable document.

It sees farther: Directed toward any point of the heavens on the darkest night it discerns stars in the depths of infinite space—worlds, universes, creations, that our eye could never see by the aid of any telescope.

It sees longer: That which we cannot succeed in seeing in a few seconds of observation we shall never see. The photographic eye has but to look long enough in order to see; at the end of half an hour it distinguishes what was before invisible to it; at the end of an hour it will see better still, and the longer it remains directed toward the unknown object, the better and more distinctly it will see it—and this without fatigue.

And it retains on the retinal plate all that it has seen. Suppose, for example, that we should kill a man at the moment when, quietly seated in his arm-chair, his open eyes turned toward a brightly-lighted window. There is nothing extraordinary in the supposition on a planet so many of whose inhabitants are soldiers, who kill one another at an average of eleven hundred a day. Suppose, besides, that you should tear out his eyes (we have already said that it is an enemy that is in question), and that you immerse them in a solution of alum; those eyes will retain the image of the window, with its transverse bars and its lighted openings. But, in the normal condition of things, our eyes do not retain images. Besides there would be too many of them. The giant eye of which we have spoken retains all that it has seen. All that is required is to change the retina.

Thus, in the first place, this eye sees quicker and better and without fatigue. To-day photographs of the lightning are taken which may be studied later at leisure on the plates, and which shows the titanic battles of the electric spark crossing the aerial ocean and meeting in its path a thousand obstacles, a thousand hindrances of every kind, which cause it to change its course, often communicating to it the most irregular movements. We photograph a horse galloping, an express train; we photograph the cannon ball and the bomb, surprised and stopped in their course.

Yes, this artificial retina sees quicker

and better; and by an altogether opposite property it can penetrate abysses in which we do not now see nor ever shall see anything. And this is perhaps its most amazing faculty.

Let us place our eye, for example, at the ocular of one of those telescopes whose object-glass measures thirty centimeters; these are the best instruments for practical use employed in observatories at the present day.

Through this telescope, thirty centimeters in diameter and three and a half meters in length, we shall discover stars down to the fourteenth magnitude; that is to say, about forty millions of stars of all kinds.

Now, let us substitute for our eye the photographic retina. Instantly, the most brilliant stars will strike the plate and impress their images upon it. Five-thousandths of a second are sufficient for a star of the first magnitude; one-hundredth of a second for stars of the second magnitude; three-hundredths of a second for those of the third, and so on in succession, following the proportion laid down above.

In less than a second the photographic eye has seen all that we can see with the naked eye. But this is comparatively nothing. The telescopic stars visible through the instrument will also strike the plate and imprint their images upon it.

Never before in the history of humanity have we been able to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of immensity. With the new improvements photography takes distinctly the image of each star, whatever its distance from us, and fixes it on a document which may be studied at leisure. Who can tell but that one day, in the photographic views of Venus or Mars, a new method of analysis may enable us to discover their inhabitants! And this power extends to infinite space.

Here, for example, is a star of the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth magnitude, a sun like ours, so distant from us that its light takes thousands, perhaps millions, of years to reach us, notwithstanding that it travels with the inconceivable rapidity of three hundred thousand kilometers a second; and this sun is so far off in space that its light never reaches us; still more, the natural eye of man would never have seen it, the human mind would never have divined its existence without the instruments of modern optics. And yet this faint light, coming from so far, suffices to impress a chemical plate, which retains its image unalterably.

Thus, this new eye which transports us across space also enables us to retrace the stages of a past eternity.

Infinite space! Eternity! Contemporaneous astronomy plunges us into and submerges us in them.

Ah! Astronomy could wish that the leaders of the peoples, the legislators, the politicians, might use their faculties to examine and comprehend a celestial chart. This calm contemplation would perhaps be more useful to humanity than all the diplomatic discourses that could be pronounced. If they comprehended how small the earth really is, perhaps they would cease to cut it up in pieces. Peace would reign in the world; social prosperity would succeed the ruinous, shameful and infamous folly of war, which wastes and desolates Europe. Political divisions would be effaced, and then, and then only, would men be free to elevate themselves by the study of the universe, the knowledge of nature, and to live in the enjoyment of the intellectual life. Alas! we have not yet progressed so far; and the photographic eye will reveal many celestial mysteries before the human eye shall see reason and knowledge establish their reign on our little revolving ball.



BELLE'S BEAUX.

THE PARTIAL STORY OF ONE YOUNG WOMAN'S BEAUX.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

MR. WHITE.

MY niece, Belle May, is a thorough-paced American beauty of the most perfect national type. She is more aristocratic in her appearance than any reigning sovereign (if photographs are to be trusted), like most of her lovely countrywomen, and has the "vere de vere" delicacy of skin and fineness of physique generally, and air of patrician distinction, though not the repose of that caste, her manner being decidedly vivacious, her speech hyperbolical, her temperament volatile in the extreme. She got it from us, of course.

My sister-in-law, Belle's mother, was a washerwoman originally, and my brother, like Diogenes, took to her tub, and to her, and made her his lawful and wedded one one day in long past years, to the great horror of his family. To be sure she was a Mexican washerwoman, which was better than her being an Irish one in many ways. She might have been the Infanta of Spain for grace and courtesy, when he brought her home after making his millions in Chihuahua, for instance, as only a humble daughter of the Latin races can be, and I remember that the only thing that we had to suppress summarily was her cigarettes. Poor Leoncita! If she were alive now she would only be duly qualified to adorn "the smart set," and would be admired for the womanly gentleness and grace with which she lit and puffed them. But in those days society drew the line for women at smoking, and I can still see her beautiful dark eyes fixed upon me with a wondering gaze as I held forth on the fact of its not being

"respectable," and hear her repeating in her soft Spanish sybillants, "Respectable, pero porqué? Digome, Enrietta." Then, for another thing, most things are forgiven foreigners, and few questions are asked about them, or their antecedents. People accepted Leoncita as an agreeable fact, and owing to the millions,



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

BELLE'S MOTHER.

even embraced her. And she endured New York and everything in it merely. All her life was a "pourquoi"? Everything was strange, foreign, ugly, disagreeable to her. Her rocking-chair, a wrapper, and a box of chocolate creams were the only approach to happiness that she ever knew. Like Madame de Maintenon, she deeply "regretted her native mud," longed for her native land, dreamed of her native climate, talked of her native customs, practised her native idleness and jealousy, and fell back upon her native religion. She detested hurry, and worry, and flurry, and cold weather, and all exertion, and she lived in New York. It is a voluminous biography. From her Belle got her eyes—the coloring and shape and setting of brow and lashes—the expression was that of her father. It was owing to her, too, that Belle was chiefly educated in convents in France and Italy. And it was at her death that Belle was brought home to live with us—"us" being her grandmother, her invalid uncle Robert, and her four spinster aunts, Ellen, Anne, Margaret, and Henrietta. Her father was only intermittently in New York, for he still had large interests in Mexico and Texas, and there was no other arrangement that could possibly be made as we all agreed after many conferences, so "the child," as we called her, came.

She was just eighteen, she spoke five languages, she played delightfully and sung passably, she was dressed by Worth. She was her father's only duckling and there were shekels galore! Small wonder, then, that she took us and society by storm. She folded us all metaphorically and actually to her heart. She became a greater favorite with mamma in three days than any of her four daughters, who all lived for her. She almost made Uncle Robert forget his liver and lungs for a month. She called my sisters "dear old things," and took me for her "confidante," as being only twenty-five and a good sentimental safety-valve. She was adored by the servants, whom she kept busy running her errands. She upset the routine of our lives completely, calmly; and left us to adapt ourselves to the situation at our leisure. But she brought so much life, youth, beauty, freshness into the house that we all felt reconciled to "doing

our duty." That was the way we put it. We were "going to do our duty by brother John's poor, motherless child." She tore the drawing-room to pieces, and did it over to suit herself; she insisted on a late dinner; she entertained continually; she revolutionized the entire establishment. "But it won't be for long," said my sister Margaret, "she is so handsome."

And this prediction seemed about to be fulfilled three months later, for among the many gentlemen who had become what Belle called "house cats," was one whom she evidently favored above all the others, and seemed to delight in, although he appeared to me the least attractive of them all. His name was Edmund White—a tall, dark, lanky man, very saturnine, absolutely devoid of a sense of humor, intensely solemn, dignified, argumentative and deaf. He came early and went away always at ten o'clock. He was the cashier of an uptown bank. In his warmest and sunniest aspects he made one think of a friendly undertaker, who abstracts his mind for a few minutes from the consideration of such questions as ice, trestles, coffins and carriages, to enjoy a little faint, wintry gleam of social amusement. He had but one vice and that was a perfect passion for theological and historical arguments, for argument in general. His friends said of him that he was "as steady as a wheel-horse."

He was a rigid Presbyterian. He had a snug little fortune of his own; his hands were always cold, and generally clammy; his dress was as irreproachable as his morals. He was really young, but contrived to look middle-aged; and in his secret, solemn soul he sighed for three things—Belle, a good tenor voice, and the ability to dance well. He sang comic songs in a lugubrious, Plutonian fashion that almost made one weep, so full was his voice of cavernous echoes and hollow reverberations, so ineffably dismal and pained his manner, and the mouths of long-drawn agony that accompanied his rendering of "Dutchy Ben," or "Widow Machree." His "Och Hone!" I shall never hear equaled as a sepulchral groan, I am sure. Such as he was, however, he seemed to please Belle amazingly. Indeed, I never saw her so brilliant with any other person, or under other circum-

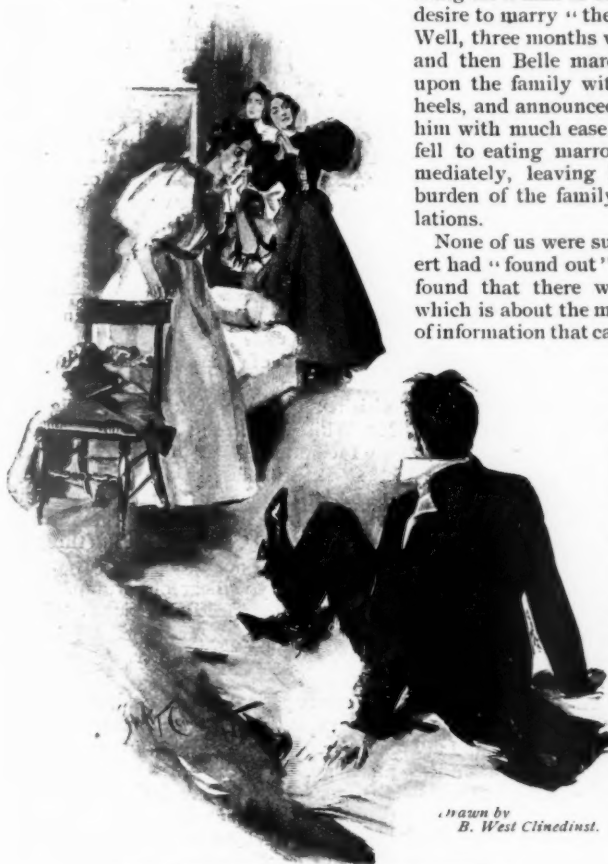
stances, as she used to be, evening after evening in the front drawing-room by one dull lamp, with Edmund White for whole and sole audience. She was all artlessness and playfulness, and as simple as a child. She was brimming over with fun, with stories of her travels and adventures, with sketches of people she knew or had heard of.

She was all wit and gaiety, and did all the talking—I could hear her as I sat by the lamp with my work in the back drawing-room—and occasionally a deep, hollow boom of assent, or comment, or of admiration, as of surf breaking on a distant shore, from Mr. White. In her place I should have been bored to death: but she

would join us after he had left the house, radiant with satisfaction and good humor, her dimples, her eyes, her color, her manner, all betraying successful and grateful conquest, loud in his praises, regretting that he "had to go back to that horrid old Brooklyn," and asking me if it were not too bad—he was "so agreeable," "so superior," "so intellectual." Something in his mental outfit seemed to put bubbles in her blood, and make all her conversation with him, all her relation to him a prolonged draught of champagne. And I never saw a man so intoxicated as he was by the preference she showed for his society—by Belle, altogether. He lost his head completely—which is a bad thing for a man to do if he has the least desire to marry "the love of his heart." Well, three months went by in this way, and then Belle marched in one evening upon the family with Mr. White at her heels, and announced her engagement to him with much ease and sang froid, and fell to eating marrons glacés almost immediately, leaving him to sustain the burden of the family talk and congratulations.

None of us were surprised. Uncle Robert had "found out" about Mr. White—found that there was nothing to find, which is about the most satisfactory piece of information that can be unearthed under

such circumstances, and all was settled in a few minutes. Mr. White was very formal in his way of receiving our congratulations, and left in a few minutes, it being ten o'clock. Belle stayed up, got into her dressing-gown, let down her back hair, came to my room and talked to me half the night. Edward was the "dearest, the most wonderfully gifted, the most entirely perfectly honorable, the most quite too devoted and ideal of lovers," and she



drawn by
B. West Clinedinst.

"THE NEXT MOMENT CAME A FEAR OF LAUGHTER."

was "too wildly, awfully, intensely happy for words." How had she ever *lived* without him? Was the Brooklyn bridge *quite* safe? Had I ever seen, known, or heard of any man who combined in his own person so many gifts, graces and attractions? I had to turn her out at three o'clock, lamp in hand, still prattling of her bliss and his charms, and my last thought was "Well, now that Belle is as good as married, we can look forward to a quiet, home-life again."

I didn't know Belle, none of us did, or we certainly should not have behaved as we did to Mr. White. Mamma wept over him and formally blessed them both with all her dear old heart. Uncle Robert went to Tiffany's and ordered a diamond star made as his wedding gift. My sisters gave Belle all the lace flounces and necklaces and cashmere shawls they could find in their wardrobes, and I presented the pair with a set of Louis-Seize furniture that was the apple of my eye. Her father telegraphed warm approval. We all vied with each other in being cordial to Mr. White. But we might as well have attempted to soften an obelisk or warm an iceberg.

He came every night, he was a perfect eunuch of acquiescence and adoration to Belle, but he had nothing to do with us; except, indeed, to argue us deaf, dumb and blind on sight, about Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary; John Knox and the Established Church; Romanism; the ballot for women; temperance; second marriages. Anything, everything with him was a peg on which to hang a long, dreary, aggressive, endless argument. When he settled himself in his chair (usually while Belle was dressing) and began to put his fingertips together and start an argument, I always felt desperate, and agreed with him wholesale, in a weak effort to stem the tide of his "views." But Uncle Robert got to hate him; he was so intolerant, and shook his head very mournfully ("Poor, unsuspecting De Boots" that he was) over "our poor girl's entanglement;" and my sisters gave up coming down-stairs in the evening. Belle cut him short when she appeared, gagged him with a jest or command, as it were, and, though we felt that we had a good deal to complain of (when he triumphantly proved that mamma was not

legally married to my father at all, according to the laws of the State of New York, for instance, after one and all shouting at him for an hour, singly and en masse), it is certain that *she* had in him a door-mat, an abject slave. She was not slow to recognize this fact, and she trampled upon him consistently and persistently with both feet, as charmingly as possible—it was now a roll, now a kick, of her rug, her foot-ball; and always a "thank you" from him in return, until even her selfish soul sickened of his subservience and utter absence of self-respect and dignity in love (the very qualities he best represented in business), and after that the reign of the poor, fond, foolish fellow rapidly drew to a close. The day after she made him drink ink—yes, actually, I saw him do it—with the smile, and words and looks of an angel, she gave a pink tea, at which several of her girlish friends appeared; and at twelve o'clock the now dissipated and demoralized bank cashier was admitted. I hardly like to state of *my* niece that Belle did as Anne of Austria and thousands of other women have done before her. She put the girls behind a screen; she got out all her Circean wiles, she made Mr. White turn a somersault on the rug in front of the fire—"Mr. White!" I gasped to myself when I saw it, myself unseen. The next moment came a peal of laughter, in which Belle joined heartily; the girls appeared, and, with a furious look and "a big, big D," Mr. White disappeared forever!

"I couldn't *stand* him, Aunt Henrietta," Belle explained later quite placidly. "I *had* to get rid of him, and I couldn't *poison* him, so I determined to make him ridiculous. It's a pity about my things—but they will do nicely for Newport. Good night, you dear old frump. Oh! wasn't he too perfectly delicious!"

CAPTAIN HUNT.

We were perfectly staggered, as a family, by the rupture of the relation between Belle and Mr. White, within a month of their marriage. And there was a good deal of divergence, not to say difference, among us of opinion about the affair. Mamma blamed Mr. White for all that happened roundly; Uncle Robert followed suit. My sisters thought Belle had "trifled with

him, and would never have another chance to marry so well." I was puzzled and reserved my views, in which nobody felt the faintest interest, by the way. "Poor Belle feels this sad business very much—it may be a life blow, poor girl," said Uncle Robert. "He must have outraged her feelings terribly, to have made such a step necessary." Belle's sensibilities were not as deeply wounded or as delicate as he fancied though, by any means. That was made tolerably clear in about six weeks, when we first heard a good deal of a Captain Hunt, of the artillery stationed at Governor's island. Belle went down there for a visit and came back full of enthusiasm about the army. All her talk was of the service, and the drill, uniforms, bands, officers, the habits and customs of garrisons, the stinginess of Congress to-

ward the bulwark of the nation, finally of Captain Hunt—"so perfectly *charming*, and such an Adonis as one reads of in Ouida's novels, you know, granny."

We retired en masse to our country home on Long Island, in May, and Belle went to Newport for two months, and "cottaged with Mrs. Fitz-Poole and had no end of a good time," as she expressed it. Her father allowed her this kind and degree of liberty, of which we quite disapproved, as Mrs. Fitz-Poole was getting her second divorce.

Early in August she swept in upon us, with her maid, her pug, and—Captain Hunt, for whom she claimed our hospitality. She was looking lovely, in a cool muslin gown of soft gray tints, and a ravishing Parisian toque of black lace and forget-me-nots. She was very gentle,



Drawn by
B. West Clinedinst.

"EARLY IN AUGUST SHE SWEEPED IN UPON US, WITH HER MAID, HER PUG, AND—CAPTAIN HUNT."

and grave, and pensive. I could scarcely believe that she was the same girl.

The captain was, as she had truly reported, a perfect Adonis—a big, rosy, cheerful (not to say facetious) Adonis, a tremendous favorite in society, the leader of the german, a detrimental, every inch of him, in the eyes of all matrons with marriageable daughters. He waltzed as if he were a German Hussar, he had only his pay, he was gallant, cordial, soldierly. To see him standing around in this or that attitude was to see one of Detaille's pictures personified. To watch him get into his befrogged and braided overcoat in the hall was to feel a thrill of sympathy with this superb son of Mars, he was so military, graceful, debonair. He rode to the house sometimes, and his orderly, in a long overcoat with a red-lined cape, fairly held down a caracoling horse that brought us all regularly to the windows—it was such a pleasure to see the captain mount, domiciliate it, and ride away.

To my intense surprise he seemed to domiciliate Belle as well. She was positively meek toward him and never differed from or flouted him. She seemed flattered by his attentions, and took on a soft, deferential, gently winning manner that did the business for him in about ten days after their arrival. And the next thing we knew we were all related to Captain Hunt—they were engaged. Belle threw her arms around me in the hall in a burst of emotion and tears, and told me the very same things that she had said of Mr. White (though I was too generous to remind her of the fact), and assured me that her happiness was now "complete."

He came that night and behaved delightfully. He adopted us all with easy grace and perfect cordiality—called mamma "granny" and Uncle Robert by his name, talked interestingly of military matters, and, though he made civilians appear a poor set of money-grubbing creatures, without courage or patriotism, we all retired quite in love with so much dash and spirit.

For six weeks he poured flowers, books, bonbons, music, in a generous stream of attentions upon Belle and the whole family. He took us out to sea. He took us to the theater. He gave us luncheons and dinners here and there. He sent his

clever post surgeon to see "his granny" and cure her dyspepsia. He made Uncle Robert fully ten years younger by his tales of adventure, and bade him "lean upon him as upon a son." He put his arm around Ellen's waist, and held Margaret's hand until she got purple with embarrassment. We all felt that he was marrying us as well as Belle, and were pleased with the implied compliment.

We all set to work and ordered fresh gifts for Belle and for him. I gave him my sideboard that Herkomer carved for me when he was a lad—artistic furniture is my fad, people say. We all have money enough, and we soon had liquor cases, and diamond bangles, and lamps, and all the rest of it, for the happy pair.

They were to be married in exactly one month, and all seemed to be going most serenely, when Belle marched in defiantly one day from an afternoon tea, dashed her bonnet down on the bed, and said angrily, "I'm done with Charlie Hunt. I've broken off my engagement. Nasty, hectoring thing! He wouldn't let me dance round dances. And he wouldn't let me go to Europe for our wedding-tour. And he wouldn't resign. And he plays the violin like a street fiddler, only worlds flatter, and expects me to accompany him on the piano for five hours at a stretch. And he wanted me to take cooking lessons! Cooking lessons, that I might go into the kitchen if we were sent out on the frontier! And he wouldn't break off dancing with Julia Miller when I beckoned to him. And he is the most perfectly hateful, horrid man that ever lived. There! He says wives must obey orders! I see myself obeying anybody."

I listened aghast. Of all these indictments only one appealed to me. He did play the violin with peculiar atrocity, and our sufferings as a musical family, highly trained in such matters, had been very great certainly. We had crept out of the drawing-room one by one when he began, to save our own lives, and had then crept back again, in the same way, when it looked too pointed, to save his feelings. But to break an engagement was no light matter. We all remonstrated with Belle, but not a word would she hear. Bit and rein she could not and would not bear.

The red-caped orderly brought back all our gifts, with handsomely expressed regrets. The orders for the trousseau were hastily countermanded. The burning curiosity of all our dear friends was either slaked or quenched in less gratifying ways. Belle's father telegraphed "What the mischief is the matter?" and threatened to come East, but didn't. The family went into secret committee meetings of twos and threes, agreed, disagreed,—never had we known discussions so lively and interesting. Mamma actually came to breakfast in her bedroom slippers, and Uncle Robert forgot his wig, so eager were they to hear whether Belle had really returned Captain Hunt's letters and ring as she had threatened the night before, whether as Ellen sentimentally put it "all was at an end between the affianced lovers." Poor Ellen is always concluding life, as it were, with the close of every chapter, and even episodes, in existence.

"I never saw such a beautiful, well-matched couple," said mamma. "Belle my girl, you are certainly very, very unfortunate. But you must not give way to dejection, my child; you must not mope and pine and make us all miserable."

"Henrietta," said Margaret to me in a mild whisper, "don't you think that we might patch matters up between them, after all."

"I think," said I, "if you want to know what I think—that if you will give Belle a few weeks, she can put that patch on herself, to her own entire satisfaction, without the least help from her mature female relatives."

MR. RAYMOND.

And I was right.

My prophecy about Belle was fulfilled sooner than even I expected, though by that time I had begun to have a very distinct conception of the character of my niece as formed on the continent of Europe. In about a fortnight the Gluck and Scarlati Musical Societies combined in a grand concert, to which we all went as one woman; even mamma, who so rarely turns out, could not resist its attractions; and at its close there slipped into a seat that chanced to be vacant next to Belle, a gentleman who would have attracted notice in any assemblage of men and women in the world, for an uglier face was never set upon a tall, perfectly-proportioned figure. The scraps of conversation that I

overheard showed me that he was a foreigner, that he was extremely clever, that he was a man of the world. He spoke French to Belle until I involuntarily leaned forward to get a better glimpse of him. When I returned to my former position he quickly dropped his voice and continued in Italian—a language that I also know. Belle rallied him on the fact, which seemed to afford her a good deal of amusement and presently they were both speaking German. I felt my-

self color with annoyance, for I was not playing eavesdropper. I devoted myself to the stage and my sisters until the affair was over. When we rose, Belle presented "Monsieur Raymond," and the gentleman clasped his gibbous and salaamed the salaam of Paris or Vienna. He informed me that he had known Belle abroad, and was enchanted to meet her at home, in-



Drawn by
B. West
Cincedinst.

"UNCLE ROBERT FORGOT HIS WIG."

served his monocle, and saw us to our carriages. En route Belle told me that her friend was to all intents and purposes a Belgian, though his father had been an American once upon a time—a long time ago—and belonged to the noble colony of voluntary exiles from the land that could sustain the soul of a Washington and many another great and good man, but quite stifles the spirit of the Anglo, Franco, or Germanico-maniac. She said he was enormously clever, original, distinguished and very rich; that he had been “faire-ing la cour” to her in Munich; that he was a lawyer of eminence and in this country on business for the Belgian government. Did I not think that he seemed “épris?” Did I not think him perfectly *charming*? Had I noticed his hands, his feet, and his figure? She had thoroughly enjoyed meeting him; she was really far more of a European than an American—and that was the worst of America—“*toujours perdrix*,” no variety, color, mellowness; America was hemi-semi-demi-civilized, in truth. And as for scenery, like Madame de Staël, “give her the gutters of the Rue du Bac.” As I did not attempt to contravene any of these statements, Belle fell back among her cushions and wondered when M. Raymond would call. It was next day and an entering wedge. Very soon he was dining with us, and spending most of his evenings at 95 Park Terrace. His arrival on the scene seemed at once to convert Belle into a Parisienne. They sang Massenet’s songs together, they discussed Zola, de Maupassant, et cæ. They went to the opera, with Ellen for dragon, in great splendor, and hummed “Faust” for a week. They talked of all sorts of foreign places, persons, dishes, and, though I had detested him on sight, I must say that he fully deserved the commendations Belle had bestowed on him. He was a very brilliant man, and a very interesting one, and it was a pleasure to hear them playing their genteel little social comedy so well. Never was any woman more delicately, deliciously flattered, never any man more adroitly encouraged. Our house now became a kind of headquarters for all the foreigners in New York. Consuls cropped up regularly, after ten P.M. the house overflowed

with guests. Diplomats from Washington would call about twelve, and then came people from the theaters whose names we had seen on playbills only, and strange groups of hirsute, thin, melancholy males bearing instruments in bags on which they played to perfection, while Belle moved through the rooms giving a kind of royal audience, speaking all the tongues, gracious, dimpled, *séduisante*, fascinating. I felt, after four months of this, that Belle was certainly going to be engaged. And so it was.

“I accepted Monsieur Raymond last night, uncle Robert,” she announced one morning over our teacups, throwing her lovely lace-frilled arms about his neck and leaning her flower face against his snuff-brown front quite tenderly.

“I have come to the conclusion that I am not good enough to live in America. And Hector is so variously ugly and so delightfully entertaining that I have succumbed. Don’t throw the others up to me, please. It is stupid. How can anybody tell beforehand what is going to happen?”

“True, my dear,” said uncle Robert, and placed her chair, while my sisters struggled with various degrees of repressed disapproval and only Anne found herself able to say, tepidly:

“Well, perhaps it is the best—you are so—so—”

“Abominable,” put in Belle, breaking her egg.

“Oh! I know what you all think of this. But I shall never be dull with Hector. Never! And a woman has achieved much when she can truthfully say that of a husband. We shall live in Paris, where a dull one would not matter so much, it is true; but still— And I know that I have got exactly the sort of man that suits me. Isn’t he the most witty, agreeable creature? And so well bred! Did you hear him, Henrietta, today, reciting ‘Coquelin’s Soliloquy of a Benedict?’”

“Spare me, Belle,” I replied. “No more raptures until the deed is done, if you please.”

“Henrietta, you are absurd. Can’t fish be good to-day, because flesh was excellent yesterday? It is just quite too wildly exciting to know that I am going to marry that utterly fascinating Hector,

and at last my happiness is perfectly secured. And you must see that he adores me."

He seemed to do so, certainly. Superb were the jewels he gave her. Magnificent the "corbeille" he ordered from France. Admirable in "petits soins," always elegantly dressed, smiling, amiable, I asked myself continually, why my prejudice against the man and the match deepened every day—especially on mamma's birthday, when chancing to look out of the window I beheld a perfectly enormous cake being borne around the neighborhood on a salver surrounded by a small river of bonbons and another of violets. Can there be a wedding opposite? I thought, and was surprised when the gigantic tribute of esteem disappeared inside our door, and was brought up to mamma with felicitations and M. Raymond's card. Surely, surely, I had done him injustice, I thought, with penitence. It showed how entirely foreign M. Raymond was that everybody accorded him the French pronunciation of his name, although it was not a French name at all, and he had got it from an American father. Our country daily increases in an impoverishing wealth of this kind of Americans, and in this case, from the crown of his well-brushed head and the tips of his well-waxed mustache to the shining peaks of his highly polished shoes, M. Raymond was a European product, a Frenchman bred in Belgium. To the family he was fearfully polite, excruciatingly civil, and, after the genial conduct of Captain Hunt, we all felt being incased in the ice of such perfect manners very much, and kept out of his way as much as possible. When he donned his monocle and eyed my three elderly, excellent sisters I could see them shrivel beneath his cold gaze, and it was funny to see them leave the room as soon as possible, having trumped up some excuse for doing so. It was turned upon me often.

"The present incumbent," as I called Belle's fiancé, did me the honor to try to understand me. He talked to me, treated me with grave respect, asked my opinion from time to time. I think my "quietness and self-possession," which he told Belle he admired, disconcerted him.

"I find there my enemy, hélas!" he

said to her also. And friendly to him and his pretensions I certainly was not, nor to be routed on my own ground and in my own house by any interloper, domestic or foreign.

I found out a good many things about M. Raymond as I sat quietly over my work by our evening lamp—that he lied magnificently, not to put too fine a point upon it; that he was profoundly selfish, and that for all his polish he was at heart a boor and a ruffian, utterly destitute of the tenderness and respect for women which is the especial glory of our dear American men. I have not space to detail the circumstances that brought me to this, I am confident, most just conclusion, and I was feeling wretchedly unhappy about Belle, who was blind and deaf to the hints and discouragements I had thrown out, when an incident happened that had the direct desired effect that I was feebly and indirectly trying to produce. Our friends, the Welbys, returned to New York from a twelve years' residence in Europe, and Belle's approaching marriage coming to their ears, Mr. Welby immediately called, asked to see uncle privately and told his tale.

"The man is supposed to have a wife already. He is known to be one of the greatest gamblers on the continent. He is utterly without principle. I am just sending him a note."

"Send Belle to me," said uncle to me in scared whispers when I came down for luncheon, "Welby knows him and was shocked to hear of his being engaged to Belle, and very kindly came around at once to put a stop to it. A terribly narrow escape. Her father ought to be here. He lets Belle lead him around by the nose, and throw as much dust as she chooses in his eyes. We must not have any more affairs of the kind, Henrietta. Our respectability as a family, which has never been questioned, is being imperilled by this foolish girl. I'll not have her here. I am much annoyed; I never liked the man."

Fortunately, the previous "affairs" had not gone beyond our family circle, and this one only made a nine-days' wonder.

"Frog-faced fraud! Another wife! and two hundred thousand dollars of gambling debts in Vienna alone! I don't believe the Belgian government sent him

here at all! He was looking for an heiress! And that old idiot, Bézers, in Washington, knowing all about it all the time, and shrugging his shoulders and saying 'ce n'est pas mon affaire.' Its abominable! Perfectly abominable," said Belle when she was calm enough to discuss it at all.

M. Bézers was one of the diplomats at Washington who used to run over so often to New York, and seemed to be on such perfectly good terms with both Belle and M. Raymond.

HERR VON KELLNER.

It was all very well for uncle to say that we would "have no more of this." In order to get rid of her beaux, we would have been obliged to find another home for Belle, and that was impossible;—the very reason of all others why Belle was with us was that there was not another place for her to go. And her first kiss and embrace reconciled uncle and mamma to an army of adorers.

But Belle herself pouted with the sex for some time after this. She said she was "disgusted with them all." But it soon became evident that they did not return the feeling in the least. Belle's emotion showed itself in a desire to cultivate music and give up balls and "going out" generally. She told us with great cheerfulness one day that she had just engaged "a love of a music-master," and meant to study hard for six months to come.

She took her first lesson next day from him, and when it was over she pulled me to the head of the stairs to see the gentleman putting on his overcoat in the hall below. "He is a gentleman," she said, in a rapid whisper. "Did you ever see such a head, Henrietta?"

I never had. It was as big as a coal-skuttle and every hair on it stood on end. His figure was tall and military I could see, and saw no more that day. But I often met him afterward and was struck by his grave, abrupt manner; his intense air, his simplicity; his sweet, soulful blue eyes; his short military mustache, shading a mouth that would have made any woman his friend, it was always so refined and, when he smiled, so charming. As for his music, it was that of an angel!

It conquered the entire family; for if there is a thing that we all adore it is good music. It was a month before we found out that he could play so enchantingly.

Belle had taken her two lessons a week with great interest and profit, in the usual formal way, when, not feeling well one morning, she said to him on his arrival: "I am utterly good for nothing, Herr von Kellner, this morning. I can't take a lesson. Will you not excuse me?"

"Mais certainement!" he replied, and, with a stiff bow, was pulling on his gloves again when Belle breathed a pathetic "Oh, if you would only play a little for me instead. Indeed, I am only fit to listen."

"You vish?" he asked, his face flushing crimson.

"So very, very much," replied Belle, who, by this time, was feeling like Rip Van Winkle when he inveighs against drinking and asks, "Is dere any *more* in dot cup, Meenie?"

I was pasting a fresh back on a paper novel in the drawing-room, and saw him toss back his long military cloak and stride to the piano, seat himself, lay his hands gently on the keys and begin to interpret Chopin. Well, Pachmann doesn't excel Herr von Kellner in rendering that exquisite composer, and only Rubenstein excels Pachmann, so you may imagine our surprise and delight.

In a moment we were fairly glued to the side of the piano, and in ten all my sisters were festooned over the end. It was delicious, and we all flew at him when he got up, in our enthusiastic American fashion, with our "Hows" and "Whens" and "Wheres," and with our hands and voices raised in a grand chorus of praise and admiration. But Herr von Kellner had only a shy smile and a crab-like side-long attempt at escape, with a hurried, awkward bow, by way of response to so much enthusiasm. And for Belle, as I noticed, a swift glance and low "You *laike* him?"

"Like him! I *adore* Chopin, and you play like a *maestro*; and to think that you have been coming here a month. Why didn't you tell me before that you played like this?" demanded Belle, herself again at once.

"Vy for, gnädige Fräulein?"

"You ask why for?"

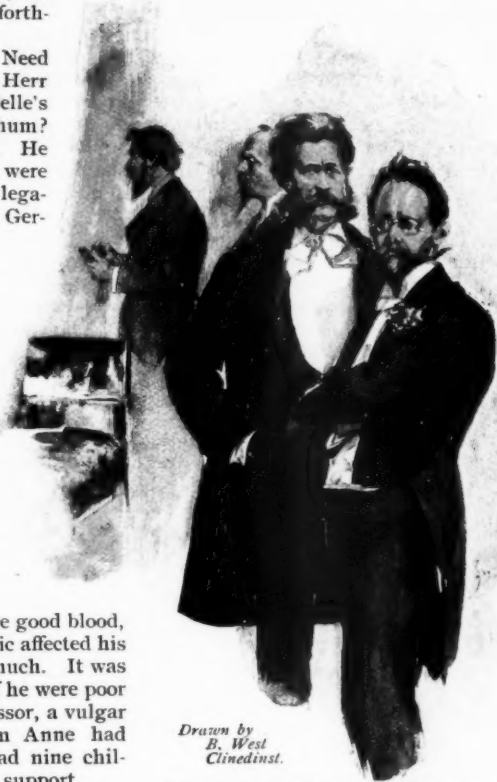
"But I am here for teach, not for play," replied he, and forthwith fled.

Well, need I say more? Need I say that from that day Herr von Kellner's head was Belle's top, and that she made it hum? She told me all about him. He was a baron. His letters were all sent him through his legation. He had been in the German army; he was decorated; his uncle was chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; his brother equerry to the Czar of Russia; his sister dame d'honneur to the Queen of Spain; and all his cousins nobles of the highest degree. But he had had a quarrel with an insulting superior officer, and had challenged and killed him, and been obliged to fly to America.

This was the story, and, what is more, was the truth; and, of course, the good blood, good position and good music affected his position in the house very much. It was impossible to treat him as if he were poor little Dinkspiel, his predecessor, a vulgar and very dirty man, whom Anne had recommended because he had nine children, chiefly, and no other support.

We felt that we must make a difference and we made it. And the result was that Belle saw more of him than could have at all been possible otherwise—that we had a perfect feast of Haydn, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Saint-Saens, Liszt, Jensen, and composers innumerable; that we all came to have the kindest feeling for our Graf—he was a Graf—and that he, poor, poor fellow, fell five hundred thousand German fathoms deep in love with our brilliant Belle. He would sit for a whole afternoon and gaze at nothing else; he would turn scarlet if she asked him the time, and white when he heard her step on the stair; he would lift the end of her sash behind her back and, raising his eyes to heaven, would sigh out some deep, guttural appeal to heaven, and kiss it with gentle rapture.

In moments of great expansiveness he



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

"OUR HOUSE NOW BECAME A KIND OF HEAD-
QUARTERS FOR ALL THE FOREIGNERS
IN NEW YORK."

would lay an arm about the chair in which she sat, and, turning his eyes and whole soul upon her, would look, and look, and look in adoring silence, or with little, low murmurs, as of a mother cooing over her babe in unspeakable love, until even Belle would start up—Belle the artificial, the hardened—and cry out as if she had been placed under a burning-glass:

"You must not, Herr von Kellner, you must not!"

"But vy for? Is it a harm?" he would ask as sweetly and innocently as as if he were six years old; and, indeed, he was not much more.

I never saw such patience, such adoration, such suffering. And Belle was as radiant as she always is when she has got a good, honest heart in her clutches

and a paper of bonnet-pins, and a few dozen odd daggers and poniards to thrust into it at discretion.

Flirts a-many I have known, but for cold blood, and unmixed selfishness, and irresistible fascination, I have never known her match. She had a genius and a passion for breaking hearts. I was so angry when I saw the effect of her wiles upon the Graf, as we called him, that I did an utterly stupid thing—I warned him against her. I told him that she was not worthy of his affection, and would never reward it—with the usual result. He adored her more than ever—he detested me. He said:

"Is it of the angel-maiden that you speak? It is I—I—Heinrich von Kellner that is not vordy to be de eart she tramples down."

"Well," said I, as calmly as I could, "if you want to be trampled upon you have certainly come to the right girl and house."

And so it proved: for Belle, who is a woman of the world to her finger-tips, got tired of being adored, of trampling even; and soon Herr von Kellner was besieging, imploring, interviewing every member of the family to induce us to induce Belle to see him, to hear him, to forgive him—to marry him, in short.

He got together a choice body of German musicians and gave her a serenade that waked the whole street, though Belle turned over merely with a sleepy "It's that goose, Kellner," and was fast asleep before the second strain of the "Adeläide" floated up to the window, where all my sisters remained entranced until the last note of Spohr's "Dream of Love" had died away.

He recited renowned German "bo-etries;" he wept honest German tears; he wooed in all the wealth of the German tongue, and in five other languages besides. He played for her, and at her, and because of her, in fully fifty. He humbled his soul to the very dust; he even reconciled himself to his relations; he begged, and mourned, and prayed, and sued—in vain. Belle knew he was poor; and if he had possessed the "Geist" of Goethe and the "Gemüt" of Klopstock, and had played like two Paderewskis, and sung like Capoul, and loved like Abelard, Max and Romeo rolled into one, she would

have declined him with a dimpled but perfectly decided "No."

When she gave up her lessons and refused to see him, there was a terrible time of it. The poor Graf was really beside himself. He came to remonstrate, and fainted in the sitting-room, though he had the Iron Cross for gallantry, when he found she would not see him. When we opened the windows in the spring, we would see his truly terrible crest, erect and alarming, beyond this or that one, and his white face, haggard and terrible. He rang the bell continually and left flowers and verses, and what not.

I happened to look out of my window one night, or rather early morning, and was alarmed to see a suspicious figure crouched low on our door-step, and looking up at the house intently. Uncle Robert was away and I called Margaret, the bravest of my sisters.

Poker and pistol in hand we descended the stairs stealthily and arrived in the hall; I pulled aside the muslin screen of the side panels of our front door, and reconnoitered the presumptive burglar. The light of a street lamp fell on a military cloak—a familiar profile.

I opened the door boldly, and sharply accosted Baron Kellner. "What in the world are you doing here at this time of night?" I demanded sternly.

He rose pale and confused murmuring, "It is that I *lauf*—I *lauf*. Be not angry vid me, gracious lady."

"Tell him he can't loaf *here*," exclaimed Margaret excitedly from behind the door, not understanding in the least and extremely indignant. "Make him get out!"

I did persuade him to go home peaceably and go to bed. He seemed much affected by my remonstrance, apologized meekly, and took himself off, declaring that he had not dreamed of disturbing us, he only wanted to look up at the room that held the angel-maiden.

I rather thought and certainly hoped that we had seen the last of him—for his own sake. But not long after he called about dusk, rang stormily, and, being admitted, said to Anne that he would, he *would*, he "morst," see Belle once more. He was trembling like a leaf, and there was that in his air and manner that commanded attention.

The "züsses Mädchen" of his imagination absolutely refused to come down, however, and he overheard Anne tell me that she had sent him word to "go away and never let her hear of him again."

Out came poor, distraught Kellner's pistol, and in making a pass at himself he came within an ace of shooting Margaret, who entered just then carrying a primula which she meant to put on the jardinière in the window. The ball whizzed by her head, burnt one of her frizettes, and, passing beyond, took the eye out of our cherished portrait of our great-grandfather, who came over in the Mayflower, displayed on an easel in the corner of the room.

Of course, we were all frightened nearly to death, and while Anne had one of her heart-attacks, I disarmed and regularly bullied the baron, and sent him away as meek and contrite as a child, after bidding us all an eternal and tearful farewell.

We saw him no more, but three months later his worldly position was completely reversed. His elder brother died, the emperor sent for him, he returned to Germany to live and die among the rich and great.

Belle made a wry face when she heard it from Mr. Bézers—worldly wisdom is made to look foolish enough sometimes.

"He might have written to me," she said, with an enchanting pout.

"Mademoiselle, Kellner, like many others, finds you adorable, but, he says, 'sans cœur, absolument.' What would he? The drôle! Charming women never have hearts—they break them."

DR. BRONSON; MR. VAN MUYSSEN; SEÑOR PORFIRIO BUSTAMANTE DIAZ Y MARTINEZ.

There were any number of men in Belle's train all this time, about whom it was not worth while to speak—men with whom she danced only, men to whom she talked only, men with whom she walked, or rode, or drove only—"the casuals" we called them. I have tried to give some idea only of those who, like Miss Nipper, refused to be regarded in the light of "a temporary."

The most patient, the most persistent of these victims was a certain Vermonter, Dr. Bronson, not one whit more favored

than the Graf. Little is there to tell of the doctor, for he, too, was simply a creature possessed by Belle, and used by Belle, and abused by Belle, and succored and comforted by us—by Anne chiefly. A kind man, a clever and good man, a perfectly unselfish one; who would trudge three miles in a snow-storm to match a ribbon—for Belle? Not a bit of it; for our tiresome old governess; who, out of his small purse, would buy tickets—for us, for Belle? Not always; as often as not for his poor landlady's children, aye, and take them, too; who would send flowers—to Belle? Not so; to a friendless, death-stricken stranger in the hospital which he walked.

He never seemed to feel it necessary to do more than humbly worship Belle, to put himself at her service for all and forever; and to bear her buffets like the true gentleman that he was, and die, but never surrender.

He took us all into his confidence, and talked to us about Belle until the very mention of her name became an insupportable nuisance, nor ever suspected that we were not as charmed to listen as he to dilate on the subject.

He never dreamed apparently of making her his wife, but stayed around, New England fashion, in case she should take a fancy to make him her husband at any time within fifty years or so.

He invited us all to accompany him to lectures and concerts, and was as lovely to us as though we had *all* been Belles. And Belle was so persistently and consistently cold, careless, indifferent and rude to him, that we saw more of him, a great deal, than she did, and were certainly far more fond of him. After she had gone off yawning to bed with a careless nod, he would sit all evening with us talking to Margaret about her flowers, to uncle about his ailments, to Anne about her charities, would then help us close the house, and take himself off with a half-dozen tiresome things to do for the family that would otherwise have been left undone.

Always courteous, always kind, we had but one quarrel with him—his excessive awkwardness. He broke our Louis-Philippe rose bowl, our crystal lamp, our majolica epergne and our Dresden shepherdess in one year, besides smashing

our Chippendale arm-chair, and the door of our coral-mounted cabinet, bought from the Borghese family fifty years since. If it had been any one else we should certainly have been furious. But one look at that mild, penitent face would have disarmed a Calabrian bandit, and even Margaret could not do more than insist that he should be received in the sitting-room in future.

He spent a month in mending the cabinet, it is true, and seemed to take a keen professional pleasure in strapping it inside with sticking-plaster, as patiently and gently as if it had been his own flesh and blood; and he gave another three weeks to the rose-bowl, and would have given six, had we not insisted on his giving up the attempt, moved to do so by seeing him hold it in position quietly for about five hours at a stretch one evening, waiting for the cement to take effect.

It was about this time, that a deadly feud arose between two gentlemen who were in the habit of regarding the doctor as a sentimental non-combatant, but who detested each other with a cordiality that would have gratified even Dr. Johnson, being furiously jealous of each other, and determined to nip, crush, efface, and utterly destroy, any amiable sentiment inspired by either in my niece's breast.

Mr. Van Muysen was a wealthy young parvenu, who had put a cart before his name without any warrant whatever, and ran two horses with a pedigree, though he knew nothing about driving and even less about riding.

"Good form" was his religion, and an incredible anxiety to be and do "the correct thing," and belong to "the set," made his life about as dignified and restless as that of a young squirrel in a tin cage.

He was a pronounced specimen of the genius dude, with a great determination of collar to his head, a cravat and boutonniere for every day in the year, and was doing very well in society's kindergarten for the rearing of men about town, and learning nicely how to dress, what sort of card to have and where to leave it, how to stare his betters out of countenance, be civilly rude to his elders, toady his superiors, and snub his inferiors (all valuable accomplishments for a man not born in the purple), when Belle fixed her

eyes upon him, and added him to her collection.

And the way in which she took the starch out of that youngster, and reduced him to limp subjection was positively pathetic. She alternately patronized and flattered him, called him "a nice, jolly boy—awfully useful," and danced the cotillion with him, ate the bonbons he sent her, sniffed and cast aside his flowers, and gave him, metaphorically, two fingers.

"Don't be absurd, Bobby. What are you going on so about? Haven't I worn your scarf-pin for you, and eaten pounds and pounds of your 'marrons-glacé?' Go back to Hoboken and your people there if you aren't satisfied," she would calmly remark if he ever seemed dissatisfied or aggressive.

But this excellent advice was not taken. Belle was so handsome that he allowed her to say what she pleased, and so "stylish" that to be seen driving her in the park in his high T-cart was a kind of patent of nobility to his mind, especially as she "knew everybody."

He confided this with great simplicity to me. And if there was a thing that he wished to forget, it was Hoboken—it was so near that everybody in it knew who he was and how his money had been made, and though he wished it farther, it kept its geographical position and inconvenient memory.

As for his "people," he had bidden them a long farewell and said of them to his own heart, "let us meet as seldom as we can," though, by way of penance, he occasionally dined with them on Sunday out of the season.

He was very sternly determined to lead Belle to the altar, or know the reason why, and not only fairly lived at the house, but even laid siege to the family. His favorite way of ingratiating himself with us was to ask us all in turn to drive with him. Unfortunately he knew no more of horses than of Coptic, and we, unaware of the fact, took our lives in our hands and sallied forth behind his chestnut team with a confidence that it afterward amazed us to recall.

"It is very pleasant to get one's lungs well inflated with atmospheric air," said uncle Robert with much affability, as he arranged the lap-rug over his thin old knees, when his turn came. "I used to

be a good whip myself in my youth." But he was not so much pleased to be brought home with a broken leg and laid up for four months.

"Accidents will happen," said Margaret when Mr. Van Muysen warmly pressed her to have a look at the park, one fine spring day, when the very nails in the house were longing to come out, "It is a shame to blame the young man. I am not afraid." So off they started, and she had the pleasure of running into a brougham, losing a wheel, and coming to the earth—result, two ribs broken.

Will it be believed that Anne allowed herself to be tempted to "try the chest-nuts" after this and was thankful to get back alive, with only a runaway episode to relate, and a badly sprained wrist for me to bandage.

I was out of all patience with them I confess, and warned Belle to flee from offers to come from the same fruitful source of woe.

"Oh, you don't suppose that I let Bobby drive me," she remarked. "Not a bit of it. Why, he can't avoid a haystack, and regularly drives over perambulators, and into carts, and down embankments. I take the reins myself and tell him that my life is not insured, and that Hoboken is all very well for apple-carts, but that when it comes to a pair of thoroughbreds and the park he had better sit back and commit himself to his groom or his friends."

"But he isn't fit to have horses—he ought to be indicted—mobbed—for taking people out in the way he does and killing them, nearly," remarked Margaret from the sofa with heat.

"He has killed his best friend, and put out one eye for his brother, but what are friends and relatives for? Besides, you know, you said yourself that accidents will happen, aunt Margaret; and when we are married, Bobby shall take you out every day for a rattling spin of ten miles or so," replied Belle.

"I'll not have them happening to me, I can tell you," replied Margaret—circumstances do so alter cases.

"And are you really going to marry that boy?" asked Anne.

"I don't know, and neither does he, aunt," replied Belle, with entire truthfulness.

"There's Señor Martinez," she added carelessly, as if by way of afterthought; "I may take him."

"That little Chinese idol of a Cuban, old enough to be your grandfather, and as jealous as a tiger, and as yellow as gold!" shrieked Margaret.

"Nonsense. He is a very nice man; most clever and interesting, and a Spanish Hidalgo in descent," replied Belle, with a toss of her head. "Well received at court by Queen Christine, I know, and considered a very able man in Cuba. You don't understand Spanish, and he doesn't know English, so, of course, you have no idea what he is really like. But I find him delightful."

I was staggered completely by this, and I at once made up my mind that Belle had made up hers. Señor Porfirio Bustamente Diaz y Martinez was fully seventy, he was enormously rich, he was extraordinarily black for a man who boasted Castilian blood. He had fallen an easy victim to Belle's charms, and we had thought it an evidence of her good humor that she tolerated his presence and attentions, and evening after evening we had seen him arrive, always in full dress, always with a bouquet for Belle, a bow for us, a savage scowl which he divided equally between young Muysen and the doctor at first, but later reserved entirely for the former.

He would start and grind his teeth when Belle threw a bone to her poor dog of a "Bobby," whose pink and white Saxon charms made such a contrast to his own swarthy visage. And he almost insulted that cheery youth over and over again, swallowed many a threat and oath, quelled by Belle's eye, and retired sulky and dignified to the window after such scenes, to sit in solitary offended state, until Belle joined him or sent Mr. Van Muysen away.

Things got so unpleasantly warm in a little while that something had to be done about it, and Belle inaugurated a social setting of "Box and Cox," that was as effective as it was amusing. All her mornings were given to Bobby Van Muysen. All her evenings were spent with Señor Porfirio Martinez. The two men no longer sat each other out, and jeered at each other, and contended like the lion and the unicorn for the capricious

favor of the fairest fair, to our great joy and comfort as a family. But Bobby, sitting by Belle, who wore his violets and made his chestnuts foam and spin indeed, would ask languidly, "What had become of that old Cuban 'cuss'—to quote Artemus?" And Señor Porfirio, between ravishing compliments likening Belle to a star, a flower, a swan (which on being translated to Bobby previously had always called forth one comment only, namely,

Belle would kick my foot furtively and sweetly declare that she was not Mr. Van Muysen's keeper, and had no idea where he was, and thus matters stood balancing with the three of them, when—

I had a telegram one day from my brother. The Eureka Consolidated Mines were fifteen feet under water. He had lost a cool two millions, irretrievably, and was coming East.

When Mr. Van Muysen called next morning "Miss May was lying down with a wretched, nervous headache." When Señor Martinez called that evening Belle received him in her prettiest Paris gown, all dimples and vivacity. In a week Belle was insulting the family understanding by gushing over Señor Martinez, as though she had been another Héloïse, and he the famous "son of a gun." A man of war he certainly was, as soon appeared. For no sooner were they engaged, than he became more than a martinet.

He would not allow her to walk on the street without a *barège* veil; he would not allow her to be married in a low gown; he would not consent to her even entering an Episcopal church again, but bade her make ready to be received into the Roman fold; he would not permit her to receive his younger brother alone. In short, he ruled her with a rod of iron from that moment, and interfered with her at every turn. He loaded her with superb jewels, laces, fans; he gave her any amount of his attractive society, and he watched her every word and look.

In a month they were married with great éclat.

"A MORE MISERABLE WOMAN DOES NOT LIVE TO-DAY THAN BELLE."

"What an ass!"), would gaze complacently on Belle that very night, wearing Martinez violets this time, and driving with him to some entertainment, and "hope that 'hombrecillo,' that ill-bred idiot of an American boy, Van Muysen, had left New York."

Belle had been engaged once too often. There was an archbishop, a "solemn high nuptial" service, an immense display, a cathedral full of gaping and curious spectators; a bride paler than most brides, with much more reason; a groom in a savage humor because of that pallor, and



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

some tears—the only ones I ever saw the poor girl shed.

We all returned home and set the house in order, and relapsed into our old life in three days; a brilliant, stormy episode in our quiet lives over forever. We could have better spared a better girl I must say.

The house seemed intolerably dull for a long while, when no longer enlivened by Belle and her beaux. Uncle Robert gave himself up to nervous prostration, and my sisters were all day attending boards, or committees, or in the slums; mamma visibly languished, and I felt that my occu-

pation was gone. Nor did it improve matters as time went on to hear that Belle was not so much a wife as a state prisoner. She was not allowed to see or visit anybody; to go anywhere without her Porfirio; to correspond even with her own family, or invite any one to her superb home near Matanzas. A more miserable woman does not live to-day, I am sure, than Belle; and all her admirers are more than revenged by the gentleman whose shoes they so eagerly coveted, Señor Porfirio Bustamante Diaz y Martinez, well but not favorably known in London and Paris, Havana and Madrid.

LOVE.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

I.

LAST night I held your pulsing hands in mine,
And pressed upon your lips one clinging kiss,
Until the rapture of that wordless bliss
Suffused my soul like draughts of ancient wine.
And as the glamour of that spell divine
Enslaved me with its potent subtleness,
"Dear love," I said, "for such a boon as this
All hope in life and death would I resign."

To-day I live again that thrilling hour,
And feel no less the thralldom of its spell;
Yet in God's sunlight I discern the power
That wrought in sorrow Love's red miracle—
Of His own essence came this regal flower
And all the right to gather it, as well.

II.

Because a sentient form I loved is gone—
Because the lambent charm of her pure face
Illumes no longer its accustomed place—
Because—because the lidless dark lags on,
I say that she is dead and curse the dawn
That, limping feebly from the halls of space,
Leans on the couch she hallowed by her grace
What time I held her sinless soul in pawn.

Oh, Love that blossoms by the arid way
That lies between the birthplace and the tomb!
We gather of thy sweetness for a day,
Forgetting life's inevitable doom:
Then rail at death that frosts our flower, and pray,
With trembling hope, for some sweet after-bloom.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ROOSTER.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE skirmish began well and bickered spitefully for twenty minutes in the patchy copse of oak bushes and pine saplings that fringed a stony fell. The noise of it echoed in the mountain hollows and rattled strangely against their lichen-blotched escarpments; then suddenly there broke a stunning blast from the hill-top, where the ten-gun battery had been unmasked, and on came a gray column packed close and charging headlong at a run. A moment of surprise and inaction on the part of the blue skirmishers was followed by a panic; every man took to his heels for his own safety, and devil catch the slowest.

At one end of the zigzag scrawl of Federals, a youthful soldier, named Ryan Melville, was barely missed by a round shot which plowed the stony earth beside his feet. He turned about and fairly flew over a black-jack spur, while a heavy swarm of iron bees whined and buzzed around him. His legs were strenuously wagging under him when a shell hit a little hickory tree, around which he was shying. For a moment after the explosion, which was at the very middle of the tree's tough bole, the air was dim with smoke and pulverized wood.

Ryan Melville scarcely knew that he was wounded, so cleverly did fate send the keen iron splinter from the bomb cutting through his haunch; but involuntarily he put up his hand and rubbed his left eye, which was full of hickory dust. And he ran on, while the noise behind him seemed to bump against his back like great waves, impelling him faster and faster, down the opposite side of the ridge, over three or four jagged wrinkles and ravines, and then deeper into a wooded, rocky vale, until presently he began to limp, as he panted along beside a clear, bubble-dotted brook.

About this time, Melville, being a boy and imaginative, felt one of those elemental visitations of irrelevant fancy. He thought of what a delight it would be to cast a fly—a brown hackle or a Lord Baltimore—upon those swirling pools. Then, all at once, he became aware of a

strange silence in place of the cannon pounding and the crackling of musketry. The little fight was over. Sherman had felt out for Johnston's line and found it, that was all. To-morrow, perhaps, the hills would once again grind together in the grip of a great battle.

The boy's head swam vaguely. His hand went to his thigh and came away clotted with dark blood. He tossed his gun aside, and just then he saw a fine red chicken cock standing on a log. It was a brave-looking rooster, with a high, congested comb and a great arched and resplendent red tail. As Melville sank down and was becoming insensible, this fiery cock stretched its gorgeous neck and crowed, so that the wood echoed and reëchoed with its clarion challenge.

All through the dreadful days and nights of the hospital, while fever burned him and gangrene threatened, Melville's mind harbored the rippling of that brook and the crowing of that rooster. When he went home to Michigan, discharged and half-committed to the fate of a life-long cripple, the bubbling of the chill current and the cheerful cock-voice still haunted him. And even after the war was ended, and he had regained all of his boyhood's vitality and rounded superbly into athletic manhood, he was not cured of his dream of going back to angle where the skirmish had ended. When his uncle, who had made the most of haying while the war sunshine lasted, in the field of Chicago speculations, gave up the ghost, and also an immense fortune, all to Melville, the opportunity came, and forth away went the happy young man, with rod and fly-book and creel, back to the brook amid the Southern hills.

An angler is everybody's friend. Melville found most engaging folk in the cabins of that lonely region. He chummed with Bud Peevy, a master mountaineer, and one day, over a gourd of mountain dew, told him about the skirmish, the brook and the rooster, discussing which they two became unusually communicative, and at last, after many waverings and back steps of reluctance, Peevy gave

away, for friendship's sake, the secret of the neighborhood. Now, if I tell it, it must go no farther. Even the whimsical mountaineers have rights well worth respecting, albeit some of their ways are as inexplicable as were those of Bombyca to her lover.

The neighborhood rooster was hatched from a marvelous egg. Aunt Polly Bicker was authority in the matter of its genealogy, and she said that "onquestionably thet air aig had a double yaller." Cherokee, Georgia, never before had produced such a wonder as a chicken hatched whole and single from a double-yolked egg. Aunt Polly Bicker was distinguished as the fortunate owner of the rooster, and when she, poor, lone widow, died before a matrimonial agreement could be reached between her and Bud Peavy, there was fun shortly after, upon the occasion of Aunt Polly's personal estate being sold at administrator's auction, according to mountain law.

The bidding at the sale was desultory and penurious, despite the parched wit of Sammy Bunter, the neighborhood crier. An old spinning-wheel, five splint-bottom chairs, a chest, some crockery, two rude bedsteads with immaculate bedding, a scant supply of kitchen utensils, three hens with their broods, and a big bible, yellow with age and sadly thumbed, made up the bulk of the decedent's property, aside from the hand-loom under the lean-to shed behind the cabin. All went at lowest price and the crier declared the sale closed.

Just then the rooster mounted the rickety yard fence and crowed.

"Thar," cried Bud Peavy, "you've forgot the bestest piece o' prop'ty 'at the ole 'oman hed. Yer no more fitten fur a crier 'an the ole rooster itself!"

"Well, then, gi' me a bid fur the double-yaller hen-husband," said Sammy Bunter, with a downward caress of his straggling flax whiskers and a humorous leer from his whey-colored eyes.

The laugh went round—that sear, anhydrous mountain chuckle—from exsiccated lip to lip; then some one offered ten cents for the rooster.

"Hit air understood 'at the crier 'll hev ter ketch the double-yaller fur the buyer," a voice suggested.

"Sartingly," assented Sammy Bunter, venturing a grotesque wink.

The bidding was for a while lively; it rose decimally to the enormous sum of sixty cents, and there hung as if caught on a nail. Meantime the beautiful cock stood atop the fence proudly arching his neck and shaking his fiery comb. Now and again he lifted one foot or the other, as if to display his dagger-like spurs.

"A goin' at sixty, who says the seventy?" pleaded Sammy Bunter.

It was a spring day; the country was clothed in green splendors of every shade, woven into a matchless set of scarfs flung around the monstrosly shrugged shoulders of the hills with a royal grace. Wherever the sun could kiss the ground there was a shining pool of flowers. Overhead a dreamy sheen, blue as no flower was ever blue, sprung a span from mountain ridge to mountain ridge; and from everywhere came the indescribable and irresistible rich fragrance of opulent and unhindered nature.

"A goin' at sixty cents, who says the seventy?"

In a thorn thicket down by the brook, a brown thrush trilled deliciously, and then flung out a stanza of witching song.

"A goin' at sixty, who says the sixty-five?" The rooster shook his wing.

"Goin' at sixty—sixty—sixty; once, twice, and——"

The rooster crowed, and a multitudinous voice murmured:

"Sixty-five."

"Goin' at sixty-five, once, twice, and three times, gone to—who was it bid sixty-five?"

"Me!" shouted a dozen voices.

It turned out that everybody had bid the last offer. The auction would have to be continued, and it was, until the crier wore himself out. At first the advance was five cents a bid; then it fell to four, to three, two, and then to one. Seventeen times the crier said "Sold," and seventeen times the cock crowed and seventeen times every man on the ground claimed the final bid.

"Gentlemen," said Sammy Bunter, with a hoarse gurgle in his leathery throat, "ye've got ter settle this here matter ter suit yerselves. I'm done The rooster air sold."

Upon the instant a row began, which passed nimbly from hot altercation to such limitations of profanity as the moun-

tain vocabulary sets, then into the stage of coat-doffing and the uprolling of shirt sleeves, preparatory to a general wild fight. It looked as if every man of them all were eager to punch the first nose that offered. Meantime the rooster jumped down outside the fence and ran cackling into the adjacent woods.

"Gentlemen," bawled Bud Peevy, leaping like a gaunt lion into the midst of the noisy crowd, "I kin whale the entire hide off'n the whole kerboodle o' ye, an' ye knows it, too! Now jes' git quiet, an' that poorty quick."

The men glared and took breath for a moment. Peevy had the floor.

"Thet rooster air mine," he said with a savage snap of his jaws, "an' I'll make er pot-pie out'n the man 'at says it ain't. Now thet settles it."

Doubtless that would have settled it indeed, had not the law been grimly interposed by 'Squire Potts, the old justice of the peace, who, being present, spoke up, and with absolute authority said:

"Bud, the law air ag'in' ye; an' men, the law air ag'in' ye all. So shet erp yer mouths an' keep out'n bad trouble about this here rooster."

Peevy wilted, and they all wilted. To them the law from old 'Squire Potts' lips was like hot sunshine to cut sassafras leaves; it dried them to a condition of rustling uncertainty.

"Then whose rooster air it, I shed like to know?" Peevy presently ventured to inquire, rolling down his sleeves.

"This court," said the 'Squire, seating himself on the fence where, but a few moments before, the rooster had stood. "This court sees on'y one p'nt in this here case. The prop'ty belong ter the highest bidder. Now, who air the highest bidder? Ye all air the highest bidder 'cordin' ter yer own sayin'. Therefore this court say an' decide 'at the rooster belong ter ye all. Hit air a neighborhood rooster, 'cordin' ter law made an' pervided in the statoots ov Georgia."

There was no appeal. Everybody paid his share for the rooster, coats were resumed, and friendly relations as well. Aunt Polly Bicker's estate being thus finally settled to the satisfaction of her lawful heirs, the rooster went his way in the woods uncared for, because, not being the particular property of any one person,

and yet the lawful chattel of all, he fared as an outcast whom nobody dared molest. And, in the liberal spirit of outcasts in general, he became an element to be reckoned with in making up the neighborhood's accounts.

Ryan Melville received in broken doses all of the doings of "Double-Yaller" up to date; and what time he was whipping with his elegant tackle the incomparable bass-pools of the brook, his unspoiled imagination reveled amid a sort of luxuries permitted only to those who have health, wealth, leisure, and the fine, virile taste of lusty youth. So it came to pass that on a morning when he had waded and cast, on and on, a half a mile farther up the brook than he had ever before gone, suddenly a vista opened through a green wood to where, on a high hill, stood a mansion of old Southern days. At the hill's foot a springhead bubbled, with a stone milk-house, mossy-roofed and ivy-covered, hanging sketchably picturesque above the cool flow.

Ryan Melville was not tired, that were quite impossible to elastic muscles and springy thews like his; but the vision cast over him a magic influence, impelling him dreamward. A sweet perfume smote his nostrils, a mocking-bird's melodious voice from a distant tangle was barely audible, falling into his ear as a tender and soothing suspiration, and all about the ground was flecked with pink, and yellow, and amethyst, and sapphire, where the wild flowers thrived. He waded forth from the brook, flung aside his rod and creel, and stretched himself at full length upon the bank, his head in his hand and his face toward the stately old house on the hill, whence down the steep incline a yellowish path meandered to the spring.

"Takin' it easy, I see, Mr. Melville."

He looked up indifferently; the voice was that of Peevy, who had approached, at the pace common to mountaineers, in feline silence, unnoticed until he spoke. In his hand he bore the oxidized remains of an army musket.

"Picked this up in the forks of a ole log onter the hillside by the crick down yander." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Hit's no more use for a gun. The ants hev eat up the stock, an' the lock air all rusted ter nothin'; but the bar'l 'll do for a fire-poker. Hit's a Yan-

kee musket left ther' durin' the fight I s'pose."

Melville gazed at him silently through narrow, vaguely speculative eyes. At the same time he was aware of a tall girl, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and slowly descending the spring-path from the house.

"Le' me tell ye," Peevy continued after a pause, "thet air neighborhood rooster, old Double-Yaller, jumped right up out'n the bresh, an' lit ont'er the end o' thet log an' crowed, jes' as I re'ch down after the gun. Hit do beat all 'bout thet ever-lastin' ole chicken!"

"A double murrain on you and your neighborhood rooster!" growled the young millionaire under his breath, and his eyes had turned, wide open, to gaze at the lissome girl, whose white gown flittered in the lazy breeze.

To be frank, Melville had heard quite enough about the cock o' the Cherokee hills, how it was in the habit of clinching with a cock-a-doodle-doo every particularly happy incident of the neighborhood's life. How it crowed on Nancy Ann Roe's ashhopper just at the moment she cast the last shuttle and finished weaving her wonderful counterpane of seven hundred and one stars; how it walked right into Sara Hix's cabin and crowed in the middle of the floor when her baby boy Bob cut his first tooth; how it trebled its triumphant cry when Bud Peevy, at the end of a terrible fight, whipped North Shamly, who had come all the way from Arkansas to meet the mountain champion, and how it crowed at every house in the neighborhood the night that Lock Tolliver got converted at camp-meeting.

"Hit air a fac' 'at w'enever that air rooster crows ther's good luck a comin' ter somebody," Peevy declared. "Hit never hev failed yit."

What, in a vague way, perplexed Melville's imagination was the consciousness that this incorrigible cock had been crowing in his brain ever since the day of the skirmish, now six long years ago; that this brook had been babbling in his heart all through the same period, and calling him back to wade in its sweet, chill water and cast his line across its melodious dimples.

Peevy doubtless felt the young man's

inhospitable mood, for he strode away over the hills, muttering something about not "keerin' a worm-eaten dried apple dog gone for any feller who air nat'rally too dad burn lazy to look at a man w'en he air a conversin' to 'im."

Meantime the girl made her way leisurely down the slope, plucking large mountain violets right and left, and singing little fragments of melody, in a voice that played hide and seek between a childish sweetness and a womanly timbre. When she reached the spring-house she seated herself upon a great stone and began assorting and arranging her flowers. Under her hat brim some fluffy curls, loosely pinned up, were shining like shredded amber. She had a purely Greek profile, a fine throat and dainty white hands.

Melville found that he was holding his breath while gazing at her, and the next moment, by a turn of the eye, she discovered him lying there so near to her. A rose-leaf flush spread suddenly under the fair skin from neck to cheek, and her parted lips were cherry red; but she did not start or rise.

The situation, Melville thought, was one demanding prompt action and adroit diplomacy, in order to prevent a disastrous end to a very pretty and romantic incident. He got nimbly to his feet, and presented himself in all his stalwart glory of manhood before her.

"Good morning," he said. "I was resting a while from my angling. I hope I have not startled you?"

"No, sir," she answered, with a little indrawn breath, like the sigh of one who suddenly enters cold water. She clutched her violets as if fearing he might pounce upon them. Yet there was something blithe and shyly friendly in her look.

"I am neither a bandit nor a kidnapper," he added, half in explanation, half in apology. "Could you find me a gourdful of fresh buttermilk in the spring-house? I'm outrageously thirsty." Helmet in hand, he bowed.

She had risen. He gave her a comprehensive, smiling look of perfectly trustworthy import, and in her cheeks some dimples betrayed her acceptance of his frank humor.

A mist, like the shining pollen blown from mature flowers, arose in Melville's

brain. Remotely, but absolutely, he now understood that this girl had been all these years haunting his soul, along with the singing brook and the crowing cock.

"I mentioned buttermilk," he lightly reminded her, taking one step toward her, "but sweet cream will serve just as well, or bonnyclabber."

His whole countenance beamed with magnetic goodfellowship, which bore some mysterious rays half frightening, half-captivating to the maid.

"I could—but—the key of the spring-house——"

"Oh, the door is locked?" he interrupted, increasing his smile. "It doesn't matter at all. I beg your pardon for my boldness."

She eyed him, as if half of a mind to tell something she was thinking, then—

"I will go get the key," she said, and, with a bird's readiness and swiftness, she turned about and went feathily tripping up the steep path.

"No. Come back," he called, quite in vain.

She held her wide hat on with one hand. A wisp of topaz yellow hair fluttered above her snowy nape.

"Confound it! That's the last of her," Melville snarled. "I'm the biggest fool alive."

He stood, with neck craned and arms slightly akimbo, watching her until she entered the garden in front of the house, where she disappeared. He went and picked up his rod and creel.

"Confound the luck!" he repeated twice or thrice. "Good mind to follow, go right up and knock at the door."

He bit his mustache and made irresolute motions, as if acted upon by equal and opposite forces. A faint breath of heliotrope lingered with him. It angered him to hear a woodpecker chattering and sounding with desultory bill-taps the wood of a decaying bough overhead. Then he flushed like a girl. It was at the thrillingly unexpected. Out of the garden gate came the maiden, still tripping swiftly and nimbly, with a bunch of keys in one hand and in the other a glass goblet. She pressed the keys on her hat to keep it in place.

"I'm monstrously ashamed of myself," said Melville, when, audibly and visibly panting, she reached the spring.

"It was good exercise," she declared. "I don't mind it."

Her cheeks were softly radiant, like pink morning-glories.

She unlocked the musty tulip-timber door and went inside, where rows of stone crocks and jugs stood half-submerged in a current of water. Melville was ravished by her dainty way of gathering her skirts and stepping from stone to stone of the rude, damp floor.

Cool sweet cream, yellow, fragrant, corn-flavored, and fresh from a spring-house, is tippie for the gods. And when served by a maiden as lovely as a man could dream of, it is actually intoxicating. A fact of which every temperance society must take judicial cognizance. Melville's head swam. He could think of nothing; he could say nothing, but he drained the goblet twice, while she stood demurely by.

She turned to fetch the third draught. Then he found his tongue.

"No, thank you," he said. "Save some for to-morrow, when I come again. I angle in this brook every day. Do you come down here every day?"

"Almost every day; but——"

"To-morrow at eleven bring the goblet again. I don't doubt that I shall be thirstier than ever. It takes a mighty lot of food and drink to satisfy me; I exercise so much, and am so healthy and strong."

Melville went back to Peevy's cabin, where he was lodging, and it is safe to say that he was not in a normal state of mind, unless we admit that a sudden cherry-red heat of love is the normal temperature of a vigorous young man in spring.

"Thet air rooster——" Peevy began. But Melville broke in with:

"Say, Mr. Peevy, who lives in the mansion house on the hill over yonder?"

"W'y, I'll tell ye who lives ther'," said Peevy, through his nose, "the rottenest, meanest man upon the face o' earth lives ther'."

"But his name?"

"Kyrnel Chastain, Kyrnel Bob Chastain. Rich ole scamp; owns this yer whole country, poorty nigh, an' so low down mean 'at he won't let a feller shoot squir'ls in his woods. Druv me out yist'-day, a threatenin' me of the law."

"And the young lady?"

"She's named Agnes. Poorty little gal, but kinder high-nosed, an' too good ter step on a plank floor."

"Humph!"

"Fer a wooden-legged man, Kyrnel Bob air game ter the bone; but I'd er whaled him long ago ef 'twasn't fer fightin' er cripple. The law won't stan' thet, ye know."

"Miss Agnes is Colonel Chastain's daughter, I presume."

"Yer a-presumin' correct."

Melville was silent for a moment, then with a smile he inquired.

"Any biting dogs about that house, Mr. Peevy?"

"None, exceptin' Kyrnel Bob. Ef he ain't er dog, an' er biten' dog at that, I'll eat yer hat. Won't kill the squir'ls his own self an' won't let me."

Ryan Melville chuckled appreciatively, filling his pipe the while. After some meditative whiffs he remarked that it was a wonder the Federal army did not burn the Chastain house, which was so near the battle-field.

"Had a yaller flag. 'Twer a hospital," said Peevy.

That night Ryan Melville dreamed a hundred dreams, each one of them as grotesque as the most atrocious gargoyle and as airy, dainty and sweet as a hyacinth flower. The gurgling and swashing of the brook was in his ears, the cool water sent its thrill through his wading-boots, and Agnes Chastain shimmered before him, a vision of bewitching loveliness; not as a young woman, but as a mere child, with corn-silk hair and large, sympathetic, blue eyes, hovering near his bed, where he lay stupid, voiceless and spent. Mr. Chastain, Colonel Bob, hobbled back and forth. There were groanings round about, and pungent antiseptics filled the air with a disagreeable, oppressive suggestion.

Now, why should a lusty red rooster strut through this jumble of incongruous dreaming? What had this cock, with the carmine comb and fountain-like gush of red tail-feathers, to do with bass fishing and that thigh wound which the surgeons were probing? There is no set pattern for a dream, nor for a reality, be it remembered. Ryan Melville's dream was reminiscent, contemporary and anticipative. At the same time it was absurdly ludic-

rous; for there was Bud Peevy dancing a jig while he played with two thirty-pound bombs, the fuses of which were fizzling at the very point of explosion.

"Wake erp, man! Goin' ter sleep all day? Yer aigs 'll sp'il a-gittin' cole," Peevy blustered.

Ryan Melville rubbed his eyes, and blinked at the sunlight pouring in through an open door. At first he thought that one of the bombs had burst, with a flare like that. A woodpecker rapped a long, rolling tattoo on the comb of the cabin. The savor of fried ham came into the room, together with a strenuous song flung by a mocking-bird out of the haw thickets close by.

That was a tedious forenoon for our friend of the angle. He cast his way up the doubling and dallying current, between fresh blown wild flowers, under greenening boughs, through fanged rock crevices, slowly, on toward the spring-house and the mansion on the hill, with an eye on his watch, so as to arrive precisely on time, which he did.

The place strangely lacked something, in its air, its picturesque appeal, its suggestion of romance. Melville stood on the bank beside the great stone, and a chill of vague disappointment crept over him. Upon the stone just where Miss Chastain sat yesterday, there stood the goblet and beside it lay the bunch of keys. Where was the maiden? A stupid indifference possessed him for the moment to such effect that he gazed with but half-seeing eyes. His ears were numb within and gave him only remote impressions of the sounds of wind, leaf, bird and water. Certainly, the spot was not interesting.

Melville stood a moment in this sudden unappreciative mood before he saw that the spring-house door was somewhat ajar. Then came a white flash from within, and out stepped the maiden, bearing in her hand a brimming jug of cream.

"Oh," she chirruped, "you—you are here!"

Her smiling eyes met his half-timidly, yet very frankly.

"Yes, I am here," he said, and that nameless something, which is the subtlest charm of spring, broke richly through his voice. He was actually trembling.

She straightway poured the goblet full of cream and proffered it, turning her

face aside meantime with the motion of a bird on the point of flying away. But she did not fly.

"Do you know that I'm an old acquaintance of yours?" Melville ventured. "Can you remember the young fellow who had the thigh wound when your home was the Yankee hospital?"

"Yes. I knew you as soon as I first saw you." She flushed and smiled.

"I'm glad," said Melville. "I came a thousand miles to see you again."

That was not altogether a lie. He really felt justified in making the statement. So they sat upon the rock and chatted until she said:

"I told my father about seeing you, and he said that you must come to the house and let him have a talk with you. He remembers you perfectly. We have often spoken about you and wondered what might have become of you."

"Why not go up there right now?" Melville demanded, impulsively rising. "You both were so good to me. It is all so clear to me now." He drew his hand swiftly across his forehead, as if brushing away the last film of uncertainty. "Come; I am impatient to see him and tell him I have waited too long."

Peevy had young broiled squirrels for supper. Melville came in late and said that he had been feasting at the mansion on the hill.

"Ye'd better be kinder keerful how ye're a-foolin' wi' thet ole scamp," Peevy protested, "er he'll do ye some devilment yit." Then he chuckled and leered while he added: "These yer squir'ls is mighty tender an' sweet. Got 'em in the ole feller's woods while he wer' a-entertainin' ye."

The young man scarcely heard this; he was so assailed by humming joys and stinging delights. Every drop of his blood was a hot image of love flitting back and forth between heart and brain. To his vision the whole sphere of existence was a splendid purple dream-mist, in which a yellow-haired girl shimmered and danced, like Galatea of old, a very thistle-down of beauty.

The inevitable nearly always outstrips everything else; but in love the inevitable assumes so many forms that we can never be sure of it until the final thing is done, and success or disaster claims the victory.

Ryan Melville and Agnes Chastain were openly lovers from the start, and agreed to date their romance back to the days when he lay wounded, almost dying, in her father's house, and she, a mere child, carried soup to him and fed him with a spoon. But old Colonel Bob Chastain was a factor in the reckoning, and he hated Yankees, as he called all Northerners, with deep-seated, almost fanatical passion. Melville felt the danger. As a mere guest, as a man to be entertained, as a target for reminiscent talk, he was all that could be desired for the Colonel's uses. But as a son-in-law? Unquestionably, here was the obstacle, looming like a bastion with double batteries.

Melville lost no time. Every day was devoted to Chastain place, most largely to Colonel Bob, who was as garrulous as he was punctiliously formal and loftily condescending. There was no trouble in the matter of getting on with Colonel Bob. Give him his way and let him go; that was all. But Melville had a notion of his own, and impatiently desired to air it in Colonel Bob's ear. Then, doubtless, the storm would fall.

As for Peevy, he had advice to give without stint. Not that he knew anything about Melville's predicament, beyond the vaguest surmise, but he had grown fond of his young guest, and he hated Colonel Bob more bitterly day by day.

"Ye'll find the ole one-laigged villyan out yit," he insisted, "w'en he draps onter ye wi' some o' his meanness. Ef I's you I'd not git too onnat' rally frien'ly wi' sich a blame ole——"

"Stop that!" Melville suddenly stormed forth. "I'm tired of it."

"Well, jes' rest erwhile then, sonny," Peevy remarked. "I'll go git some more o' his squir'ls."

He took down his old flint-lock rifle from its rack over the door and went out, flinging back over his shoulder a complimentary sentence to the effect that "There's so many different kinds o' fools thet it ere blame hard ter tell 'em erpart."

That very morning Melville set out early and went straight to the mansion on the hill. He was notably bold and brave until he arrived, and found Colonel Bob of a mind to take him for a stroll

over the battle-field. But once he was out with the hobbling old aristocrat every element of his courage evaporated. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and his heart thumped low in some tomb-like hollow of his breast.

Deep in the woods they sat down upon a log. Colonel Bob was explaining why he was never in the Confederate army. It was all on account of the foot he lost fox-hunting before the war. His horse fell upon him and crushed his ankle, amputation and a cork foot followed.

"And so, sah, you can readily understand," he commented, "why it was that I remained at home and was denied the glorious privilege of fighting. But I suffahed, sah; lost everything, sah, but my honah and my child. Oh, yes, sah, to be sure, I have the plantation; but that's nothing, sah. More trouble than it's wo'th, and——"

He stopped short and glared. Peevy, with his gun on his shoulder and carrying a half a dozen young squirrels in his hand, came suddenly before them out of a thicket, and on the instant, seeing them so close to him, became rigid with surprise.

"Here you are again, sah, poaching upon my land, sah!" The colonel stormed, rising in a purple rage and shaking his cane. "You're at it every day, sah. You are a thief, sah!"

Peevy's under jaw was down, but he bridled promptly and responded:

"So I hev hearn ye say afore. Would ye mind er mentionin' it over ag'in, jes' fer luck?"

The unexpected happened so quickly that the manner of it would be difficult to describe. Melville sprang forward, like a beast of prey. Peevy's gun flew whirling in one direction; the squirrels were scattered far and wide in another direction, and there was a strange, savage, tearing and thumping noise, during which Peevy went over and over with Melville as storm center and source of activities.

When at the end of two minutes Colonel Bob Chastain stood gazing at victor and vanquished, Peevy was outstretched on his back with Melville astride of him.

"Will you ever shoot another squirrel on this plantation?" Melville demanded, savagely compressing the mountaineer's

windpipe. "Say, or I'll wring your head off."

Peevy chose the safe alternative, and Melville reluctantly stood aside to let him arise.

"Bless my life, sah, bless my life," spluttered Colonel Bob, grasping Melville's arm approvingly and glowering at Peevy. "Bless my life, sah, I——"

"Don't speak of it, Colonel Chastain," Melville interrupted. "A man who wouldn't fight for his father-in-law is no man at all."

Colonel Bob looked bewildered. Meantime Peevy busied himself combing the leaves and twigs out of his hair and beard with his fingers, and righting himself up generally, sheepishly wavering between a grin and a scowl.

"I'll have you to understand now and henceforth, Mr. Peevy," Melville added, "that your poaching on this place is at an end. You are at liberty to go now."

"Kin I tek the squir'ls what I hed killed?" inquired Peevy, with a droll wink.

"Yes, take them along. They're of no account, now that they're dead: but move along, and no parleying about it."

It was while Peevy was gathering up his scattered game that Melville turned to Colonel Chastain and said:

"When Agnes promised to marry me, I then and there determined that I'd stop this man's trespassing on the place or break his neck."

"But—but—um—sah——"

"Of course, Colonel, I felt bound to do it under the circumstances. I felt that an insult offered to you was a double challenge to me. Agnes and I are going to be married right off, you know; it's all arranged."

Colonel Bob tried to rebel; but it was impossible; the magnetic young fellow overwhelmed him, domineered him, shut off every avenue of objection or protest. It was a splendid burst of self-assurance and personal influence.

Peevy took up his gun and squirrels, leered comically at Melville and trudged away.

Just then a clarion voice echoed through the woods, and on the log, where a while ago Melville and Colonel Chastain had sat, the neighborhood rooster crowed again.

GREAT LOVE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I.

GREAT LOVE IS HUMBLE.

HUMBLE is Love, for he is Honor's child:
He knows the worth of her he does adore,
And that high reckoning humbles him the more:
By her dear sweetness from his pain beguiled,
He would be proud because her look is mild;
But all the while he scans the oft-told score,
And his imperfectness must still deplore,
Abashed no less because on him she smiled.

To be allowed to love is Love's dear prize:
To lay his homage at her royal feet—
To enter thus the true heart's paradise,
The name of names forever to repeat,
And read his sentence in her answering eyes—
Love should be humble—his reward is meet.

II.

GREAT LOVE IS PROUD.

For very humbleness Great Love is proud:
The round world were a tribute thrice too small
To render to the rightful queen of all—
Yet why should Love's least gift be disavowed,
If once her royal head the queen has bowed,
Lending her gracious ear to the low call
Of him whose glory is to be her thrall—
Who only prays his worship to be allowed?

Once to have known her fairness—who is fair
Beyond the dreamer's dream, the painter's art—
This, only this, were bliss above compare:
But if he find the gateway to her heart,
Shall he not, like a king, be set apart
Who for one royal moment entered there?

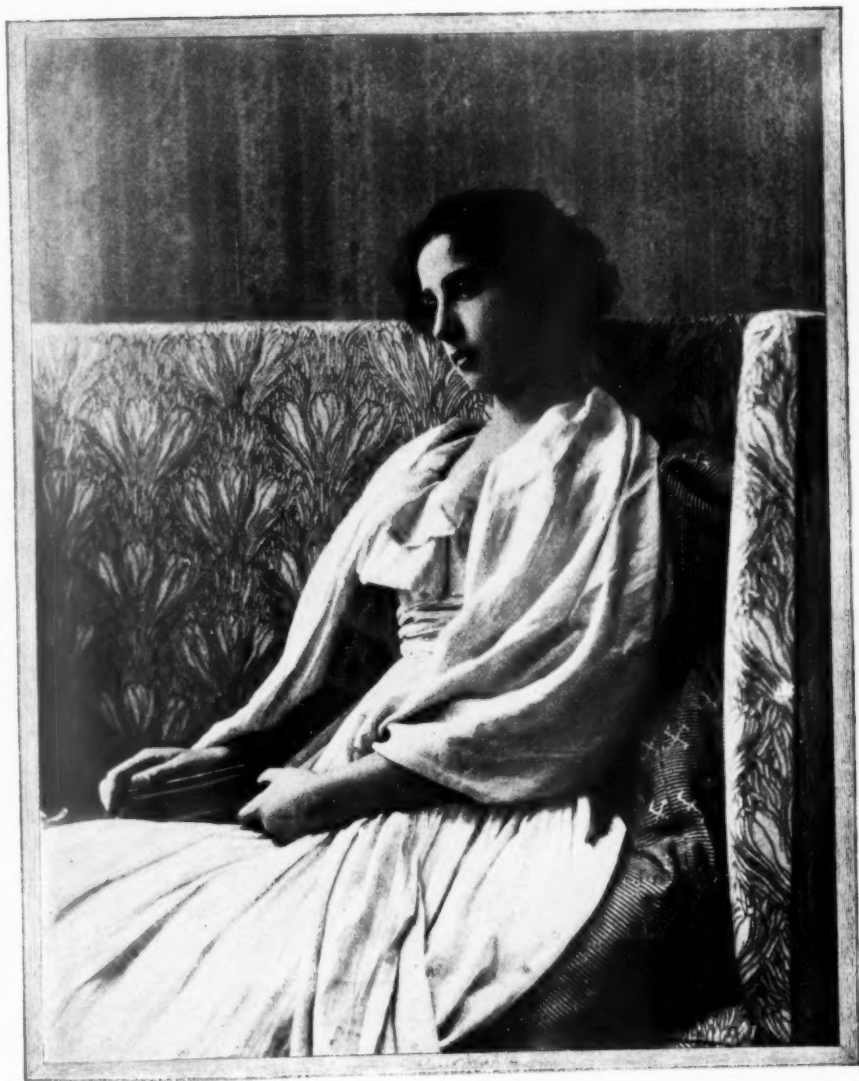


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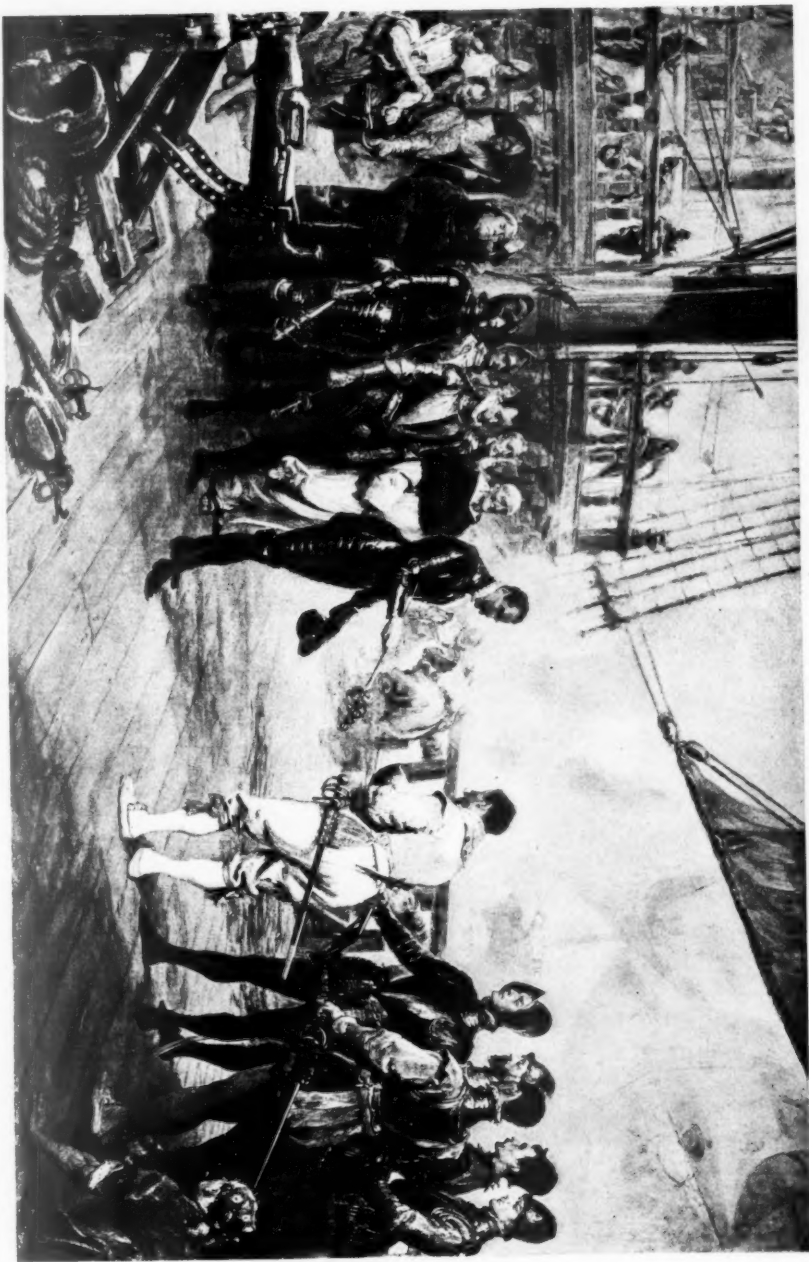
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"A FLORAL OFFERING," BY JAMES SANT, R. A.

THE ROUTING OF A GHOST.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

"WHY, nothing in the world could be better," exclaimed Miss Buchanan with decision. "If they'll only take us, Mina!"

The two young women who regarded with such approbation Farmer Paine's house, had but just arrived in this glorious Virginia valley. Their artistic souls were enchanted with the countless pictures which caught their eyes on every side.

But their primary need now was to find a farm-house where they could board. Paine's had been mentioned as a very desirable one, if he would take them. He was a well-to-do farmer with a family.

The house was, in truth, an ambitious one. Built of brick, two and a half stories high, it had a white wooden porch in front, covered with royal masses of wisteria. In the rear, another porch ran the whole length, and a trellis, covered with honeysuckle, screening its occupants from the sun.

Standing high up on the mountain side, it overlooked the village, nestling a couple of miles away in the valley below. The view of the broad slopes of richly varied farm lands, with the wide river sweeping majestically through them, was superb. "Just as Claude Lorraine-ish as can be," Miss Buchanan said. But it did not demand a highly artistic temperament to find delight and delicious repose in this widely stretching landscape.

The young women, opening the gate, made their way to where a woman was sitting on the back porch. The sunlight sifted through the honeysuckle screen and made patterns of light over her comely proportions, while the summer breeze was fragrant with perfume.

"Is this Mrs. Paine?" said Miss Buchanan ingratiatingly.

"We are artists from Boston," continued Miss Buchanan. Her companion had come to a halt a little behind her. "We expect to spend two or three months in the valley and are looking about for some place where we can stay. We thought that perhaps you might let us come here and board with you."

"I never do take boarders," returned Mrs. Paine sententiously.

"I don't think we would be much trouble," persisted Miss Buchanan. "We would fall right into the ways of the house. All we want is to be fed and have a room to sleep in."

The young woman had the air of waiving many of the points which boarders usually insist on. But barring heat in winter, the most self-denying boarder could hardly ask for less than she mentioned.

"I don't think I can," Mrs. Paine slowly replied, still calmly eyeing them, as if to see whether they revealed reason for any different view.

"In this great, big, beautiful house there must be some room you could let us have," returned Miss Buchanan persuasively. "Do take us in! We are in love with the place, and the house."

The little Paines had successively grouped themselves about their mother. They took a keen interest in the parley; and presently it was developed that there was a vacant room, one of the largest and nicest in the house, but Mrs. Paine seemed loath to let the women have it.

"Mar, tell her," burst out one of the children at last, as if weary of cross-purposes.

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Paine with a querulous touch of irritation, "we jas' don't use that part of the house much. There's queer noises, and—and—goin's on there. Naturally, people don't like that."

Miss Buchanan's eyes twinkled with delight. She exclaimed with great animation: "Oh, you mean that you have a ghost? Why, we'd like to come all the more for that. We'll pay board for ourselves and the ghost, too. I've always wanted to live in a house with a ghost."

She was evidently perfectly sincere, and her companion, for the moment, betrayed no more emotion than a fly on the wall. Miss Buchanan didn't believe in ghosts one bit, and the thought of one in this homy, comfortable, modern farmhouse, basking in a flood of sunlight,

which the grasshoppers made resonant with their chirps, seemed ridiculously incongruous.

In the end, they got the room, a large, bright, corner one in the front of the house. Beds were located in the diagonal corners, and the women bestowed their belongings about in a home-like way. They were delighted with their success.

There was an outbuilding, too, which seemed specially designed for their need as a studio. It had once been a country store, but Mr. Paine took out the counters, and they were able to set up their easels there.

During their first evenings in this pleasant farm home there had been laughing conjectures about their ghostly cotenant—"Our Brother-Boarder," as Miss Buchanan gaily dubbed him. Would he come round? And how would he come round? There was no doubt the family believed in the ghost. There was a sullen disinclination on their part to discuss him. The Paines, one and all, shunned that end of the house after nightfall.

But nothing more ghostly befell the girls than the ripping, shrieking winds which sometimes swept down on the house from the Devil's Gap, a narrow pass high up on the mountains. They would hear the distant roar of the wind gathering there, and then the crescent rush of it, as it shrieked like a demon down the slope and grappled with the sturdy farm-house, tearing on again with shrill screams down the valley. This was creepy and exciting.

The girls also learned that the forest, which began just above the house, was believed to be haunted with ghostly troopers of the Blue and Gray, whose souls had left their shattered bodies there in war-time.

Three weeks had passed away. The two artists had grown indifferent to these local preternaturals, inasmuch as they had been favored with no corroborative evidence of their existence.

One night, however, Miss Buchanan awoke to feel her bed oscillating. It pitched about till she felt as if she were in a steamer crossing the Channel. She lay wide-awake, wondering what could be the cause of this. Suddenly, out of the darkness, she heard Miss Gorner slowly rumbling into speech: "M-M-Molly, is your bed rocking?"

"Yes. Doing a hammock act," replied Miss Buchanan. "Has yours rocked, too?"

"Yes; for half an hour. I'm almost seasick." Miss Buchanan's companion, Miss Gorner, was not a facile soarer into the realm of the imaginative, and, under the circumstances, she felt that there could be no doubt that the beds had rocked.

"I am going to get up and see what it is," she said promptly.

They both arose and began to investigate. When they had lighted the kerosene lamp, they discovered that their small alarm-clock indicated a quarter after two. The door was the first thing they examined. The bolt was in place, the key turned. Then they looked under the beds. Then in the wardrobe, the only other possible place in the room where any one could be secreted. It was as empty as it ever was. Then they looked into each other's countenances.

"You are sure you felt your bed roll, Mina?" said Miss Buchanan severely. She knew that she had felt her own toss.

"Yes," replied the other slowly. "I didn't want to disturb you at first; but it continued so long that I wanted to get up and see about it, and so spoke."

"It's very odd," remarked Miss Buchanan thoughtfully, as if conceding the utmost that could be allowed the incident. She went over and tried to push her bed. It required a violent effort on her part to even jar the massive mahogany structure.

"Perhaps it's the ghost—" ventured Miss Gorner tolerantly.

"Nonsense," interrupted the other woman, with a little sharper denial than was necessary. "You know as well as I do that there aren't such things as ghosts! Well, I don't know anything to do except go to bed again. The door's locked, there's nobody in the room but ourselves, and we can't do anything to make the beds any more solid. The strange thing is that there isn't a breath of wind to-night. Though any wind that could make that bed rock," she added with a short laugh, "would blow us through the side of the house. You don't feel nervous, do you?" she asked with a slightly superior air.

"No," replied the good Gorner, with

the simplicity of perfect truthfulness. "Only a little upset in my stomach."

To the credit of the young women, they not only went to bed, but also promptly to sleep. There was no more disturbance and they dismissed the matter from their minds.

Two or three evenings later they were sitting in their room about half-past ten. Miss Gorner was busied in the not very exciting task of knitting a bright red wrist, while her companion was absorbing a Boston paper, reading aloud from time to time such things as she felt would be interesting to the other.

Suddenly, in the wide passage outside, they heard a slow footfall—not heavy, but distinct and regular. They both looked up.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Miss Buchanan. She sat up, and they both listened. The Paines were invariably abed and asleep by nine o'clock, and both the women knew you couldn't hire one of them to come to that end of the house at that hour of the night. The steps, too, seemed to be coming from the end of the passage where the window was.

"I am going to see who it is," said Miss Buchanan.

She rose, and grasped the lamp, which had no shade. Miss Gorner dropped her wrist on the table, and the two girls went to the door, which they unlocked and opened. Miss Buchanan held the lamp above her head so that the rays would fall on the person when he passed. They heard the slow step approach, heard it pass, and seemed to feel something brush by them, it came so close.

The steps went on with the same methodic deliberation, passed down the stairs, through the lower hall to the front door and ceased. They had seen nothing!

They closed and locked the door, returned to the table and Miss Buchanan set the lamp down on it. Miss Gorner put two or three more logs on the open fire, which blazed on the hearth.

"Isn't it a little colder?" she remarked almost apologetically.

Miss Buchanan stuck her feet out toward the fire with a sharp, half-nervous, half-defiant, little laugh.

"Yes," she said. "It got colder when those steps went by us, Mina," she continued slowly. "We might as well admit

the facts in the case. We can do that to each other without any reserve. Thank goodness, we are neither of us of the weak-nerved kind. I don't mean to believe in ghosts till I have them forced on me. Even then, I don't propose to flatter their odious self-conceit by getting frightened over them. You don't feel afraid, do you, Mina?"

Miss Gorner declared, without too much enthusiasm over the fact, that she did not. Her companion certainly did not seem to be. But had she been scared to death she would have made the best bluff possible at courage.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about that tread?" she asked. The two girls had drawn close to the fire, and the blazing logs threw a ruddy glare on them, while the rest of the room seemed plunged in deeper shadow.

"No," replied Miss Gorner, "except you couldn't see what made the tread."

Her companion's absolute lack of humor often afforded Miss Buchanan much innocent amusement. Restraining herself to a swift smile over Miss Gorner's acute perception, in having remarked the invisibility of the late pedestrian, she said impressively: "I noted two things. If this is a ghost, Mina, and we are going to have the privilege of studying it, I shall make the most of the opportunity. Well, then! First, I noticed the long interval between the sound of the footfalls, and supposed that this was only the dignified slowness inherent in perambulating spooks. Then I remarked that the footfalls were *all on the same side!*"

"Well?" said Miss Gorner.

"Well, that shows that it is a one-legged ghost!" cried Miss Buchanan. "Now, that may lead to his discovery. There may be some reason why a one-legged man should haunt this house."

"It may be a lady," suggested the other.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Buchanan a little impatiently at this want of proper sympathy with her analysis of the ghost, "it *may* be a centipede; but whatever it is, it only uses one leg, and there must be something in that. A one-legged lady ghost seems the height of vulgarity. I don't believe a real nice woman, if she were a ghost with only one leg, would go thumping round on it at all hours of the night."

The next morning Miss Buchanan, having cornered her landlord in the woodshed, where he was more loquacious than in his wife's presence, asked him nonchalantly: "Was there ever a one-legged person connected with this house? Or with the family, Mr. Paine?"

Farmer Paine looked somewhat surprised at the question. He shifted his cud from his left to his right cheek, pulled down a log or two from the woodpile in a halting, uncertain way, and finally found voice.

"Ef you'd a-seen that air front porch in war times I reckon you'd a-thought there was some one-legged fellers connected with the house—'nd one-arm fellers, too. Right smart of 'em both. They'd fight round here 'nd then be lugged in ter be amperated. Should say there was a one-legged pusson connected with this house," he repeated, easing another log out of the woodpile. "Five hundred one-legged pussons."

Miss Buchanan paused for a moment, dazed by the number of eligibles as one-legged ghosts. Then she asked: "Wasn't there some one of them, or some other one-legged person, especially connected with the house?"

"Now, jes' you tell me, ma'am, why you ask that air question?" retorted Farmer Paine. He stopped his shuffling about and log-hauling, and looked at his lady boarder, his keen, gray eye fully unlimbered.

"Why, because this thing that walks around the place is one-legged," replied Miss Buchanan bluntly. "Of course, the one-legged kind are no worse than the two-legged ones, I suppose," she added, smiling. "I only thought this might help to identify it."

Farmer Paine looked at the young woman in awe and admiration. She was actually getting acquainted with the ghost. Then he spoke with slow emphasis.

"I declare to goodness ef you ain't the fust to find that out. It jes' throws light on this walking critter. There was one soldier that what you say makes me think of. He was a Yank as was brought in on that porch o' mine senseless, 'nd they took his leg off 'fore he came to. He was madder'n a March hare when he found his leg gone, 'cause he said there warn't

no need o' cuttin' it off. He cussed awful," said Farmer Paine meditatively, "'nd swore ef he died he'd jes' harnt the place. 'Nd he *did* die, 'nd it's him as walks; jest out o' cussedness," he added viciously. "I didn't take his ole leg off. 'Nd here he's ben worryin' me 'nd the family 'gone twenty-five year, 'nd queer-in' the place for summer boarders. Ef you ain't cute to get on to the cuss!"

He betook himself off to let Mrs. Paine hear the news. As for Miss Buchanan, having gone so far toward establishing the presence of a ghost as to put a tag on him, it was hardly possible to still flout at the existence of such disembodied wanderers. But ghost or no ghost, she was not going to let it frighten her. No such victory as that for him.

The young woman worked out quite a theory about the one-legged ghost, and explained it to Miss Gorner. "He does this thing for spite," she said. "He was furious with old Paine for letting his leg be taken off, and is doing his best to annoy the family and anybody who may be staying here. It is a petty spirit of revenge, and shows what a narrow-minded, mean thing he is. But, Mina, he's not going to drive me away or frighten me either, unless he has more tricks up his sleeve than I think."

The action of the ghost, a few days after this, confirmed Miss Buchanan in her view of his character and strengthened her determination not to be routed by him. The new activity to which their "brother-boarder" betook himself was to open the bureau drawers and then violently slam them in. This seemed more puerile than terrifying; in fact, conduct hardly dignified in a martial wraith who had deposited a leg on the altar of his country.

"I don't believe he was a Union soldier," cried Miss Buchanan indignantly on one occasion when the ghost had waned in some noisy three-drawer exercises on the bureau. "That might excuse his spite against Mr. Paine, but it makes his conduct toward a New England woman and a foreigner simply contemptible."

The ghost continued to promenade the hall, slam the bureau drawers and rock the beds. Apparently, this was his whole gamut of accomplishments. What vexed Miss Buchanan most was the bed-rock-

ing, because it kept her awake when she really needed the sleep. As an outlet for her indignant feeling she used to indulge in the most contemptuous disparagement of the ghost.

"It must make him feel mean to know that we simply despise him, and aren't a bit scared by his silly little tricks. I can't imagine a greater insult to any self-respecting ghost. When he becomes convinced that he can't drive us away, or even frighten us, he will stump back to his—well, wherever he stays," she said to Miss Gorner.

"But perhaps he will do w——"

"Worse things?" replied Miss Buchanan. "I don't believe he can, poor, limited spook! And if he can I want to force his hand. When he has played his trump card, Mina, and doesn't take the trick, he will get out. Mark my words."

About a fortnight later, Miss Gorner was obliged to go to Chicago. She was very loath to leave her companion alone; or, to speak more by the card, with such unsubstantial company. But there was hardly any choice in the matter, for her presence in Chicago was necessary. Miss Buchanan affected perfect willingness to be left unsupported on the field.

While Miss Gorner was away, the ghost seemed to lose interest. By a natural movement of human vanity, Miss Buchanan concluded that he felt it was time lost to waste his energies on her. It must have been Mina that he hoped to scare.

One day she heard Mrs. Paine speaking with her husband about some visit that seemed to be on the tapis. On inquiry, she learned that Mrs. Paine's people, ten miles away, across the river, were to celebrate some family anniversary with much pomp and festivity, and all the clan had been bidden to the jocund gathering.

"They want us to come and stay three days," said Mrs. Paine, "but, of course, we wouldn't go off and leave you here all alone. Father can go with Pete and Rube for a day, and then come back, and I'll go with Sissy and Abe. Lor' knows, there won't be no lack o' company there."

"Why, don't think of such a thing for a moment," said Miss Buchanan. "I don't mind staying here by myself. I shall love it. Just get plenty of fire-wood put

in my room, and leave me something to eat, and go."

Mrs. Paine was proud of her kin, and the picture of herself as the center of her own family group at such a solemn reunion had been a most attractive one. To appear in two instalments was to shear the spectacle of nearly all its impressiveness. Naturally, the half that went without her would show up poorly; and she did not relish the thought of her female relatives, each flanked by a dutiful husband, seeing her unsupported by that complementary adjunct.

So Miss Buchanan prevailed on them to go, and one ravishing autumnal morning the young woman found herself the sole tenant of the farm-house. Pete had stacked enough wood upon either side of the big open fireplace for a week, and Mrs. Paine had left a generous supply of cooked food, which could be "het up" or eaten cold.

There was something pleasing in being mistress of everything. Miss Buchanan first carefully secured every door in the house, except the front door. Then took her easel and painting materials out on the front porch, and worked there.

When it got too dark to paint any more, she brought her things inside, locked with special care the front door, and went to the kitchen to get her supper. The lower part of the house, dark and closed, seemed lonely, and she decided to take some cold chicken and a slice of ham up to her room and eat her supper there.

Bolting and locking her own door, she freshened up the fire and proceeded to be as cozy as a young woman could when all alone in a secluded Virginia farm-house, with the possibility of an evening call from a ghost. It was a little lonesome. She ate her supper slowly, and then lit the lamp and settled down by the fire to read. Her book was one very suitable to the occasion. It was "*Picciola*," that gentle tale of a prisoned soldier's love for a sustaining flower. As she sat there contentedly reading, the leaping flame throwing gleams of orange light on her dark, serene face, the little woman did not seem an easy mark to nervous fears.

As a matter of prudence, she had got Farmer Paine to leave his gun, well loaded, in her room. It stood in the corner near the window. Her interest in the

book had made her forget her loneliness, when suddenly she heard the slow foot-fall out in the echoing stillness of the passage. Her first thought was whether she had firmly secured the front door. She remembered perfectly with what care she had done it. Besides, the steps, as usual, were coming from the window and going toward the stairs. It was only the ghost.

But it was the first time she had been favored with its visitation when she was absolutely alone, and there was a quicker beat to her heart as she raised her head and listened to the step. It came to the door, paused, then, with a slightly quicker progress, pursued its wonted course down the stairs and to the front door.

"Well, Mr. One Leg, you have come and gone quietly enough this time," she thought. "It must be that Mina is the attraction. He probably likes blondes."

She settled back to the perusal of her book. The odor of the fresh logs, piled high on each side of the hearthstone, seemed to bring the sense of the woods into the house, and the fire crackled in cheerful companionship. It wasn't so bad being left alone, though, of course, there was that sense of loneliness.

Suddenly, a volley of rifle shots rent the still air. Miss Buchanan gave a quick start and dropped her book. It sounded from the woods, some distance up the mountain road. What if the men from the still had heard of her being alone and meant to have a little amusement at her expense! Well, they would hardly break in the doors. She glanced at the long, dull barrel of the rifle, and took up her book with a quick sigh. There must be a crowd of them to produce such a terrific explosion.

In a moment, much nearer than before, there was another quick, crashing discharge of guns. These boorish jesters had evidently conspired to fire at the same time, so as to get a more deafening effect. Let them fire until they are bankrupt. They could not get in. She glanced through the window. It was one of those divinely beautiful nights when the sleeping earth is steeped in the shimmering splendor of the moon's fullest radiance; and field, and trees, and road, and walls seemed set in a crystal calm by the inundating flood of silvery light. The sharp

crack of the fusillading marauders was a ruder blow to the ear from contrast with this subduing hush. Once more, this time much nearer, came the riotous burst of exploding rifles. Not once, but twice! thrice!!—with not a second's delay between them—came the volleying crash.

This certainly could be no band of straggling bumpkins or larkish moonshiners! There had been scarcely time to reload and fire, the shots had come in such quick succession; yet the volume of sound was the same as before. This seemed a battalion pouring a stormy salvo from hundreds of guns, till the windows rattled and the house shook.

The heart of the plucky little woman, sitting there in mordant loneliness, ceased for a moment to beat; she held her very breath, and her brain grew cold with terror. Her hands fell to her sides and stiffened there spasmodically. She closed her eyes tightly and her whole frame quivered in the thralldom of blind fright. What was this detonating force—this unknown throng of tormenting riflemen—hounding her in her isolation!

For one moment this deathly terror held her in its grasp. The next came the reaction, equally intense. Whatever it was, she must know. Bounding to her feet, she sprang to where the rifle stood, clutched it, flung open the window wide, and with the weapon in her hands, stood there, the yellow light of the lamp outlining her form distinctly. They should see that they had not terrified her. She stood there, full in their view, defiant, looking down on—

The stillest, most absolutely deserted aspect of the valley that had ever met her eyes. The smallest objects were brought out in the dazzling white light of the moon with startling distinctness. There was not the faintest breath of wind. All was as motionless and quiet as death. The rough, yellow road that wound past the house, and uncoiled itself into the valley, showed not a single form upon its tawny length. There was something of solemn repression in the silence and the solitude.

Miss Buchanan rushed breathlessly to the other window that commanded the road till it disappeared in the woods, higher up toward the crest of the mountain. Her eye searched along its entire length. Not a creature in sight anywhere.

As she stood there marveling, from the woods below her belched forth another terrific explosion of musketry, the crashing din of the firing making her ears ache with its blatant fury. It was a salvo from a whole regiment's muskets, with not one living soul in evidence.

Then a thought darted into her mind—that wood haunted by dead soldiers! The persecuting one-legged ghost was playing his last card! He had marshaled the spirits of his comrades, and this uncanny cohort had made a united effort to down her courage.

As this conviction dawned in her mind the young woman felt herself tingle with a new thrill. She leaned from the window, waved her right hand gaily and shouted "Bravo," in mocking acceptance of the ghosts' "feu de joie." Then, standing erect, she set the butt of the rifle firmly against her shoulder, pointed it at the middle of the road and banged away, in a derisive return fire.

Then she closed the windows briskly,

as if the play was over, put the emptied rifle back in the corner, and sat down to her book again, her small frame trembling from the strain; but grateful that her fright had been so passing and her rally so complete. No sound but the roar of the logs came to her ears for the rest of the night.

"Mina," said Miss Buchanan to the gentle Gorner, when, on her return, she had finished telling her of this aggressive sortie of the ghostly regiment, "I told you that when the one-legged soldier had played his trump card and lost, it would end him. We will hear no more of our brother-boarder. I have laid that ghost."

"But——" began Miss Gorner.

"But nothing," cried Miss Buchanan with conviction. "There won't be any others. He will tell the rest!"

Whatever the one-legged soldier did, he walked no more at Paine's farm-house. Miss Buchanan is converted to a belief in ghosts, but she flouts at them more than ever. She has routed one.

TO A FRIEND.

BY DALETT FUGUET.

PRAY, do not grieve much that you do not gain

The crown of laurel. You were made to be

The merry student, friend of minstrelsy,

Not the protagonist who still must strain

Up toward the goal which few can e'er attain.

Remain just loved and happy; rather flee

Than dare the heights, for they are the most free

Who walk on in the placid lowland plain.

Stay there, content to write your joyous rhymes,

For I have thought to catch a glimpse at times

Of those great ones who gained the topmost bourns.

And though they wore fame's shining laurel wreath,

I saw they had,—though hidden underneath—

Upon each graven brow, a crown of thorns.

THE THREE IN GREEN.

MAERCHEN.

BY GERTRUDE HALL.

THERE lived once on the edge of a large dark forest, a little way in among the trees, a poor young fellow by name Ulrich. Poor he was in the matter of all that attracts robbers; but as he needed little, and was handsome and hearty, another word would have seemed more correctly descriptive, had it not been that when our tale begins, this same poverty of worldly goods was becoming a source of misery to him. He had discovered the maiden whom of all others he must love and desire to marry; and she was so much above him in fortune that he feared he could never hope for her father's consent, if, by God's miracle, he should win her own.

But even his chances with her he had not the courage to try. He was as bold, many ventured to assert, as a lion; his intrepidity in following up the wolf and boar certainly was uncommon, in wrestling-matches on the green he presented a brave spectacle standing with his foot on the chest of his downed adversary; but to say a single enterprising word to that delicate maiden whose muscles were soft as the stems of flowers, he had not the hardihood. Yet he had known her from childhood; he had a thousand times stood loafing by the fountain with other youths at the hour when the girls came in whispering relays to fill their pitchers, and had cared little that the counselor's daughter was red and white. He could then have carried on easy conversations with her, had it seemed worth a man's while. And now the thought of saying to her, "A fine evening, Miss Christel;" or, "We shall have rain, Miss Christel," made him hot in every portion of his body, and gave him a tightness in the region of his heart.

These facts, it may seem, could be true only of a fool. Perhaps he was one at heart, then; but what was seen and known of him inclined the observer to a different judgment. Who spoke the name "Ulrich" called up in every hearer's mind the image of a strong, straight-limbed, deep-chested, large, young man, with hair

and beard of curly sunburnt gold, a healthy, temperate cheek, a dark gray eye, kindly and sensible, steadfast and direct, yet modest; a deportment at once confident and unpresuming, genial yet reserved—the image nowise of a fool.

And he himself did not call himself fool for his tender aberrations; but he called himself that daily for his poverty. He had thoughts of going off for a soldier, of seeking his fortune out in the great world, but he could not bring his resolves to any firmness. What if he left home and, meeting with happy adventure, returned rich, only to find Schoen Christel wedded to another—to Wendelin, perhaps, who, it was plain to all, pursued her with love, and had everything to offer that can be considered in marriage, except a sensible, well-looking bridegroom?

Thus we find our hero harboring within himself every element of unrest. The heart he carried about was like a cageful of sharp-clawed animals, seldom falling to sleep. But his outward man was much as usual.

Now, no lover however diffident but will, in the face of every discouraging circumstance, have his hours of sweetest dreaming. Ulrich would at times, no less often than daily, overleap in imagination all that stood between himself and Schoen Christel, and, placing her in his cottage as his several months' wife, picture how she would look warming her hands at his fire, looking out at the weather from his window. Once, in the mood brought on by this dreaming, what must he do but hew down the most splendid tree in all the forest, and out of it fashion a wardrobe, carving it all over with leaves and flowers, birds and beasts, and a heart for the keyhole to be in the middle of! This for the adornment of his cottage against the day when she should come to live in it with him.

Not long after, he must repeat this instance of folly: a second tree was felled, with scant remorse at sight of the forlorn birds'-nests, almost warm still, vacated but that same day,—and worked into a

chest, painstakingly carved over even as the wardrobe had been.

And when the chest was finished, as if to be continually carving furniture was become a necessity of his life, he did not question with himself before sallying forth with his ax in search of the next best tree the forest afforded; which having found, he hacked cleanly down, feeling but a passing pang for the family of squirrels that ran out in affright from a hollow near its root; and soon it was converted into a settle embellished with a woodland pattern more beautiful still, it seemed to him, than the devices boasted by wardrobe and chest, for his hand was with practise acquiring greater skill.

With all this preparation for wedlock, he had gained nothing in courage to woo. When they chanced to pass one another, he only ventured to look at his treasure if she was not looking at him—so their eyes never met.

Now May-day came, on which swarms of maidens were wont yearly to come into the forest seeking flowers. Almost so early as dawn Ulrich heard young voices without, at scattered points of the verdurous forest-aisles, now approaching, now withdrawing and fading on the ear. These sounds gave him a vast pain of loneliness; yet all that day he remained within doors to avoid meeting any of the flower-laden maidens.

As the day wore on, he was conscious how great clouds gathered overhead, and a shadow fell upon the earth, as if night were arrived some three hours earlier than custom. He could not do away with his anxiety for the gentle holiday guests of the forest, and at the first peal of thunder came uneasily out on his doorstep. He perceived in the distance a bevy of hurrying forms, every color of the rainbow, hardly recognizable as human, for the kirtle of each maiden was cast over her head to keep off the rain.

"They will reach shelter before the downpour," thought Ulrich. "Poor little things! Are they not like a flight of flustered doves?"

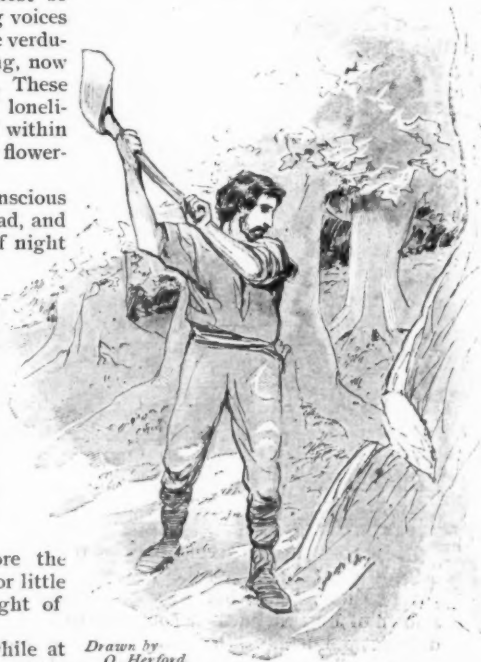
He reëntered his house and, while at work completing the carving of the settle, calculated the distance the girls must

have gone between every two peals of thunder. He saw them in his mind safely housed at last.

Now it grew dark and still darker, till he could not see. The rain beat on the roof as if not water but lead had been showered down in great fits of wrath. By the glare of the lightning were seen the tree-limbs writhing and shivering, with an air of suffering torture. To a second of blinding brightness succeeded blackness as of midnight—the whole world was shaken with thunder—When it died, was heard ever louder the swishing of leaves and groaning of boughs, desperate as sounds of human sorrow.

Ulrich lighted a lamp and placed it in the window with a thought of compassion for any traveler lost in the forest. Then he built a fire; for keeping house alone since his grandmother's death, it fell to him to provide his own cooking.

He was busying himself with this, when, as if the very shoulder of the storm had been set against it, the door flew open.



Drawn by
O. Herford.

"WHAT MUST HE DO BUT HEW DOWN THE MOST
SPLENDID TREE IN ALL THE FOREST."

The flame of his lamp gave a wild leap and went out; everything in the room clattered and slid about. He rose, forced the resisting door back in place, and was resuming his task of hanging an iron pot over the blaze, when again the door flew open and the storm swept in with a shout. He turned and took a step toward the door, to secure it anew. He paused, staring.

Three strange women stood inside his threshold, just out of the breath of the storm that was working confusion in the hut as before. They clung close together; their garments, which alike were green, and their hair, which was alike chapleted with leaves, were drenched and dripping; they looked at him with wide, frightened eyes.

For a moment he could not speak for astonishment. At last he faltered mechanically, "Welcome!" And, as the wind in a fury was pushing all it could move into the furthest corner of the hut, he went once more to fasten the door. Then, moving backward, he retreated to the fire-side and stood considering the strangers with as much curiosity as surprise, for certainly they did not seem quite like any women he had heretofore seen. "Am I in a dream?" he said to himself; and to them he said, "A cruel storm. A cruel night. The rain drips from your clothing. Will you come to the fire and be warm?"

The women at these words, without loosing their hold on one another, drew a little nearer, still with their frightened eyes on him.

"Pardon a simple man," said Ulrich. "No doubt you are queens from a distant land, and riding through the forest have by some mishap of travel become separated from your retinue; and, by what chance I cannot think, have lost your palfreys. Can I go forth and find your servants? I will blow my horn to rally them."

But the strange women shook their heads.

"Will you make my poor house your own?" said Ulrich, in whom their wetness and slenderness and appearance of alarm created a deep pity. "Will you command me? Sit, gentle wayfarers, and be warm. Will you take food?"

Again they shook their heads without

speaking, and without removing their eyes from Ulrich went to the fire; this so softly that though he could see their limbs move, he could not hear the flap and rustle of their soaked things.

There they sat watching him in silence; and he, not knowing what to say or do, stood on the other side of the hearth looking at them. By the rosy light, he could distinguish on each a curious adornment, yet could not distinguish enough to determine what it might be—it appeared like a bit of red ribbon. One wore it on her neck, the other on her shoulder, the third on her arm. Taking his eyes from them at last, he was startled by the appearance of his own hands; they looked to him suddenly so peculiarly solid and heavy and coarse. His embarrassment was increasing, and he was shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other, when his name was spoken by one of the women, and close upon this spoken in turn by the other two. The voices he heard affected him as a cool breath among the roots of his hair.

He cleared his throat and said, but nowise fluently, "You speak to me by my name. I am known to you, but you to me are strangers. Never—never did my eyes rest on faces so beautiful, that filled me with such awe."

In silence one of the women pointed to the red ornament he had wondered at, and it was clear to him suddenly that this was a bleeding wound. The other women pointed likewise at what he had vaguely supposed to be bits of ribbon, and he saw that these were likewise wounds.

"You have been hurt!" he exclaimed, a flood of wrath mounting to his brain. "Who can have done such a barbarous thing? Who?"

"It was thou!" replied the one whose wound was in her neck.

"I?"

"Thou, Ulrich, with thine ax. I was sleeping in the tree that is my home. I was dreaming my long forest-dream, lulled by the whisper of the leaves, by the songs of the birds that had nests in my branches. Wind rocked me, sun gilded and warmed me, dew bathed, dawn refreshed me. My tree's sap flowed through me full of vigor, promise of long life. Ah, woe is me! No more to sleep safe in

mine oak with its pensive shadow creeping around my feet!"

"What—what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Ulrich.

"Woe is me!" wailed the damsel with the wound in her shoulder. "No more to sleep in my willow with its long fringes swinging in the wind! Outcast! Homeless! Exiled forever, hiding among alien leaves, helplessly unresting, driven

one with the wound in her arm. "Sun and wind and bird-song woven in my dream. Thine ax without pity roused me with a blow! Woe is me! Wasted as the slain tree wastes whose sap now renews it no more, perishing as it is consumed, ill-used by ignorant, careless mortals. An evil deed didst thou to us, Ulrich, when thou didst hew down our trees."



Drawn by
O. Herford.

"THEY CLUNG CLOSE TOGETHER."

on the storm, dreaming but fragments of dreams! Woe is me!"

"Almighty Father!" burst from Ulrich under breath, for he knew now on whom he was looking—he knew they were forest-sprites before him.

"I slept in my linden secure," said the

"I begin to understand," said Ulrich, speaking as one in a dream. "You are the sprites of the three trees I lately felled. Intentionally I chose the stateliest in the grove—to fashion into these things for my love. See, the wardrobe, the settle and the chest. Only so much as you

behold is left of willow, linden and oak. The rest is gone up the chimney in smoke. Ah, I am sorry, gentle sprites, from my heart I am sorry!"

The three in green had risen and gone to examine the pieces of carved furniture. Ulrich watched them, half-expecting some compliment on his skill and patience, but not one came from any of the three. He heard only half-suppressed sighs as, with their fine, pale fingers, they touched this raised part of the design and that. One of them opened the door of the wardrobe and stood so long peering into its emptiness that he wondered what she was intending; suddenly, as if by an impulse she could no longer resist, she got into the wardrobe and crouched there with a long sigh of ease, and the exclamation, "Rest is good!"

At that sign, the other women nimbly introduced themselves, the one into the settle, the other into the chest; and they likewise gave long sighs of relief, cuddling down like lost children, home at last in their own cradles.

"Poor sisters! Poor sisters!" said Ulrich, touched. "I have hurt you much against my will. Forgive me, do, for how was I to know? And if in any manner I can make you amends, pray tell me how it may be. For, before God, I cannot endure the sight of those wounds I made!"

"Is thy heart so kind?" asked one of the women doubtfully.

"What can I say? Put me to the test!" he cried.

"Then," said the woman in the chest, half-rising out of it, with her lustrous, unearthly eyes on his, "let me abide where I am!"

"Let us abide! Let us abide!" echoed the others.

Now was Ulrich not a little taken aback. "I cut them down," he said uncertainly and sadly, "for gifts to make my love when she should be my lady. I worked these things with such mingled thoughts of hope and fear! Perhaps you do not know how much time and work go to make each one of these objects. It was a labor of love, indeed. I dreamed she would have hung her things in here, in this have laid the linen, have seated herself upon this. Yet,"—for he saw how pathetically they looked at him, and

with how anxious a mind hung upon his words—"if by giving you leave to occupy them I can repair the wrong I have done you—take them! Yes, though I did want them myself, and their use was already determined upon—take them! Nay, nay, I did not mean it that wise. Quite freely and heartily—take them!"

"Oh, thou art good!" said the women, and came forth to surround him with grateful faces. "Yes, thou art good, good!" and while he was foolishly enough replying, "Nay, nay! I am not good!" his heart all the while softening and gladdening with the sense that he had overcome himself, and been generous where his inclination was to be mean, his attention was caught by these words from one of the woodland sisters: "But not without benefit to thyself shalt thou confer upon us this benefit."

"Not at all!" he hurriedly put in. "I want nothing in return! What could repay me? A free gift it is, or nothing!"

But undeterred the wild-wood woman went on, to his increasing wonder: "Since the first days of the tree have we lived. Much have we seen and known. Wise—wise are we! All that the birds say we understand, and they are great wanderers! They fly over all, and with their bright eyes see everything. Thou hast heard a silly mortal say, 'A little bird told me so!' The discreet little bird told nothing, yet canst thou surely believe that he was in condition to tell!"

"All that the wind says we understand," said the second sister. "And the wind blows far and wide: over palaces of kings, hovels of fishermen, dens of thieves and beggars; over the dipping ships, over the humming cities, over the still wastes of golden sand!"

"All forest signs, all forest secrets of the ages are known to us," said the third sister. "Yes, we are wise! To thee, kind mortal, because thou hast meant good to us, we will in every need of thine give counsel, wise counsel."

More than ever it seemed to Ulrich that he was living in a dream. The memory of many moments of soul-hunger, confused desire after knowledge, stifled aspiration, returned to him, and he murmured: "Always—always have I wished for wisdom!"

"So then, thou wilt let us repose in our trees, telling no one of us?"

"Telling no one?"

"Nay, all thy kindness is made naught, if thou tellest. To thine eyes we are visible to-night, because we chose to commit ourselves to thee; but to the eyes of persons ignorant of our existence we are unseen, until they be informed of our presence. If they know of us, we stand before them helplessly revealed, and they can break our rest at will with wanton calls upon our wisdom. It is part of thy kindness to us that thou betray us to no mortal. For deep unbroken rest is what our natures need, what we have so long now been suffering for. Wilt thou not promise to keep our secret from all?"

"Since you require it," said Ulrich; "but yet there is one to whom——"

"Nay, nay!—ah, I am full of fears! Promise at least to tell it to no woman!"

"Well," said Ulrich, after a time of consideration, during which his heart had reminded him sadly that the case he had in mind was but too unlikely to arise. "Be it as you please. Set your hearts at rest. I promise."

"And thou wilt watch over our wooden dwellings, and keep them from harm, that our lives may be peaceful and long? Thou wilt have a care of our little houses? So will thy good deed be complete!"

"Nay," said Ulrich. "So long as I live shall nothing happen to wardrobe, settle or chest that I can prevent."

"Ah, thou art good! We will reward thee with wise words. When thou art perplexed, Ulrich, being alone with these, softly call us by our names. Hermenegild am I, Edeltraud is she, that is Thekla. If our sleep is so sound, or our meditation so deep, we hear not, rap softly at our doors: 'Hermenegild! Edeltraud! Thekla!' We will come forth and commune with thee, imparting wisdom and peace of mind."

"Am I asleep?" said Ulrich in doubt, rubbing his puzzled forehead. "Have I fallen asleep before my fire, and do dream? I shall be a wise man that have been heretofore but a poor fool! Is it conceivable? Am I mocked in a dream, or may I believe you? By what sign can I know that I do not dream?"

"By this sign!" spoke Hermenegild.

"Listen, Ulrich!—Hearest thou anything?"

"The voice of the storm, no more."

"Thy sense is not so keen as mine. A human maiden wanders lost in the storm not far from this house. She came a-maying with the others and left them to practise a May-day charm in solitude. It is a young maiden I have often seen walking in these woods, wrapt in thought; a maiden whom the common voice has justly named Fair Christel. I hear her weeping—She spoke—I think she spoke thy name!"

At these words, forgetting all else in the world, Ulrich dashed out of his hut into the rainy night. Now he called with all his lungs, now stopped, and with all his soul listened. Soon he heard a feeble response to his call, and guided by the sound, came to a cowering, sopping, white bundle at the foot of a great oak. This, with overbubbling broken words of comfort, he lifted in his arms and bore lightly enough to his hut.

At first reaching of the warm shelter, he could give his mind to nothing but his beauteous burden; but when between his ministrations he might at last spare a single thought to aught beside Schoen Christel, he looked about for the wood-sprites. They were not in sight, and he surmised that each had retired in what should thenceforth be her dwelling-place. He hoped with all his heart they slept soundly within the wooden walls, and spied not upon himself and his love. For now at last became known to him that her heart inclined to him, even as his to her, and that his dreaming should come true.

The fair one, the one all-out-of-reach, thought him the bravest, best of men; had watched him with a beating heart in the Sunday wrestling-match. She chose him with his hut before Wendelin with his silver plate and painted coach. She had been minded to hate him, she confessed, not wholly serious, nor yet wholly playful; she had been determined to prefer greatness to love—but her heart would not allow it; and though long she had regretted its rebellion, and her father, when he became acquainted with their case, was likely to regret it as well, still, now she was glad. And by the time her things were dry, the two young people

were betrothed ; and Ulrich to the full as happy as ever a man shall be upon this earth for love.

The counselor when the matter came to his knowledge, left no doubt of his feelings. But Schoen Christel was bone of his bone ; no fear of him had restrained her from following her bent, and now she supported his indignation with constancy, and presently coped with it, and at last was found to have overcome and turned it almost into its opposite. This Ulrich, all considered, was a creditable son-in-law, of a goodly stalwartness, and a stalwart goodness, well liked of all ; and, as was soon discovered, of uncommon aptness and discretion in all his speech ; withal, wondrous modest. The counselor appreciated the advantages to be derived from a son-in-law so intelligent.

Ulrich was taken into the counselor's family with a mere slight effect of entering it on sufferance. The happy bridegroom was too happy to be troubled by this, if indeed he were so much as aware of it. His only joy was to do the bidding of Christel, the young beauty who ruled him with flowers and iron.

At the demand both of his wife and her father, he abandoned his cot in the forest, and came to live in the counselor's house. This step caused him a severe pang ; he loved the little house of his birth and its woodland freedom ; it was between those walls that he had used to picture his happiness with Christel. Yet he gave it up without demur. At their demand also he renounced his early mode of earning a livelihood, which was by hunting and trapping, and took for his occupation to superintend his father-in-law's affairs. This latter began even at this date to rise singularly in the general estimation. The burgomaster distinguished him with great and still greater regard. His worldly affairs also prospered ; his wealth increased. Although he affected to hold that his daughter had made but a foolish match, he was much in company with his son-in-law.

So passed a year. One fair morning, Christel walked out to seek in her hovel an ancient, needy dame whom she employed to do a little spinning. Turning homeward, she was met by the mother of Wendelin, the rich young man whose suit, after appearing to prize his attentions, she had

rejected to marry the boor Ulrich. Mother as well as son had nursed in their hearts a long, deep rancor. He at last, unable to endure the sight of Ulrich's triumph, had gone off on prolonged travels. The mother's spite at her son's humiliation had lost none of its venom as time passed and brought no decrease in the loves of the young couple. When the blooming face of either, full of radiant happiness, came within her sight, she hurried off as a bat fleeing before sunshine.

But on this morning, having cast a glance at the young wife, she hurried instead to meet her.

Christel wore a weary, discontented face ; her forehead was ruffled with a frown, her sweet red lips protruded in a pout. She was in an ill-humor this morning, though she did not really know why. She had found fault with everything since rising, her husband most of all, whom she had sent out of the house to his work without a farewell kiss. Now she regretted this bitterly, and could have cried great tears over her own unkindness, yet was determined to do the same thing over again. He was really too stupidly patient, this big Ulrich.

Wendelin's mother greeted her with a wheedling friendliness, flattering her on her blooming appearance this fine May morning.

Christel, whose eyes had been on the ground, looked up in surprise ; the clever old face, all wrinkled over with smiles, was quite near.

"If I look well," Christel said crossly, "it is a thing to be grateful for. I feel very ill."

"I grieve to hear it, gracious lady. But for the matter of your looks—Did you not one May-night seek a solitary spot in the woods and perform there the rites of a charm, by which—"

"How did you know it?" asked Christel in amazement, for it was true that on the day, a year gone, when Ulrich found her in the storm, she had slipped away from her companions with no other purpose than, by the observance of a May-night magic rite, to make her beauty lifelong.

The old woman laughed slyly, and her eyes narrowed to mere knife-slits. "How did I know? Thou good Lord God, if one only knew what one saw, or what was

to do one!—I knew by the result. Is it in nature to preserve so fresh a color, so limpid an eye, through the many trials that come with marriage?"

Christel touched her cheek, impressed. "Is it so, indeed," she asked, "that I am of a fresh color? To myself this morning in the mirror I looked like tallow; I looked dull-eyed and faded as a woman nearing thirty."

The old woman cackled genially: "Ah, what nonsense! What delightful idiot's babble! And how, gracious Fair Christel—you will excuse an old woman giving you the name you are best known by; it would irk me a little still, as you will no doubt understand, to call you by your new title—how are all at home? You see, a stupid prejudice has made it so that, full of kind wishes for you as I am, I cannot seek you in the interior of your house as may the other neighbors. All are quite well, I heartily hope."

"But you can come in, if you will be pleased to accept my invitation. What is a prejudice? Here we are at the door. I beg you will enter and have a little refreshment before you walk back. My father and my husband are at this hour from home. But that will be all the better. We can have a quiet talk, and I will show you the alterations that have been made in the house since my marriage. It is much improved since last you visited us."

So the mother of Wendelin came into the house with Fair Christel, who took pride in serving her with bread and honey out of the best dishes. She had a smooth tongue, had the old woman. An hour passed in pleasant entertainment. Then Fair Christel rose to show the house. The visitor praised just the right things, not fulsomely, but in the exact measure that would be listened to with pleasure.

As they went from chamber to chamber, the old woman in her inner heart stewed with great and greater spite at herself for coming. The whole interior of the house spoke peace and harmony; Christel had none but heartily kind words for her husband, and gratefulness for her fate. All this jarred upon the beldame, who had



Drawn by
O. Herford.

"A COWERING, SOPPING, WHITE BUNDLE AT
THE FOOT OF A GREAT OAK."

been led by Christel's face to expect something different. She wished herself gone home and found an excuse to hurry.

"Oh, no, you must see all," objected Christel, "there are but two chambers more. This is my sleeping-room. Do you not like the arrangement? The hangings are unusually pretty, as you say. Yes, they are, as you say, a very rare kind of rose-tree. Do accept this bud: it will open fully if, when you get home, you put it in water; this other that looks prettier just at present would have dropped all its leaves before you reached the door. And this is Ulrich's private room, where he sits to examine the father's accounts."

Wendelin's mother looked about her; her eyes became suddenly attentive on certain parts of the room's furniture.

"You will excuse me," she said, after a moment, and laughed very softly. "I have been so frank in expressing my mind to you upon everything I saw,—and beautiful indeed is almost every part of this charming abode—I will continue frank. I confess, now, I do not quite see the

fittingness of some of the objects in this room. The draperies are costly and in a taste that does the designer credit; the floor and the ceiling are of the most suitable; the furniture itself is almost in every instance rich and appropriate. I cannot understand—there must be some explanation. Ah, I have it! Perhaps they are heirlooms!"

"I know what you mean," interrupted Christel. "This wardrobe, this settle, this chest!"

"You have seized my thought. I own, I wonder at seeing these things here, so different in kind from all the rest of the house."

"You are perfectly right. They are vilely carved. Are they not an eyesore? It is one of my dear husband's eccentricities to wish to have them here. A dozen times I have tried to laugh him out of the notion, but he will not see them removed. And it is not really to be wondered at. He had them in his former house in the forest. Is it strange he should feel attachment to them? But I mean to speak to him about them again; for when a man marries he should put his old life behind him and all reminders of it, do you not agree with me?"

"I suppose, after all, they are very useful. A lot of things must be kept in them."

"Not at all. They are really not of the least use. We had store-rooms and coffers in plenty before. These things are kept merely for a memory. A hundred times I have opened them, and always they have been quite empty."

"Indeed?" said Wendelin's mother in a peculiar tone, and stood contemplating the things in question, nodding her head with a smile full of intimations. "And now it is time to say what, perhaps, will be a surprise to no one: that this old woman was a witch, who, from the moment of looking at them, had seen through the rudely-carved wardrobe, chest and settle."

"They are quite empty?" she subjoined.

Christel, who stood near the wardrobe, turned the key in the middle of the carved heart, and pulled back one of the door-wings. "Quite empty, as you see."

She was startled by the witch laying a sudden hand on her arm. She turned with a gasp. The old woman was staring into the darkness of the wardrobe, her bony forefinger extended.

"What is it? What is it?" cried Christel, who had jumped back. "Did you see a spider, or a mouse? For the love of heaven, do not say a mouse!"

"Look!—but look! Look! The maiden—the sleeping maiden, in the green robe, with the fresh leaves in her hair. God bless us, what a beautiful, beautiful young maiden!"

As she spoke, began growing clear to Christel's eyes, and was at last perfectly clear, the form of a maiden in the wardrobe, an exquisite golden-haired young maiden, sound asleep.

She stood blank-eyed with amazement. The witch took her arm and drew her unresisting to the chest, which she opened, and bade her astonished companion to look into. There lay sleeping another damsel in green, with auburn hair falling all about her in glimmering ripples.

A long, faint "Oh!" came from Christel's lips.

"And let us, for form's sake, look in here, too. I could never bear to see innocence put upon, no!—that I never could!" murmured the witch, drawing Christel to the settle, of which she carefully raised the lid. Within it reclined a third green-clad maiden, beautiful in her soft sleep as the rest, her head pillowed upon her jetty silken ringlets.

Christel now gave a scream of rage, and without stopping to ask what all this might mean, caught up a distaff and began laying it furiously upon the sleepers.

There followed a moment of the greatest confusion. The maidens awoke, and with frightened wails fled through the open door, Christel pursuing them till they so far outstripped her as to make further chasing ridiculous.

But Christel's anger was by no means exhausted with her breath. As she returned, panting and fuming, through the wood-yard to the house, her eye fell upon an ax; this she caught up, and, having reached her husband's room, began hacking with all her might at the detested chest, wardrobe and settle, never pausing in her labors until she had reduced them to a heap of fire-wood. Tired out, she stood trembling and glowing in the midst of the wreck, and wondered for the first time whether this had been

the wisest or justest thing to do. The old witch was nowhere to be seen. Christel, bewildered, sat down on the littered floor and tried to think. Criminal, criminal, it was in Ulrich to have a secret from her; but what would he say when he came home and entered this room? If he was the traitor he had seemed to her a moment before, would he not punish her harshly? No, under no circumstance would Ulrich hurt her; she knew that well. And he was no traitor; she knew that quite as well. She had seen through his eyes down to the bottom of his soul a thousand times. Yet this secret—these maidens concealed in the things he brought from his old home? She did not know what to think; and no time spent in reflection could help her. She grew more and more afraid as the hour approached for her husband's return.

When she heard his voice outside, she rose quickly, tremulous and agitated, and trying to present a calm exterior, went to meet him, to keep him out of the room, which she feared abjectly to have him

enter, now that her brain had cooled,—at least until she should have prepared his mind for the sight awaiting him, and so softened him toward herself that he would forgive her instantly whatever she had committed.

She went toward him with an unusually pale face, lifted without word for a kiss. He took her comfortingly in his big arms.

"What has been troubling my wife?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she replied in a very small voice; and he from an intention of kindness asked no more questions, but tried to divert her with the tale of his day's doings.

When they had come within, she would not leave him for a moment, but kept close to his side, like a child that is afraid to go out of the light.

Toward evening, at last, he said:

"Now, my treasure, must I leave thee a little space, and go into my closet to look over some papers of thy father's that need my eye—"

"No! No! Go not in there, Ulrich.



Drawn by
O. Herford.

"CAUGHT UP A DISTAFF AND BEGAN LAVING IT FURIOUSLY UPON THE SLEEPERS."

Do nothing with the papers to-night. Sit here, rather, by the window, and let us talk. Take thou the high seat, and I will take the low one, and let my head be against thy knee—Let us talk."

"But it is a matter of importance which——"

"What matter is of importance?" asked Christel, looking up with a sudden scowl between her smooth brows. "Thou art too much in that closet to please me, I warn thee!"

Ulrich laughed friendly, "What a child it is to-night!"

"Ulrich," said Christel, in a voice much more serious than the question she put seemed to require, "why didst thou bring those hideous old things from thy hut in the woods into this handsome house? And now, when I put to thee this question, why does thy cheek redden?—Ah, it reddens darker and darker—The truth, Ulrich!—Tell the truth!"

Ulrich laughed again, undeniably embarrassed. "I will be frank, though I had rather not tell, because it can hardly be but thou wilt be a little grieved when I shall have spoken."

"Do not consider my feelings!" cried Christel, in a voice that could not but astonish her husband.

"What angers thee?" he asked gently. "After all, though they very probably are hideous, those things are not really in anybody's way. My blushing, dearest, is explained, when I confess that I myself fashioned and carved those things. There, it is out! I am a poorer artisan than I imagined. Thou wilt laugh to hear that I experienced a thrill of pride at the completing of the wardrobe; and my success with the chest afforded me unmingled gratification; and the settle—laugh with me, Christel, and be indulgent!—I would not have exchanged that settle for anything that could have been offered me. If the result always corresponded with the effort! Those ridiculous poor things would be fine enough to please even thee, dearest, that hast a cultured taste. What love is worked into that foolish pattern, Christel, that pattern of oak leaves and birds'-nests! It was done in the days when only in the insanest dream did it seem possible thou wouldst be my wife. On the strength of that dream I carved it. Ah, forgive it that the things are un-

sightly, my good, kind little wife—remember only the affection they represent."

"Thou," said Christel, who had arisen, and now closed a cold hand as near like steel as it could ever become, upon the hand of her husband; "Thou, wretched man, art as full of lies as is bread of holes! Come with me!"

She was pulling him by the hand even toward the room she had been so anxious before to keep him from. She flung open the door, and he looked in upon the ruin she had worked.

"Thou seest the case, now, I make of thy wardrobe, thy chest, and thy settle carved solely for me," she sneered.

He stood staring ahead in deep astonishment, aware of her voice but as of a wild bird beating about his ears.

When she had done unburdening her mind, she turned to look at him, to see why he said nothing.

He was leaning against the wall, somewhat paler than usual. Her anger dropped before the sorrow in his face; and from railing she fell to silence—then to weeping. For the first time in their lives he made no motion to comfort her, and said not a single soothing word.

"Ulrich," she pleaded meekly, and clasped her hands around his arm, laying her wet cheek on his sleeve, "explain everything to me—make every little point quite clear, and I will forgive thee all!"

At these words Ulrich heaved a great sigh, and though continuing wrapped in deep thought, let himself be drawn along by her hands, until they were in the window, he on the high chair, she on the low one, with her head against his knee.

"Now tell me!" she urged, impatient because he still spoke nothing, "and I will believe thee wholly!"

Then he began his story, from the night of the great storm and the first appearing to him of the wood-sprites; and told it, omitting nothing, up to the last night gone, when he had waked them, and they had crept from their dwellings to counsel and teach him.

Christel's eyes grew wider and wider with amazement. "But what are they, Ulrich?" she asked at last under breath. "Are they not witches?" It is wrong in the sight of heaven, as thou knowest, to have any dealings with sorcerers and readers of the stars——"

"They are not witches. They are the spirits of maidens that, desperate for crossed love, took their own lives. As they are guiltless, except of that one great sin, and died for love, heaven pities them, and grants their souls, before appearing at the judgment-seat, the shelter of a tree, therein to live in meditation, repenting, and becoming purified and fit to meet the Maker's eyes. They share the very life of the tree, feel every influence affecting it, age with its aging, depart this earth with its destruction. As they have but the time of the tree to continue here below, and with its increasing purity each gentle, scrupulous soul desires more time still to attain perfection, the shortening of the life of the tree it belongs to is to it an incalculable injury. Unwittingly, I did the three love-sinners a great wrong. Thou hast done them a far greater."

"Ulrich, Ulrich, how was I to know?"

"Nay, Christel, I might flatter and excuse thee, and set thee at peace with thyself, so that thou mightest hereafter perhaps be proud of the high spirit shown to-night. But I will not. Thou couldst not, it is true, know who these were—but me, thy Ulrich, thou didst know, and shouldst not have doubted. I seem to be waking from a dream—a long dream of bliss—to find that while I slept an ulcer was forming I did not yet feel—"

"Ulrich, what dost thou mean? Dost thou not love me any more? Have I been so bad—am I so unhappy, thou dost not love me any more?"

Ulrich silently looked in her face, and, in his saddened eyes, she saw beyond a doubt that his love for her was as great as ever.

"But what have I done, after all?" she cried petulantly. "The wood-women are not real people. I have in reality done no one any injury, and I do not deserve to be reproached."

"Nor will I reproach thee. And yet, Christel, something is ended to-night. I seem to myself, as I told thee, to be waking; and with a newly-acquired vision to see things as they are. Have the wood-women leaving me, bequeathed me a grain of their wisdom? Listen, Christel. Have I not this whole year, since the very moment of thy taking me for thine, done thy will in every particular, been



Drawn by
O. Herford.

HE RETURNED TO THE FOREST.

guided by thee wholly? Have I not bent in thy hands to just what shape they desired, been humble and anxious before thy displeasure, and rapturous over every slightest favor? Yet hast thou not been happy. Nay, dearest, swear it as thou wilt—not happy. Every day thy frowns become more frequent, thy smiles more rare. What can I do to please thee, more than I do? Yet can I not succeed in pleasing thee. Shall I continue so, being thy fond and faithful fawning dog, until thou frankly despisest me? Nay, Christel, I see clearly to-night that this is at an end. In this house, where I am not the master, I shall not dwell longer. Until to-night I had my use here, a dignified excuse for remaining. The good counsel thy father needed to impart to the burgomaster, and by which he acquired this novel fame for keenness and depth and foresight, he obtained of me, who, in my turn, obtained it of the wood-women. Now, deprived of them, I am the simpleton I was before, except so far as their long teachings may have profited me. I have no place more in this house. To-morrow I return to my cot in the forest, and thou, Christel, must follow me there. A proper wife marries her husband's circumstances, and not he hers."

"I will do whatever shall please thee, Ulrich," murmured Christel, who was frightened to the soul by this change in her husband. "But do not be unkind to me. Ulrich, be as before! Be as before! and I will be good, I will go to the woods

—though it is very bare, very lonesome, very terrible there. Nay, nay, hush! Say no more hard words to me to-night. All shall be as thou plearest, and poor Christel shall not be a moment considered."

Christel had really when she spoke this, not the remotest thought of leaving her father's house. She had no doubt of her power to coax her husband back to his former obedience.

When in the morning he set about preparing for departure, the storm-clouds gathered heavy in her face. But her wrath, at this juncture, was turned from Ulrich on another. When Ulrich communicated to the counselor his intention of removal, the old gentleman, after a moment of incredulity, seemed almost to lose his senses with rage. At the opprobrious terms he put upon his obdurate son-in-law, his daughter rose at last in revolt, and took her husband's side with as much vehemence as she would in her own quarrel have shown against him.

"If you go," said the counselor, "I warn you, it is for good and all! If you leave my house, undutiful child, ungrateful upstart beggar, you shall not set foot in it again!" For it nowise accommodated the counselor to be deprived of Ulrich; and yet he did not see his way to seeking him daily at his humble dwelling in the woods.

Christel put her arm around Ulrich, and said with all her heart: "Where he goes, I go; and he is quite right in refusing to be longer an unconsidered supernumerary in this stupid old house!"

"And if either of you attempt to cross my door-step," yelled the counselor, foaming at the mouth, "I will set the dogs on you!"

So high-spirited Christel of her own will at the last followed Ulrich to the woods; and soon they were quietly established in the little forest house, and the new life began.

Many were the hours Christel was now forced to spend alone, while Ulrich ranged the forest; and when she had done all the work about the house, as she must do if it was to be done—swept the floor, shaken the feather-bed, sanded the bird-cage—she would sit spinning, and think, and think.

Every day she walked a little further along the woodland path to meet Ulrich on his way home; and sometimes she stood apparently considering if she had made the house as comfortable and pretty as it could be made to cheer the eyes of a tired man; and she knit warm wool stockings for his feet.

"What has become of my wife's roses?" he asked, touching her cheek one evening as they sat by the fire together. She did not move her head from his knee, but closed her eyes, and seemed to grow paler than before.

"Poor treasure, I know how it is so lonesome when I must be away so much. Thou tirest, no wonder, of being alone with the dog. To-morrow I engage old Katty's daughter to come and bear thee company."

"No, no!" murmured Christel, pressing closer. "I want no one but thee!—Ulrich," she said in a whisper, after a little, "dost thou not think I am grown better than I was? Oh, how unkind, how wilful and ungrateful I used to be! I think of it all the time these days, thou dear, dear, best of men, and wonder how I could!"

"Hush, thou dear little fool, hush!"

"Nay, let me speak this once. I think of it all the time. I think I destroyed something in thy heart that last night at home, when I was so beside myself. I think thou wilt never, never love me quite so much as before—"

"Dear gracious Lord in heaven, how can I love thee more than I do, wilt thou tell me?" asked Ulrich, laughing heartily, and lifting up the solemn face of this changed little wife. But at that she rose and went from him with the assumption of coldness he had used to know so well, and had now not seen for so long; and after looking out of the window a moment, took up her spinning and talked of the most indifferent matters.

But within the half hour, on his picking up the spindle she dropped, she said she forgave him. And the puzzled man could again take a little comfort with his pipe.

So months passed, and in time there was a cradle in the cottage, with a little son in it; then a christening, and all the old acquaintances, with flowers in their hats, coming home to the cottage in the

wake of the godmother and beribboned child; and there was a modest merry-making, with healths of the mother, and of Ulrich the Big, and Ulrich the Small.

At last, twilight closing round, the guests departed, and all was quiet again in the forest house. The new Christian slept soundly with his fists clenched.

"Is he not wonderful?" breathed Christel, who knelt by him with one arm over the hood of his cradle.

"Wonderful!" said in a loud whisper Ulrich, who stood on the other side, feeling too large.

"Oh, my God!" murmured Christel, intent on the peaceful, pinky face, and she bent low enough to feel the child's breath on her cheek;

"If anything were to happen to him! Oh, Father in heaven, bestow on him Thou goodness and wisdom added to happiness! Pray God, Ulrich, he grow up like thee, and not his foolish, foolish, wayward mother!"

Ulrich with his most sensible look went to her and tried to lift her from her knees; but she struggled and whispered sharply at last, "Be quiet, thou great lump, or thou wilt break his sleep! And let me kneel if I choose! Nay, kneel beside me dear, dear, good, heartily-loved man. There is something I wish to tell thee. On such evenings as when on returning home thou foundest Katty alone with the baby, and me gone abroad, where didst thou think I had gone?"

"Where? Why, didst thou not tell me thyself?"

"I told thee not the truth, Ulrich. I went to my father's house."

"But he is not friends with us. He refuses to see us, or to be reconciled."

"Of him I had only a glimpse through the window. It was not to see him I went, since he still slanders thee everywhere, and berates me. I went to look

where they keep the wood to burn. Canst thou not divine now? Ulrich, thy repentant wife went like a thief in the night to recover the broken pieces of the wardrobe, the settle and the chest, carved by thee so lovingly for her, and so beautifully."

"No, no, dear! not beautifully. But why this? All that is so long past and forgotten! Why, unreasonable child, expose thyself again to the expressions of thy father's anger, and take these tedious journeys when thou art so far yet from strong?"

"Chide not, dear one. I found some pieces—but, oh, so few! All the beautiful carved wood has been cast on the fire as it came handy. I could only collect barely enough to fashion these."

She went to the closet and brought out three little stools: one of them had three legs, one but two, the last had a single leg.

Ulrich looked at them in wonder.

"Dost thou not understand?" asked Christel, whose eyes were beaming and tearful. "Thou dost not understand! Now we place them so about the little baby's cradle: this one leaning on the wall; this one propped against

the rocker. Ah, what a cruel pity there should not have been enough left at least for three legs to every stool! Then we open the door,—the night is still and balmy and warm; we put out the light, the moonlight will be enough, and thou and I go hide in the closet."

She led the mystified, docile man by the hand into the closet; and there they stood in the warm darkness, peering through a crack.

There was silence in the room; the moon brightened all without, and its reflected light made a pearly gloaming about the cradle. A nightingale began singing on a tree just outside the window.

"I see! Oh, Christel, my own dear



"I WILL SET THE DOGS ON YOU."

Christel—I see thy meaning!" whispered Ulrich suddenly, and pressed her hand hard, and peered with more interest than before. "But will they come again?"

"Didst thou not say," whispered Christel, "that they endured on earth so long as any part of the tree they belonged to? And that they could have no peace away from it? Look! Look!"

Ulrich thrust out his head and looked keenly, prepared to see the three green-clad maidens he knew so well glide in as of old. He saw advance in the moonlight toward the open door three little, old, old women in gray, with frosty locks hanging about their withered cheeks. They came noiselessly across the threshold and crept to seat themselves upon the stools about the baby's cradle. They bent their weird, gentle faces upon the sleeping child, and talked inaudibly to one another; they seemed now and then to laugh a tender whisper of a laugh, nodding their strange little old heads. Then one of them, after smoothing the tiny bedclothes with a light deft hand, put her foot on the rocker; and the cradle began to sway very softly and regularly from side to side, while a voice like the sighing of wind among the trees, yet like an ancient nurse's crooning, too, intoned a wondrous slumber song, never heard before on earth. And the

wise nightingale out in the branches kept silent.

Ulrich and Christel stood statue-still, listening with hearts deeply moved and eyes near to weeping, with a feeling that surely was not sorrow. Out in the silvery night they saw suddenly a bounding of something small and white: a rabbit came within a yard of their doorstep and stood upon its haunches with ears erect; then came another,—till a whole velvet-footed flock was gathered there.

A large, gentle, long-eared head was pushed into the open window—that of a little, gray, wild ass, who looked about with big, shining eyes, chewing a mouthful of grass, and whiffing perfumed breaths into the room. And, presently, the bear with a family of cubs toddling after her, was seen coming up the path with so good-natured and peaceable an air that the rabbits appeared nowise disturbed at the sight.

"No harm will come of it," murmured Ulrich, restraining Christel, who wished to forsake her hiding-place and run to bolt the door. "They are friends with the wood-women, and made tame by the music. It will be good for the little one to have them for his friends, too, and to learn their language and the secrets of their state from the wood-women, as no



Drawn by
O. Herford

"THEY BENT THEIR WEIRD, GENTLE FACES UPON THE SLEEPING CHILD."

doubt he will, and much good and much wisdom besides, if every day in the stillness of twilight we place the little stools about his cradle so."

"Oh, it smites my very heart to see them grown so old, so old!"

"Be sorry, yet not oversorry, dear. Their release is the nearer at hand. And though, with their sensitive souls, they may still fear appearing before the throne of the judging God, we need not fear it for them. Look! the bear coming into the very house. Be still—fear nothing! See, I told thee! She only wanted to lick his little hand. The wood-women would not have allowed it else. Believe it, he is safer among them than surrounded by a body-guard of giants—Bless thee, little wife, heaven has been good to us!"

And Ulrich, with the advantage now again of the wood-women's wisdom, rose in time to be no less a personage than the burgomaster.

The counselor soon after his grandchild's christening became reconciled with his daughter and son-in-law, and lived on pleasant terms with them ever after.

Christel was all her life Fair Christel, less perhaps from the practising of that May-night charm, than the expression her face took from a loving heart, which became, as years passed, ever more unselfish.

The child grew up to be a good and wise and great man; he wrote books that all the world praised, yet was not perhaps so happy as his simple father and mother had been. He was crossed in love, it was said, in his early days, and did not marry. When he died, his belongings went to a stranger.

"What is this curious old rubbish?" asked the new heir's wife, coming upon three little stools with but six legs among them. "What did he want with these miserable old things in his bedroom closet? What an eccentric old fellow he was!—Here, Meta, take these away; they will do to chop up for kindling."

And the new heir hearing a sigh as he cast a bit of worm-eaten wood, with faint traces on it of carving, into the fireplace, to liven the blaze, shivered and muttered: "How the draft shrieks under these old doors!"

But all this was very long ago.

'TIS HE THAT STRIVETH NOT, IS DEAD.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

"Greater by far than thou are dead. Strive not! Die also thou!"

—Matthew Arnold, after Homer.

GREATER by far than we they were;

But why? Because they strove!

Refused blind Fate for arbiter,

Subjected doubt to love,

Feared not to fight the losing fight,

Used all the strength they had;

And dying, left their fame, a light

To make the ages glad.

Yet think!—though death cut off their days

Thou nam'st them, call'st them great;

They force thy unbelief to praise,

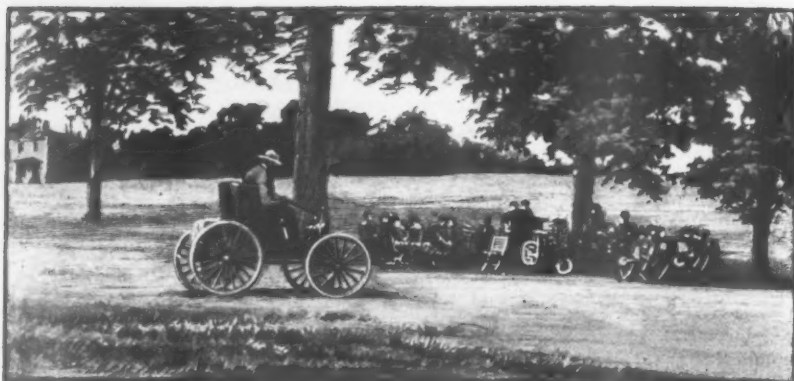
They shame thy sluggard state,

They live!—Then be it better said,

While each renews his vow:

"'Tis he that striveth *not*, is dead.

Die not! Strive also thou!"



HORSELESS CARRIAGE CONTEST.

AWARD OF THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE BY THE JUDGES.

RECOGNIZING the important part which the new horseless carriage must play in the life of the twentieth century, and the impetus its perfection must give to the building of new roads at the end of the present century, THE COSMOPOLITAN offered a prize of three thousand dollars for the best horseless carriage. The conditions of the contest were specified as follows:

Three thousand dollars will be awarded to motor carriages presenting the greatest number of points of excellence, to be exhibited in a trial trip to be made from the New York office of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, City Hall Park, to a point near THE COSMOPOLITAN Building at Irvington, and thence back to the starting place. The award will be made upon the following points, the maximum being 100:

Speed, 35

Simplicity of construction and durability, . . . 30

Ease in operating and safety, . . . 25

Cost, 10

In response to invitations extended by the editor, the follow-

ing distinguished gentlemen accepted places on the Board of Judges:

Gen. NELSON A. MILES, General Commanding U. S. Army.

Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, Pres. N. Y. Central & H. R. R. R. Co.

H. WALTER WEBB, Esq., Vice-Pres. N. Y. Central & H. R. R. R. Co.

FRANK THOMSON, Esq., Vice-Pres. Pennsylvania Central Ry. Co.

Brig.-Gen. WM. P. CRAIGHILL, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army.

Col. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, New York National Guard.

The Governors of the Ardsley Country Club kindly placed the use of the grounds and club-house at the disposal of the Board of Judges for the conduct of examination and tests.

It is a matter in which Americans may take a just pride that, in an affair involving so much of public interest and perhaps of public benefit, men of such conspicuous position as those composing the Board of Judges should be ready to give their time and thought. It is very



THE PRIZE CARRIAGE.

doubtful if, in any other country than ours, men whose every hour is closely engaged with important affairs, would be willing to put aside the pressing demands of private or public business for a matter which concerned only the general welfare. Nor did the usual prejudices which, in older countries, keep public men in conservative lines of action seem to play any part in the acceptance of the invitations extended.

The correspondence which came in, within a brief time after the THE COSMOPOLITAN'S offer was published, gave promise of a very large turnout. But, as the thirtieth of May—the day selected for the trial—approached, letters began to arrive telling of hopes disappointed regarding the completion of machinery. Some of the most important firms who had been engaged in experimenting found themselves unable to get their apparatus in working order. The final entries dwindled to twenty-six, and of these, when the hour for departure arrived, but nine put in an appearance.

The order of procession involved a movement at a fixed rate of speed up Broadway to the Boulevard, and along the Boulevard to Kings Bridge on the Harlem river, the Park Commissioners having refused permission for the horseless carriages to pass through Central Park, the route originally selected.

At Kings Bridge all the carriages were halted until the arrival of the judges, who had followed in carriages. They were then started under the direction of Dr. John S. White, keeper of the official record. Immediately upon their departure the judges took a special train provided by Vice-President Webb, and were carried over the New York Central, at a speed of seventy miles an hour, to the station of the Ardsley Country Club.

Nearly a thousand guests, from New York and the country places along the Hudson, were gathered at the Club to welcome the first horseless carriage. And notwithstanding the fact that the road from Kings Bridge, through Yonkers, contained many steep hills and that the judges had made their railway trip of some fourteen miles in less than that number of minutes, the carriages were not long after the judges in arriving.

The course from Kings Bridge required the horseless carriages to proceed to THE COSMOPOLITAN Building at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, turn there, and come back to the Ardsley Country Club. The distance, estimated at sixteen and one-half

miles, was made by the first carriage in one hour and five minutes. This carriage climbed the steepest hills without assistance or delay; and the turn at THE COSMOPOLITAN Building was made up a stiff grade with perfect ease.

Unfortunately for the contestants, the entrance road at the Country Club had been newly covered with a layer of heavy rock, preparatory to a covering of fine crushed bluestone. The conditions were most unfavorable to movement, but

Carriage Number One, the entry of The Duryea Motor Wagon Company, to which the judges finally awarded the prize, gave a most satisfactory exhibition. Groups of spectators stood everywhere. Through and around these, Carriage Number One was guided with quickness, ease and sureness of motion, exciting the admiration of all present. Subsequently, the start for the return was made over a newly-ploughed golf ground. This proved so heavy that the occupants of carriages were compelled to dismount and assist the motors in their work, creating an unfavorable impression in the minds of the onlookers. The return trip of Carriage



THE START FROM CITY HALL PARK.



THE ROGER AMERICAN MOTOR WAGON.

Number One was made in even shorter time than the up journey.

CONCLUSIONS.

"Do the tests made under the auspices of THE COSMOPOLITAN show the horseless carriage in shape for practical, everyday use?" is the question which the reader will ask.

"Yes," and "no," must be the reply. To the person already familiar with machinery, and capable of exercising proper intelligence and care, the horseless carriage stands ready to his hand.

That it is already the complete motor carriage, prepared to meet all the various requirements demanded by the public, must be doubted. That it is making the most rapid strides toward such perfected condition we can not doubt. That horseless carriages will soon be on the market, of qualities and prices suitable for general use, we must believe.

* * *

Going from the realm of fact to that of imagination, the views advanced some months ago in THE COSMOPOLITAN can not be materially modified. The horseless carriage promises, by its cheapness of operation, to give a vehicle which can be brought to the curb-line of the street to receive passengers, at a fare not exceeding five cents. It thus promises to do away with the jerky, overcrowded cable and electric cars, and to substitute a noiseless, smooth and agreeable carriage, over asphalt streets, at the same cost, with the element of danger reduced to a minimum. Its general introduction will probably result in a three-cent car fare, as the first result of competition, and an increase of speed on elevated roads.

The firm to whose carriage was awarded the prize, writes as follows:

DEAR SIR:

We received by special letter your check for three thousand dollars, being the award of the judges of THE COSMOPOLITAN Horseless Carriage Competition to the Duryea Motor Wagon Company.

When the manufacture of horseless vehicles becomes one of the great businesses of the country, your enterprise in encouraging inventors in such a substantial way will receive the general appreciation that it deserves. The small number of starters in the contest of May 30th, is no criterion of the number of men working in the art. To complete a carriage in all its details involves long study and a constant throwing aside of parts, for something that seems to work better.

We receive numerous inquiries for our motors from inventors who have designed some special steering, speeding, or other gear and wish to try their method. Hence, we can infer that the subject is being well looked into.

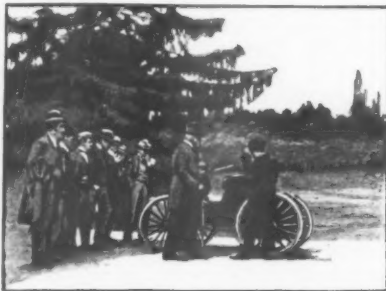
We can also feel the deep interest there is in the subject of motor vehicles from the class of men who write us for estimates on large carriages for 'bus lines, to run where street car lines are questionable. All sorts of delivery and freight wagons are asked for. We touch but the outer edge of the demand with our one hardly-completed, high-priced pleasure carriage.

Thanking you, with the assurance of our highest consideration, we remain,

Very truly yours,

DURVEA MOTOR WAGON COMPANY.

Per GEORGE HENRY HEWITT, President.



COMMITTEE INSPECTING A CARRIAGE.

THE DISEASE OF INEBRIETY.

OF INTEREST TO PARENTS WHO HAVE SONS TO RAISE, SONS WHO HAVE FUTURES TO MAKE, AND VICTIMS WHO HAVE ALLEVIATION TO FIND.

BY NORMAN KERR, M.D.

MODERN scientific observation and research have disclosed the existence of a malady underlying the drunken phenomena of our time, a malady the existence of which was apparently suspected by an ancient philosopher or two, but was fully recognized only a little more than a century ago by the illustrious Benjamin Rush, a malady which accounts for some of the inebriate manifestations of the past, and explains the terrible, extensive, steadily-increasing and far-reaching inebriate manifestations of the present.

This malady, which the writer has ventured to christen "Inebriety," or Narcomania, a mania for narcotism or intoxication, is as really a physical disease as is mental unsoundness, which was not so long ago believed to be a demoniacal possession, but is now everywhere acknowledged to be, and treated as, a true disease. Indeed, in the jurisprudence of some countries, as Belgium, what is popularly called "dipsomania" is regarded as a variety of insanity. The diseased conditions of inebriety, or narcomania, must not be confounded with one of its symptoms, intoxication. Just as a maniacal act is not the disease, but an outcome, or manifestation, of the disease of insanity, so is a drunken act not the disease, but an outcome, or manifestation, of the disease of inebriety, or narcomania. The subject of an inherited insane tendency, by appropriate regimen and habit of life, may keep his hereditary taint in abeyance; and the subject of an inherited inebriate tendency, by similar measures and strict abstention from all intoxicants, may live a long life without ever perpetrating an act of drunkenness. The term "inebriety," or "narcomania," should be restricted to the abnormal, or unhealthful, or defective, brain condition giving rise to the overmastering tendency, impulse, crave, or craze, for intoxication; while the terms "drunkenness" and "intoxication" should be limited to

the acts of excess. Drunkenness, therefore, is never actually a disease, as is commonly loosely stated, but is, in many instances, the outcome, or manifestation, of a diseased state.

The inordinate and persistent passion for drinking to excess, as exhibited in habitual drunkards, is often called "dipsomania," an inaccurate and misleading term, conveying the idea that habitual topers are suffering from a perpetual thirst for liquor. The opposite is often the truth. Large numbers of constant and periodic inebriates are never thirsty unless occasionally at the wind-up of a debauch. In a large proportion of cases there never has been any strong longing or desire. In fact, not a few devotees of Bacchus hate, with the bitterest of hatred, the drink which they cannot refrain from procuring at any cost. Such have an unconquerable aversion for the intoxicant article from which they are unable to abstain. Such, too, are the subjects of an imperious impulsion from within which acquires strength in going, the subject, like a dynamite bomb when the clock-spring has been unwound, inevitably bursting out into an explosion, not of fire, but of drunkenness, unless the individual be laid hold of and taken care of till the nervous outburst has passed off, and the personal equilibrium has been quite restored.

A common error is the belief that there is only one kind of intoxication, the alcoholic. This is a mistake which has led to an imperfect conception of the problem of inebriety and to disaster in treatment, by the substitution of other and worse forms of intoxication for the alcoholic. Intoxication is a state in which nervous and mental control is wholly or partially lost, and any substance causing this paralytic condition is a true anesthetic, or narcotic. Alcoholic drunkenness, terrible and abundant as it is, is but one mode of intoxication. Opium, morphine, chloral, cocaine, ether, chloroform and

other narcotics are employed to procure the peculiar sense of momentary fleeting satisfaction, which pacifies for the time the dominating physical demon of the diseased inebriate. Alcohol is the intoxicant generally favored by the Anglo-Saxon race, as it is and has been for ages the most readily accessible drink, as well as being the most palatable and affording in its consumption the greatest amount of exhilaration and sensuous pleasurable excitement. Easterns, with their lethargic temperament, prefer the soothing, dreamy languor of the poppy. Westerns, with their more vigorous and mercurial energy, demand the pleasing excitation of the more exciting and disturbing "tricksy spirit." The other intoxicating drugs which have been mentioned, though they are all steadily advancing in popular favor, have been too recently discovered to have had a chance of rivaling alcohol and opium in popular esteem.

Though alcoholic intoxicants have as their basis and acceptability the anesthetic, irritant, narcotic poison, alcohol, as well as by the constitutional idiosyncrasy of the taker. What may be called the "drama" of alcoholic intoxication is a serio-comedy in three acts, the first act being of the nature of a comedy, the second and third acts more or less tragic, too often ending in a real tragedy. The opening alcoholic act of vascular relaxation displays usually mirth and jollity, elation and exhilaration of the senses, heightening, quickening and even riot of ideation as of pulsation. Pathological science reveals to the enlightened gaze that all this merriment, fun and frolic is but an unnatural toxic excitation due to palsy of the nerves regulating the blood-supply, the alcoholic reduction occasioning that relaxation and widening of the blood-vessels which flush the brain and other vital organs in the same way as the rosy blush seen on the face after the drinking of an alcoholic intoxicant.

The second act of the alcoholic drama is characterized by disturbance, in addition to exaggeration, of the faculties, the emotional in their enhancement overpowering the intellectual, while the edge

has been taken off perception and sensation. The vision, mental and corporeal, is distorted as well as dimmed, reason and speech betray a loss of coherence, and the natural disposition is apt to be inverted. The time-honored tradition of "in vino veritas" I believe to be a fallacy, the real character of the drunken not being laid bare, but a new and perverted "alter ego," the abnormal product of the perversion of the brain cell and brain function by this "poison d'intelligence." The quiet become noisy, the noisy quiet; the meek become arrogant, and the haughty cringing; the timid become audacious, and the boisterous cowardly; liars speak the truth, and the truthful lie; the religious swear, and the agnostic prays. I have known men who never would have family worship when sober; but who, when drunk, would rouse their household for family prayer at whatever hour they went home in the early morning in the bitterest weather. Generally, in this act the tongue and the limbs show indications of commencing palsy, the speech thickening, the legs trembling and no longer acting in unison.

At the third act of the alcoholic drama the curtain rises above a scene of silence, noiseless but for the labored breathing of the "dead drunken" performer. Unconscious and unheeding, the

"Soulless mass"

lies where he has fallen. Perception, feeling, emotion, reason, will are all dead, the thread of life being held only by the heart and circulation—till, the narcotic, death-like stupor having passed (it does not always pass), the dormant faculties once more emerge from their anesthetic torpor, as from a living tomb. Here we see palsy, for the moment, apparently complete—total insensibility and a mere automatic existence.

All these acts of the drama of intoxication, the intervals sometimes short, sometimes protracted, are pathologically acts of progressive paralysis of body and brain. Palsy is as clearly manifested in the blush on the face and in the flowing of muddier wit of the first act, as in the insensible apparent death of the third act. In a rapidly fatal dose, as in the case of a married woman whom I saw recently, who had drunk right off from the barrel

a pint and three-quarters of whisky, and who died comatose within seven hours thereafter, only the second and third acts, the former but a "dissolving view" of staggering, are visible. Within three minutes the woman fell down insensible and never recovered consciousness.

It is a popular fallacy that only ardent spirits can intoxicate. Beer and wine inebriates are numerous. The alcoholic potency of these intoxicants being less than that of brandy, rum, whisky and gin, the toxicating influence is less intense and is slower in operation, but none the less sure. In the well-known Dalrymple Hospital for the Treatment of Inebriety, in England, no fewer than nine per cent. have been beer and wine drunkards. In some respects habitual intemperance in beer is more serious than that in spirit. The latter is generally more rapidly fatal; but beer-soaking, in many individuals, induces a train of distressing bodily and mental symptoms—rheumatism, gout and rheumatic gout, labored breathing, embarrassed circulation, wretched digestion, fatty liver and kidneys, dropsical swellings, melancholy, drowsiness tending toward stupor, premature death, and even mental alienation. The amount of beer which some human sponges can absorb, without apparent intoxication, is astonishing. This is as true of England as of Germany. I recollect of an English country squire giving his harvesters liberty to drink as much beer as they liked to drink, one day in harvest. Not one of the men drank less than two gallons, the majority made away with between three and four gallons, some managed from four to six gallons, and one heroic toper swallowed the generous allowance of no less than eight gallons. I have repeatedly seen premature death, after an eery, intemperate career on both wine and beers, on daily quantities very much less; less, in fact, than an eighth part of the largest amount just stated. Though lager beer is so often said to be unintoxicating and wholesome, I cannot join in this glorification. It is less injurious than rum or whisky simply because it is alcoholically weaker; but its systematic use is unsafe. Cider, though comparatively weak in alcohol, is an intoxicating beverage, the drunkenness to which it gives rise being of a more muddled, sleepy, boozy char-

acter than the excitant irritability and pugnacity generally observable in spirituous excess.

Absinthe, again, has a special tendency all its own. Epileptic convulsions are provoked in a few subjects by alcoholic inebriants; but absinthial epilepsy is much more frequently met with in drinkers of absinthe, a combination of the two poisons, alcohol and wormwood, which intensifies the injurious action of both. The epileptic mania of alcohol-cum-wormwood assumes the gravest type, and is peculiarly swift in its provocative and destructive tendency to chronic insanity and premature death.

There are some modifications of the toxic influence of particular alcohols, though these "are all," in the language of Dujardin-Beaumetz and Audigé, of Paris, "poisonous," mainly, by the more toxic properties of the heavier alcohols. There is an alcohol which is not potable—the solid, cetyllic, wax-like alcohol. Of the drinkable, the ethylic (the finest and most elegant variety—that of the rarest and purest fermented wines and of the most mellow unsophisticated spirituous liquors) and the methylic, or wood-spirit, are the lightest and least noxious; the latter having slightly the advantage when the vapor is inhaled, the former when swallowed. In some localities, as in the largest Scottish cities, especially when the whisky shops are shut up by law, between eleven o'clock on Saturday night and seven o'clock on Monday morning, this methylated spirit, being procurable from retail druggists and at oil shops, is drank as a substitute for whisky. This spirit is worse than whisky, as, while the latter is sold underproof, the former is sold considerably overproof and costs less (there being no duty on it). A few fatal cases have occurred in Dublin and other places in Britain. More poisonous than the alcohol of wine is the alcohol of beet-root, worse is the alcohol from corn, worse still is potato spirit. In fatal cases the temperature falls lower and death supervenes sooner after the heavier alcohols, the propylic, butylic and amylic. Muscular tremblings, agonizing heavy headaches, and various pains and feelings of anguish and depression are more intense after these heavier alcohols, especially the last

two. These alcohols heavier and more grave in their effects occur chiefly as crudities, from the imperfect distillations common in Continental countries. The more thorough rectification of spirits in Britain has rendered the presence of fusil-oil in intoxicants rare. In America, though the rectification is less thorough than in England, the intoxicating liquors are not so coarse as they are on the European continent. A quarter of a century ago and more, when I spent a considerable time in the United States, "forty-rod" whisky was much oftener met with than, I am given to understand, it is now.

The proportional dilution with water, dilution with a bland fluid being necessary to sheathe the virulence of the irritant poison—alcohol—to enable it to be drunk as a beverage, somewhat curiously modifies the alcoholic action on the human organism. While it is true that, in the alcoholically strongest drinks, the greater concentration of the poison is apt to produce locally more irritant inflammation in such organs as the stomach, liver and kidneys, it is as true that the intoxicating influence (the excitant, narcotic, disturbing effect on brain and nerve centers) is increased the greater the degree of the watery dilution. The explanation of the latter apparently contradictory action to the former is simply that, while the less the dilution the greater the local causticity, the more alcohol is diluted the more quickly is it absorbed into the general circulation. Three or four glasses of whisky, if diluted with the remainder of a tumblerful of hot water, with sugar, in the shape of "toddy" (a l'Écossaise), other things being equal, sooner affect a man's speech and legs than the same quantity swallowed cold and neat. Dilution with warmth accelerates the rate of absorption. Hence I have known many "seasoned casks," in whose drinking there was a method, who scrupulously restricted their after-dinner potations to spirits "cold, without," adding neither water nor sugar.

Modification of the action of alcohol on the living body and brain is also brought about to some extent by the idiosyncrasies of the drinkers. Though one general alcoholic influence follows the ingestion of all alcoholic intoxicants, the

individual constitution is variously affected. There is poisoning, but the same kind of liquor acts in detail more prominently on some functions in one person and on other functions in other persons. One drinker gets drunk in his tongue first, a second in his legs. One of the most eloquent speakers whom I have ever known, who was an unmistakable drunkard, in every stage of a "bout" prior to insensibility, the more he drank the soberer, slower and clearer became his speech, while his legs waxed unsteadier and yet more unsteady. While reasoning with even greater lucidity and persuasiveness than when perfectly sober, he had to be supported either on his legs or on a seat, and if his supporters relaxed their vigilance down he came. These and other modifications of alcoholic action, such as the rate at which the intoxicant is swallowed, though they are of minor importance compared with the generic irritant and anesthetic influence of the drug, should never be ignored.

One of the most prominent, if not the most prominent, characteristic effects of alcohol is what may justly be called "narcomaniacal untruth." To a less extent this is true of morphinomania and other forms of inebriety. Mendacity is observable in all the varieties, but the proportion of that of alcoholic origin puts all from other sources in the shade. Alcohol obscures and perverts the perceptive faculties, by dimmed perception preventing the alcoholic inebriate from seeing the truth, and by perversion distorting the images presented to the moral as well as the physical vision. Narcomaniacs often lie, not designedly, but because they perceive only false images. It is important that the possibility of the existence of this undesigned palsy of the truth sense should never be left out of account, in judging of the "bona" or "mala fides" of the inebriate who is manifestly stating what is not true. I have been able to persuade clamorous creditors in certain cases, that an examination of the inebriate debtor would be valueless and would take up time only to be wasted, from the alcoholized incapacity of the narcomaniac to recognize, or remember, facts and actions. This brain, mind and moral degeneration is sometimes seen in persons formerly scru-

pulously truthful, and is wholly due to alcoholism.

Some curious and groundless superstitions with reference to alcoholism still linger, notwithstanding their dissipation by modern science. One is the alleged occurrence of spontaneous combustion from the spirituous soaking of the tissues of the living body. Case after case has been circumstantially narrated with all the cocksureness and audacity of tradition, coupled with ignorance. Whenever it has been practicable to thoroughly investigate such reputed marvels, it has been found that the alcohol-sodden frame has been set fire to by an accident, such as the ignition of the dress by a light or by the live embers of a pipe smoked by the drunken owner. Another exploded superstition, which has a wide acceptance yet, is that the drunkard, after a debauch, needs "a hair of the [alcoholic] dog that bit him." A "nip" of brandy, or B. and S. (brandy and soda), by its excitant and anesthetic properties, gives rise to a feeling of relief and comfort for the moment, and induces an evanescent steadying of the nerves and limbs, just as a dose of chloroform might do; but the reactionary depression has to be endured, the depression and the ailment are intensified, and the "last state of the man is worse than the first." From hundreds of thousands of inebriate prisoners and others alcoholic liquors have been immediately withdrawn, yet the proto-martyr to abstinence has not, up to this, appeared upon the scene. This I aver, though I have not forgotten the sudden death of a strong man some thirty or more years ago, who, while driving a vehicle on the main street of a city in the hottest day of a hot season, suddenly jumped off, rushed into the bar of a leading hotel, clutched the nearest bottle on the counter, drained the contents, and dropped down dead. The liquid happened to be water; and, as it was testified that the deceased, while he drunk copiously and steadily of strong liquors, had not been known to taste water for forty years, a sapient French-Canadian jury were reported to have concluded that the poor fellow fell a victim to water. He had probably died from sunstroke, a fate which, owing to the suddenness and severity of the attack, nothing could have averted.

Yet another baseless alcoholic superstition may be usefully indicated, the venerable tradition that delirium tremens is caused by the sudden cutting off of all intoxicant liquor from a drunkard. This old-world delusion possesses the minds of not a few professors of "the healing art." In consultation I have met medical confrères who implicitly believed and swore by this ancient fallacy. It was a practically universal belief till, nearly half a century ago, it received its deathblow (error takes a long time dying) at the hands of a brilliant but determined opponent of the then lately-born abstinence movement, the late Professor Laycock, the eminent psychologist, from clinical observation of cases under his care at the Royal Infirmary of "Modern Athens." Delirium tremens is one of the effects of alcoholic poisoning of the nervous system, and appears as a nervous explosion in certain nerve conditions, whether the drinking subject persists in or suddenly discontinues drinking.

Yet one more alcoholic baseless tradition is the still-credited faith in the alleged wondrous nutriment-supplying capacity of alcohol. If the many voices ever ready to sound the praises of alcohol as a body-building, body-warming food-stuff could be rolled out from a phonograph cylinder in one concentrated volume of sound, the chorus would be deafening. Credible witnesses, including members of the learned professions, with patriots and philosophers galore, would affirm on oath that they had known persons kept alive only by brandy for weeks and months at a stretch. Their evidence would be more conscientious than intelligent; for, had they inquired further, they would have found that not one of the alleged "kept alive by alcohol" ever was given alcohol, except when diluted with water. On further inquiry they would have learnt that miners have been sustained for over a week, with the exception of a fragment of a candle, on water only; and that, on water alone, men in the open air have survived for weeks without even a candle fragment. One ship captain of my acquaintance with a few of his crew (the history of their sufferings has been published) were in the maintop of their submerged vessel, exposed on a bitterly cold and wild coast, for twenty-eight days,

with not a scrap of anything eatable, and only the rain from heaven, which they caught in the sail, to drink. The enthusiastic testifiers to the presumed power of alcohol might, on closer investigation, have arrived at a knowledge of the fact that usually in the diseased cases supposed to have been kept going by alcohol alone, sundry articles of food were occasionally swallowed or otherwise consumed, such as toast-water, milk, gruel, broth, etc. Alcohol does not contribute even half a brick to the superstructure of the human frame.

Various modes of treating drunkenness have presented curious eccentricities. Thousands of years ago boiled cabbage was employed by the Chinese to restore the worn-out alcoholic debauchee, and refit him for a fresh "bout." The Romans resorted to an emetic for a similar purpose. Raw meat and a vegetarian diet have both been proclaimed to be a "perfect cure," as also has a spirituous batrachian extract, metaphorically, the "hair," not of a dog, but of a frog. The stocks, flogging, and even capital punishment (the last a radical if somewhat heroic cure)—with our old friend mesmerism, recently rechristened hypnotism—have all been invoked. But all these are put in the shade by the latter-day asserted miraculous "cure" in nearly every case, by the hundred thousand, after a few weeks' drugging of one kind or another. If these marvels are all true, the drunkard can be chemically restrained, teetotalism is nowhere, and prohibition but an anachronism. Experience, however, has shown that, though intoxication still rages, nearly one-third of the cases treated on sound scientific lines have remained abstinent, a magnificent result considering the average chronicity of the cases. The one "*sine qua non*" of genuine treatment is unconditional abstinence from everything intoxicant. In intelligent treatment, the special features of each case must be carefully studied, time being allowed for sound brain-tissue reconstruction.

The present treatment of inebriate offenders against the law is a fiasco and a farce, neither curative nor deterrent. Witness the police-court heroes and heroines of over one hundred convictions for offenses complicated with intoxication,

the champion a thirty-nine-year-old Irish-woman, with the long record of seven hundred convictions. The short incarceration, under a wholesome non-alcoholic régime, only restores that power to get drunk which had been lost before imprisonment. In this way we provide the inebriate offender with a government "hospital" or "club-house," strengthening and confirming him in his drunken excess.

Criminal jurisprudence has of recent years exhibited a remarkable legal recognition of the results of modern medical research, evidenced by the evolution of judicial rulings on criminal acts done in delirium tremens. Before 1867 murders, in Britain, committed when the doer was laboring under this disease were followed by capital punishment. The Scotch Lord Deas then allowed a plea of reduction from murder to manslaughter, substituting imprisonment for death. Now, only a few months ago, Mr. Justice Hawkins has laid down that delirium tremens carries irresponsibility, the deliriate prisoner and murderer having been acquitted as insane. Such a judicial evolution is as creditable to law as to medicine.

Many deeply interesting moral, social, political, religious and medico-legal problems cluster around the prolific tree of inebriety; a tree the branches of which are interwoven with almost every function of human life, at every stage of man's existence. From conception to birth, from infancy to adolescence, from youth to manhood, from maturity to decay, alcohol and its congeners have wielded a tremendous power for evil over no inconsiderable portion of our race. Sociologists, philosophers and statesmen have, mostly in vain, attempted to grapple with these enemies of the race. Why this failure? Because of the traditional superstition that the victims have been willing slaves. Let the world of intellect, of science, of morals, of religion and of statesmanship once grasp the great truth, that there is a physical element in intoxication, and in the strong impulse thereto; that most of those who have gone under (some of them the most highly-gifted and most noble-souled of men and women) have been subjects of a dire disease; and the true ways of cure, reformation and prevention will speedily be made plain.

MARCUS.—Oh, yes, they did; even down to the year 1910. The system had come from the great European colleges of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was so hoary with the approval of the ages that very brave men preferred to continue their usefulness in the colleges, rather than, by opposing what received such universal approval, end their professional careers.

QUÆSITOR.—But was the whole of the college course made up of this sort of thing?

MARCUS.—Oh, no. There were some mathematics—some science—some study of the languages of other peoples then living; and, finally, a superficial course in their own literature and tongue.

QUÆSITOR.—Was not Wisdom taught as the chief of acquisitions?

MARCUS.—No. People had been in the habit of regarding wisdom as "the unteachable." If you suggested such a thing, with reference to youth, there would forthwith be many to declare that the young man would "have his eye-teeth cut" in due time. This was a slang phrase, signifying the acquisition of wisdom by the hard rubbing to which an ignorant person was subjected in the world.

QUÆSITOR.—And The Science of Health—how to take care of one's body?

MARCUS.—Oh, that was taught in a crude sort of way. There was a gymnasium, and the student, if so inclined, could be examined by a medical man, and receive a chart of his points of physical weakness. But there was no such thing as we understand by the "science of health." To them it was a mere side issue, of such small relative importance that it was optional as part of college training, and, in fact, taken advantage of by only a small minority of the young men on the college rolls.

QUÆSITOR.—And what of The Science of Life—how was it taught?

MARCUS.—There was no such thing known. The subject of love, the most supreme of human passions, was carefully avoided by the wise professors of those days. It was relegated to the conversation of callow youths and shy maidens. All the complicated psychological phenomena, a knowledge of which is considered so essential a feature of the groundwork of all education of the present day, were, in those times, regarded as beneath the attention of the wise men who were so profound in their knowledge of the dead languages, and to whom the Differential Calculus constituted such an essential for every-day life.

QUÆSITOR.—And The Science of Human Happiness—how did they teach that?

MARCUS.—Not at all. That was in nowise considered as a science. It was something to blunder into, if you could—ninety-nine out of every hundred blundered the other way,—but was commonly ranked among the things "unteachable." The records of those times, as presented in the daily newspapers or pictured in the fiction of the day, exhibit conditions of widely-spread wretchedness. The poor were miserable because of lack of the comforts or even necessities of life. The rich were ennuyé in their futile efforts to bring to themselves enjoyment by large expenditure. False ideas of morals, of dress, of business, and of the ends of existence clouded even the brightest intellects. The most brilliant minds were frequently the most unsuccessful in achieving happiness. A question widely debated among this select class was "Life: is it worth the living?"

QUÆSITOR.—What was the length of the college course of those days?

MARCUS.—The school course covered nine or ten years; the usual college course was four years.

QUÆSITOR.—And do you mean to say that fourteen years were consumed largely in mastering the dead languages, while the summum bonum was ignored in most cases and neglected in others?

MARCUS.—Having this general idea of the condition of education toward the close of the nineteenth century, you will be able to understand what I am about to tell you. As before related, this citizen of a hundred millions, after

expending every effort upon the education of his son, received him back at the end of fourteen years of school and college work, with every accomplishment of the finished scholar of the period. Necessarily the heir to so many millions was a man of importance to his fellow-men. A generous, wise mind could be a blessing to his country and to those about him; a man of ill-digested thought might be a danger to all.

After the manner of the world, the young man entered gaily into the diversions of his class and encountered the many charming women of his circle. The science of life was almost as unknown to him as if he had been the least tutored savage from the islands of the South Pacific. He had heard the term "psychical phenomena"; but he had applied it as the sort of things that develop in a class of society different from his own.

I shall not go into the story of his mistake. There was nothing in the least discreditable to the generous impulses of a manly-minded young fellow. But it was a mistake that would have been avoided had there entered into his education the simplest rudiments of what, in this year 1947, is so thoroughly taught in our schools under the head of "Science of Life." Add to other deficiencies the absence from the college course of a thorough training in the "Science of Health," and you will comprehend how completely the heir to such vast power was made the sport of a cruel fate. To mental trouble was quickly added physical breaking down and a serious misunderstanding with the father. The latter was aghast at the result of his splendid scheme of education.

QUÆSITOR.—He might well ask if this were all that the great colleges could do toward fitting a young man for taking his place happily in the world.

MARCUS.—That was exactly what he did do. He was bitter in his denunciation of the unreality of such instruction.

QUÆSITOR.—I can imagine a conservative man turning radical under such circumstances.

MARCUS.—He did more. He began a course of independent investigation. "Let us see," he asked, "how much our Oxfords and Cambridges have advanced from the standards of those colleges in vogue in the time of Henry VIII., and how much their American successors have improved upon their models." He engaged men of unprejudiced minds to examine and report. He gave himself up to a study of the existing standards of education, as compared with the necessities of life—the actual necessities of business, artistic and professional life; of the necessities of human beings in all orders of society.

QUÆSITOR.—How did it end?

MARCUS.—It ended in a resolve. Other men had given funds to perpetuate existing systems of training. He would set aside the largest donation ever made; and it should be devoted to the establishment of an altogether new and higher ideal of education.

The word education should take on a new meaning. It should come to signify the acquisition of the useful and the true; to mean the gaining of wisdom—the acquisition of the knowledge of how to live—how to begin life, to continue life, and to end life. He would not only devote fortune, but his life's endeavor to this work. Man should no longer put a pride in learning that which had been left over, as the legacy of a stilted and semi-enlightened age.

QUÆSITOR.—The professors for this new school—where did they find them?

MARCUS.—There were plenty of college professors ready to rally under such a banner when assured that the new field contained a promise of a livelihood, and that they and their families would not be reduced to poverty by a declaration of independence. And when pronounced, that declaration became one of war for the ways of reason against the accumulated inertia of unreason.

QUÆSITOR.—Was the battle long in doubt?

MARCUS.—The turning point came more speedily than you would have supposed.

Established precedent had forced many men into a seeming acquiescence who, at heart, despised the system as a mere mockery of education. Men of prominence, recognizing the work which association performs in the training of youth, had uncomplainingly made use of the colleges because there was nothing better.

QUÆSITOR.—Was there not at that time a large class of newly-rich?

MARCUS.—Yes, and this class had been for half a century a strong support of the established conditions. Having itself been deprived of the advantages of college education, it felt a natural timidity in its criticism of something of which it had but a limited conception. Others, actuated by less manly motives, joined in the cry of support for the established order, hoping thus to distract attention from their own shortcomings.

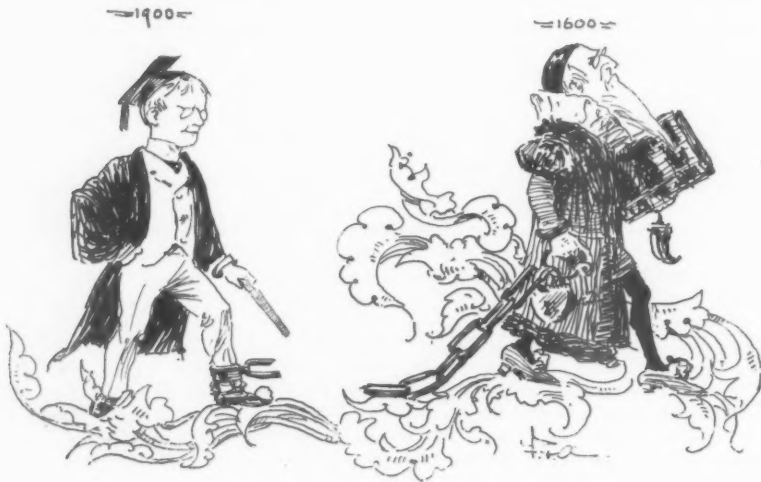
QUÆSITOR.—There was also probably a considerable personal factor dictating the action of the professors then occupying chairs.

MARCUS.—Certainly. A man who had achieved eminence in the line of the dead languages, naturally opposed such a change in the order of things as would relegate him to obscurity. Both his income and his reputation were threatened by such a change. Nothing more natural than that a man whose training has all been in the line of tradition, and whose usefulness would be seriously curtailed by the new scheme, should unconsciously see danger in changing the established order. It is no reflection upon the honesty of such men that they were the last to see what had been recognized for half a century by the average thinker. But the movement once well under way, soon became a stampede. The hour of reason had come, and, when granted a fair hearing, the old and absurd of tradition went down before the irresistible force of common sense.

QUÆSITOR.—And the director of the reform—the many-millionaire?

MARCUS.—You know his name. It stands in the very highest place in the educational annals of all the centuries. To him mankind owes a large measure of that happiness and enjoyment of life which is no longer the privilege of the few but the portion of every man and woman. We no longer live according to precedent, but according to reason.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY ON "HONOR."

BY AARON BURR.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

AMONG the curious things which are in the autograph collection of Mr. John Boyd Thatcher, of Albany, is an essay "On Honor," written by Aaron Burr when he was a youth. The topic, and its treatment, in the light of the later career of the author, give the manuscript something of a peculiar interest.

The paper was for more than half a century in the possession of the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague (who had access to the private papers of Colonel Burr, shortly after his death), and passed directly from his family into the hands of Mr. Thatcher, with a number of other autographs. There is, consequently, no doubt as to its authenticity.

When this essay was written, Burr was a student at Princeton University, of which his father, for whom he was named, was the founder and the first president, and his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated theologian and divine, the second president. Another of his early literary undertakings, "On Passion," has been preserved, and it is strikingly similar in style and sentiment.

"Amid the variety of literary pieces," he begins his Addisonian paces, "which have, in all ages, been ushered into the world, few, if any, afford greater satisfaction than those that treat of man. To persons of a speculative nature and elegant taste, whose bosoms grow with benevolence, such disquisitions are peculiarly delightful." "Man's mental powers," he continues, "being in their nature sluggish and inactive, cannot put themselves in motion. The grand design, then, of the passions, is to rouse them to action," and then, in this early boyhood, he draws a striking picture of his own later life. "Do we not frequently behold men of the most sprightly genius, by giving reins to their passions, lost to society, and reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and despair." . . . "In such cases the most charming elocution, the finest fancy, the brightest blaze of genius, and the noblest burst of thoughts, call for louder vengeance, and damn them to lasting infamy and shame."

Burr's mother has left on record a description of his disposition as a baby. On the 31st of January, 1758, when he was less than two years old, she wrote: "Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy; very different from Sally in almost everything. He begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He has more sprightliness than Sally, and most people say he is handsome, but not so good-tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms."

Twice as a child he ran away from home. Although of an ungovernable temper, and of disposition stubborn and self-willed, his mental powers were remarkable. At the age of eleven he offered himself for admission as a freshman at Princeton College. Being rejected because of his age and inches,—for the rules of the institution required that candidates should be at least fifteen,—he continued his studies, following the college curriculum, and two years later, at the age of thirteen, applied again, this time for admission to the junior class. It was decided to suspend the rules and allow him to enter the sophomore class, and at the age of sixteen he graduated with honors.

His career in college was brilliant, notwithstanding his youth, and after two years of post-graduate study, he went to Bethlehem, Connecticut, to study theology with Dr. Joseph Bellamy, and follow the profession of his famous father and more famous grandfather. At this time, a wave of scepticism was sweeping the world. At Oxford, in England, and at Yale, as good Dr. Bentham records, "infidelity was the fashion," and Burr's young mind was inoculated. Five months with Dr. Bellamy sufficed. At the end of that time he left Bethlehem, rejecting the religion of his ancestors, "after a calm and full investigation," as he afterward explained, with the conviction "that the road to heaven was open to all alike."

The following is the essay which is held in Mr. Thatcher's collection:

HONOR.

BY AARON BURR.

A S man is formed for action, so is he calculated for honor and praise; and according as his actions are good or evil, laudable or base, so is he esteemed or despised, applauded or abhorred. Thus we see some men the objects of singular esteem and regard, and others the subjects of universal hatred and displeasure. Such is the attachment we have implanted in our natures to that which is excellent and noble, and such the aversion to that which is contemptible and base. How noble, then, is man! How far exalted above the other parts of the creation, which are all subservient to his pleasure and use! How complicated and mysterious that noblest work of God! He steps forth lord of the creation; angels view and admire the beauty and elegance of his form, while spiteful demons envy him that liberty which they before enjoyed.

Men may be easily distinguished from the other parts of the creation by the beauty and comeliness of their form and make, as also by those peculiar faculties which they alone possess; but they are only to be distinguished among themselves and from each other according to the advantages that accrue to the general good, from the different improvements they make of those valuable gifts of nature that so visibly distinguish them from the other creatures.

Happy it is that man is in some measure acquainted with the worth and excellence of his nature; he deems it to be more honorable than that of other beings around him, which has a ready tendency to put the noble passions of the soul into proper exercise. In consequence of his perception of the worth and superiority of his nature, he dignifies his species by acts of humanity, generosity, and benevolence, and conceals those natural defects which, without those principles of honor, would be exposed to the scorn and ridicule of the less honorable part of mankind. It appears that the author of nature has thought fit to mingle, from time to time, a few, and but a few, among the associates of men, on whom he is pleased to bestow a larger portion of that ethereal spirit, than is given in the ordinary course of Providence to the generality of men.

These engross almost the reason of the species, and are happily calculated for men of honor, if wise and prudent enough to cultivate and nourish those hidden sparks of genius in a proper manner, so capable of enlightening the world. Although they come into existence like other men, yet after the effect of surprise and inexperience is over, they differ from the herd of mankind in that they act like rational creatures, and like those sent on important errands. While the generality of mankind, like the idle traveler, gaze and stalk about without informing their own judgments, improving their abilities, or making any discoveries, either useful to themselves or others, these observe with distinction and admire with knowledge. Although they may indulge themselves, in speculation and pleasure, yet, as their industry is not taken up in trifles, so their amusement and recreation are not made the principal end and business of their lives.

Such men like the moistening dew and temperate shower, which both increase the beauty of the blooming stalk, and give life and strength to the languishing fibers of decaying plants, heighten the prosperity of a flourishing and happy people, diffuse new life and vigor to the remains of public spirit in a weak and ruining state. Such men, who are justly called men of honor, will never pass the stage without notice. If they retire from the world, their splendor accompanies them and enlightens even the obscurity of their retreat. This is the happy consequence when our men of genius are men of honor. The man who possesses the superior faculties of the mind, regulated by principles of reason and honor, whether ruler or counselor, appears like a kind guardian angel to the people with whom he resides, busy to avert and suppress every incident of evil, and careful to secure them in peaceful enjoyment of all the comforts of life and blessings of society. On the contrary, the man who possesses these same faculties, unregulated by principles of honor, should he take a part in public life, the effect is of a different kind. Instead of breathing peace and prosperity, he appears rather like a minister of divine vengeance, whose course through the world is marked by slavery and oppression, by ruin and destruction.

A proper improvement of the powers of the body and faculties of the mind, suitably applied to the business of life, make the man of honor and the useful member of society; but it is the neglect and misapplication of these that add such heavy curses to every age. These corporeal and mental faculties, judiciously regulated, that so elegantly complete the man of honor, like the gentle blasts of air that breathe over parched plains, cool the panting hero, add life and growth to withered blades and plants, which cover the earth with herbage and grass, that revive man and beast, and give a new face to animal nature: thus, I say, the powers of man, applied to action under proper regulation, revive the languid spark of public spirit, raise oppressed states, strengthen society with all its wholesome rules, and make the human species prosperous, happy, and blessed; but when they reject the control of reason, when separated from men of honor and meteor-like flame lawless in ungoverned beasts, they are like the raging winds that speed desolation through their vast career.

On this side we behold the fruits of the earth swept away, forests and groves leveled, while the towering spires of solemn temples, together with the most magnificent edifices, are lifted from their bases and leveled with the dust. On that side the piercing shrieks of distressed mariners fill the troubled air, while the swelling sea rolls wave on wave, lifts the largest ships far aloft, and buries whole navies in the unfathomed deep. Alas! this too nearly resembles that ruinous flame of discord that vibrates from heart to heart among the ungoverned passions of men, not extinguishable but with life itself. Oh! the wretched prostitutions of the superlative parts of nature that pictures man too frequently, in such hellish modes, and casts a slur upon the workmanship of God.

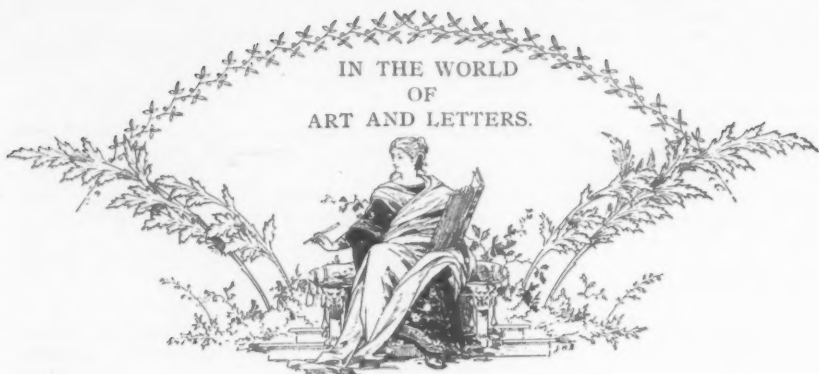
Hence, human glory is raised to its highest pitch when conquerors can boast of great victories; and triumph and exult to see their harbors crowded with the plundered spoils of slaughtered thousands! Is this true glory, to gain renown by shedding blood? Is it the true, heroic spirit to force to empire by murder and oppression? No; it is lasting glory, and true, permanent honor, to breathe peace

and safety upon mankind; to rise above them all, without any advantage taken by their fall.

Honor is founded on great principles, and supported in great virtues. The man of true glory is like a stream that deviates neither to the right nor left, that seldom ebbs, and never overflows its banks, but retains its appointed channel; but the man of true honor is like a lamp lighted by the breath of God, the luster and brightness of which cannot be taken in or bounded by the thought of man, and which can only be extinguished by the potent arm of God himself.

To exemplify what has been said, a great number of instances might be drawn from the lives and conversation of those men who have lived honorably and died gloriously; but, fearing I have already sufficiently tried your patience, shall omit a plurality of instances, and humbly submit my incorrect thoughts on this important subject to be rectified by the judgment of my candid audience, and shall, therefore, conclude with the single reply of that valiant and honorable personage, Colonel Gardiner, to a person who challenged him, on some trivial occasion, to decide the matter by a duel, to whom the colonel replied, with all the boldness and intrepidity of a warrior, and all the god-like reverence of a Christian: "You know," said he to his thoughtless antagonist, "that I have courage to fight with feeble man, but I am afraid to sin against Almighty God." There spake at once the Christian hero and the true, warlike man. There spake that which reason dictates to all. With what inimitable excellence did this Christian leader and friend of man sum up, in his own person, the man of honor, the hero, and the child of God.

When we read the histories of such men, and become acquainted with the principles of honor, which regulated their conduct who act up to the dignity so well suited to the excellence of human nature, how is the breast transported with delight at the thought! And how does the soul shoot away, as it were, with the swiftness of imagination, to mingle with the spirits of men of honor, where all is grandeur, where all is greatness, where all is a profusion of holiness, felicity, and joy.



banquets.—This month has been with us the month of banquets.

Banqueting has been going on everywhere, apropos of no matter what, or in honor of no matter whom. It is a fashion altogether new in Paris. Formerly there were hardly any banquets but political ones; these were reunions to which some leader of one of the parties which divide the Chamber of Deputies was invited. At the dessert, in the guise of a toast, he made known his programme, and on the following morning his discourse filled the first page of all the newspapers. But at present it is a different matter. There are still political banquets, but there are also literary, artistic and commercial banquets. There are banquets of all kinds, and even some for which the pretext is so slight that one might be tempted to believe that those who got them up had in view only the pleasure of dining at a restaurant, leaving their chaste spouses to dine at home alone on the traditional boiled beef and onions.

One of our distinguished editors receives the decoration of the Legion of Honor—a banquet is given to him. Another receives academic honors—another banquet, more toasts. But after all, this hurts no one. But the most remarkable of all these banquets, the one which has been most talked about, is the banquet which has been given in honor of Mounet Sully, our great tragedian.

There was, truth to say, no particular reason for making this demonstration in his honor. He had played, indeed, with much *éclat* the rôle of Hamlet at the Comédie Française; but if it was desired to celebrate his success, it should have been done the day after the first representation, and not after the one hundred and fiftieth. And besides, is it really necessary, when we desire to testify our admiration for an actor, to do so otherwise than by salvos of applause in the theater?

But then, to give a banquet is the fashion. And besides, among us there are people who are always delighted to put themselves forward; to get up a demonstration that will be talked about in the newspapers and bring their names before the public. They are on the watch for every such occasion. It is they who raise subscriptions for statues; who get up theatrical benefits and entertainments for charity. Everything serves them to bring themselves into public notice, in the shadow of the great man, alive or dead, whose name they bandy about.

This time they caught hold of Hamlet's doublet, worn by Mounet Sully. In addition to the fact that Mounet Sully is as popular among us as Irving is in

England and America, he is doubly popular with the Parisian public just now, on account of the disfavor into which Coquelin has fallen. They are pleased with the tragedian for not having left the *Comédie Française*, while Coquelin, after his more or less brilliant campaigns on its boards, brought a suit against it, in which the part he played was not very creditable. They felt that any honor paid to Mounet Sully would be disagreeable to Coquelin, whom they were glad to remind that he was no longer in favor.

The young men who had conceived the idea of giving a banquet in honor of Mounet Sully availed themselves of this disposition of the public. To honor an artist whom they decidedly admired and to offend another, to whom they had taken a dislike, was to kill two birds with one stone; every one wanted to subscribe. We were one hundred and sixty guests at table.

There would have been many more if women had been admitted. Mounet Sully has many feminine friendships among theatrical people and many feminine admirers in society. With us the crowd always throngs where they are sure of meeting actresses. If they had not been set aside it would have been necessary to lay the banquet table in the *Champ de Mars*, and even then there would not have been room enough.

It was even necessary to make a selection among the men who wished to subscribe. Only those were accepted who had famous names, or who were particular friends of the artist. Among the one hundred and sixty guests who sat down to the dinner, at which M. Claretie, the manager of the *Comédie Française*, presided, having Mounet Sully on his right and on his left Paul Meurice, the translator of "*Hamlet*," there were perhaps not ten who were not famous, or at least well known.

I was seated between Benjamin Constant, one of our greatest painters, and Nodier, one of the masters of contemporary sculpture. Painters and sculptors had, in fact, considered it an honor to show their esteem and sympathy for the artist who, better than any other on the stage, preserved the tradition of beautiful attitudes and stately and noble gestures.

"What is admirable about him," said Nodier to me, "is that, no matter what his part, the pose he takes is always that of the finished statue."

I know of no one but our great Sarah who can in this respect be compared to him. Sarah is a perpetual and living harmony. I remember her as she was when she was quite young and altogether unknown. She came familiarly to the house. It was a delight to me to see her walking or sitting in my study. The folds of her gown would drape themselves naturally about her with a supreme elegance and grace.

I am told that in the United States Mounet Sully was only half-liked by the public. I am surprised that you were not captivated by his marvelous rhythm of movement and gesture. There is much that may be criticised in Mounet Sully, but it cannot be denied that he is both graceful and handsome. I saw him some time ago in Hippolyte in "*Phèdre*." He had the air of a young god. He looked so like an antique statue, sculptured by the chisel of Phidias, that when he appeared, even before he had opened his mouth, a burst of applause greeted him from every part of the house; it was a spontaneous explosion of enthusiasm. It was as if a vision of the antique Greek beauty had suddenly appeared before us.

No banquet was given to him for this creation of Hippolyte. Yet he was greater in it than in *Hamlet*; but banquets had not yet come into fashion. The entertainment given in honor of *Hamlet* was wanting perhaps in opportuneness, but it was none the less very cordial and very animated. Most of Mounet Sully's fellow-actors were conspicuous by their absence. They had preferred to remain away. They were not blamed for this; their motives were understood. One would have wished, however, to see some one of them say something about the actor's art itself, and so make it share in the glory of the day. This did not occur to any one, which was a pity.

In exchange, we had a toast from Claretie, which was a masterpiece of tact, good feeling and wit. Mounet Sully responded to it, not without a certain grandiloquence; but with an emotion which was real and very contagious; and every one retired, repeating the celebrated line of Victor Hugo: "La fête fut exquis, et fort bien ordonné!"

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



Light From the East.—No nation has ever understood another, but no nation has ever been so misunderstood by every other as the Jewish. In the ages when Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" (to whom Shylock is a saint of the church) was accepted as typical, when the inhabitants of the Jewries were supposed to spend their time in crucifying children and poisoning wells, what they were really occupied in was a quarrel over the views of the great philosopher Maimonides, who had explained away the physical references to God in the Old Testament, and tried to reconcile Aristotle with the Law of Moses. Any one who studies the history of the Jews (as written, say, by Graetz, and published in English by the Jewish Publication Society of Philadelphia) will find himself confronted by a host of romantic or philosophic movements and personalities. For the Jewish nation, which is still, in some quarters, childishly conceived as a congeries of money-lenders, has, like every other nation, produced all sorts of everything; nay, its history, by reason of its simultaneous diffusion over all the world, is the richest of all in variety. And, like every other creed, the Jewish finds itself confronted by the problems of modern thought. How is it behaving in this common crisis? What has the oldest faith to say to the newest science? How are its leaders grappling with the difficulties that beset their generation? In the past, as we have seen from the attempt of Maimonides to square Judaism with the Aristotelian philosophy that dominated the medieval intellect, its leaders always rose to the occasion. But in our own day the leaders are as the blind leading the blind. One man of genius has, however, been given to the English-speaking Jews, or rather has been adopted by them, for Dr. Schechter, who now holds an important position at the University of Cambridge, was, scarcely a decade ago, an exile from the ungrateful soil of Roumania. But he now wields a rare English style and his first English book, "Studies in Judaism," has just brought illumination and delight to Christians and Jews alike. It is not only that Professor Schechter is one of the greatest Hebrew scholars, perhaps the greatest Hebrew scholar in the world, with a marvelously minute acquaintance with its huge literature (whereof the rabbinical books alone are an immeasurable wilderness); it is not alone that his erudition is constantly adding to the knowledge of the scientific world (he has just discovered some of the old Hebrew text of the book of Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha)—these are not the gifts that move the world;—but what makes him important is that, like Renan, he is endowed, in addition, with spiritual insight and "esprit." Renan himself might have written the delightful yet scientific essay on "The Chassidim," a curious sect of mystics who arose in Roumania, and whose humble, poetic leader became a sort of divinity to his later followers. This "Baalsheim," as he was called, dealt largely in parable, of which Dr. Schechter gives us this specimen: "There was once a king who built himself a glorious palace. By means of magical illusion it seemed as if the palace were full of devious corridors and mazes, preventing the approach to the royal presence. But as there was much gold and silver heaped up in the entrance halls, most people were content to go no farther, but take their fill of treasure. The king himself they did not notice. At last the king's intimate had compassion upon them and explained to them 'all these walls and mazes which you see before you do not, in truth, exist at all. They are mere illusions. Push forward bravely and you shall find no obstacle.'" An allegory of God and the world, which may be found

almost in similar terms in Maeterlinck's last book! So old is the new! Scholars and mystics, scientists and children, dogma and tradition, all are studied in this fascinating book which brings into English letters a refreshing breath of novelty. But it is by its "Introduction" that the book will prove most helpful. And helpful to Christians as much as to its author's own people, for Dr. Schechter boldly faces the specter of modern critical science that has questioned the verbal accuracy and inspiration of the Bible. It is true he confines himself to the Old Testament, but the Old and the New are vitally implicated. In the Middle Ages the services of learned Jews were always in request to explain Biblical obscurities to Christian scholars; and it is strange that the modern world has not been more eager to seek light from the East, and guidance from the first holders of that long tradition of love and reverence for the ancient Eastern book. Dr. Schechter's contribution to the removal of "our present discontents" is his eloquent exposition of "the Synagogue"—not a body of priests, but the collective conscience of the best men in all ages; not a dead set of dogmas, but a continuous living spirit. "The Synagogue, 'with its long continuous cry after God for more than twenty-three centuries;' with its unremittent activity in teaching and developing the Word of God; with its uninterrupted succession of prophets, psalmists, scribes, Assideans, rabbis, patriarchs, interpreters, elucidators, eminences and teachers; with its glorious record of saints, martyrs, sages, philosophers, scholars and mystics—this Synagogue . . . must also retain its authority as the sole true guide for the present and the future. And, we may also look hopefully for a safe and rational solution of our present theological trouble. For was it not the Synagogue which, even in antiquity, determined the fate of Scripture? On the one hand, for example, books like Ezekiel, the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes were only declared to be Holy Writ in virtue of the interpretation put on them by the rabbis; and, on the other hand, it was the veto of the rabbis which excluded from the Canon the works that now pass under the name of Apocrypha. We may, therefore, safely trust that the Synagogue will again assert its divine right in passing judgment upon the Bible when it feels called upon to exercise that holy office." But for the rest of this masterly and luminous essay the reader must consult "Studies on Judaism" (Macmillan).

I. ZANGWILL.



Mild Editorial Suggestion.—In the midst of the excitement of the political campaign, I would ask the reader of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* to step aside with himself,—or herself, if she lives in one of the states where she is so fortunate as to exercise the privilege of citizenship—for a quarter of an hour of calm deliberation. What is it that we are all trying to do at this next election? To make a greater and a better Republic: to bring government for the people,

by the people, up to the highest standard. Who are they who differ with us? Our fellow-citizens. What are their aims? In most cases, just as high and lofty as our own.

* * *

Government is not yet an exact science, and there will be theories and theories about it for a long time to come. Let us differ. Differences bring about thorough discussion and a better understanding. But let us resolve to differ with kindness and persuade by gentleness—yet earnestly. Carlyle wrote: "Where thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist only to be extinguished: they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well meanwhile in what spirit thou wilt do it. Not with hatred, with headlong selfish violence, but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not replace such extinct lie by a new lie, which a new injustice of thine own were—the parent of still other lies; whereby the latter end of that

business were worse than the beginning." Above all, let us reason with ourselves—convert ourselves to the truth. If all men would but be as anxious to teach the truth to themselves as they are to teach it to their neighbors, what a vast avalanche of scales would fall from the eyes of humanity.

* * *

The main question which an earnest citizen of the Republic should ask himself is: "Do I seek truth? Do I seek it humbly and with sincerity? Or am I the victim of prejudice and passion and stolid unreason? Or, even worse, of my own selfish desires, hoping that I may be benefited at the expense of my neighbor. Let us then turn over a new leaf before this election takes place. Let us abandon our neighbor to his stupidity for a while, and do a little wrestling with ourselves. Let us take up the shorter catechism for the citizen of the ideal Republic, and ask of ourselves answers to its questions:

First—Do I seek the truth?

Second—Do I wish the benefit of my neighbor as well as myself?

Third—Am I tolerably free from prejudice?

Fourth—Have I studied with diligence the platforms of the two parties, and the motives of their leaders, and weighed them in the light of past events?

Fifth—Am I intimidated in my line of action by those with whom I am connected in business, or influenced by hope of reward from social superiors?

Sixth—Am I acting in such a way as to satisfy myself that I am exercising the fullest prerogatives of manhood, and keeping in view the greatest good of the greatest number of my countrymen?

As the century nears its close, the term "Citizen of the Republic" is coming to mean something new. We all have our parts to take in producing that general prosperity which insures our individual prosperity. If we fulfill our duties wisely, we shall deserve the prosperity which is the due of every citizen of such a Republic as ours.



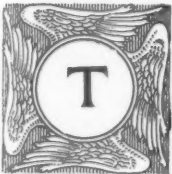
Answers to Correspondents.—The pernicious and demoralizing habit of answering idle questions has made our journals responsible for a great deal of intrusive imbecility. Short cuts to learning are always popular, and what can be easier than writing to a newspaper for knowledge which we are too lazy to gain in more laborious fashions. It takes some degree of alertness and intelligence to find out anything for ourselves; but a faint, a very faint desire for information will rouse the average man or woman to the point of troubling somebody else to provide it. We have always energy enough for an interrogation. Who wrote a half-forgotten and wholly valueless poem, of which the correspondent can recall only the two first lines? From what remote drama is misquoted an insignificant couplet? What is the present population of Dakota? Who was viceroy of India in 1887? Knowledge easily acquired, and knowledge not worth acquiring,—it is all the same. The questioner can doubtless read as well as write. The public libraries are at his service as well as at the service of other people. But why should he endeavor to do for himself that which a time-honored custom has authorized him to exact from his fellow-creatures.

More reprehensible than the mere idleness which prompts these oft-repeated queries is the encouragement given to girls and women to seek guidance in matters great and small from public journals. There are periodicals of good standing and wide circulation which print every week a column of advice concerning matters so purely personal that the intrusion of a stranger's hand would seem as painful as it is repugnant to good taste. Nothing is too

trivial, and, apparently, nothing is too important to be carried to this open tribunal for discussion. Young girls who appear to be without mothers or sisters, aunts, cousins, or female friends, to whom they would naturally turn for counsel, write to the unknown "Dorothy," or "Madge," or "Barbara," who edits this department, and place all the problems of their lives in her hands for solution. They want to know how to use their forks at table, how to dress for a lawn party, how to write to young men, how to say good-by to their lovers, how to patch up a quarrel with their relatives, how to behave themselves in every possible or impossible emergency. A silly vanity betrays them into inane confidences. They affect uncertainty as to their attachment to Harold, or Harold's attachment to them, and wish to be reassured on these essential points. They are consumed with doubts as to the propriety of their own conduct. They nourish secret ambitions, literary, artistic or theatrical. Above and beyond all, they desire to talk about themselves,—delicious occupation!—and to be coddled, and gently chidden, and coaxed, and flattered in reply.

Now, at first sight, these confidential disclosures seem purely amusing. That a girl should write to a paper to ask how late at night she may walk home with the young man she is going to marry, appears to be a matter for entertainment rather than regret. Yet it is difficult to overrate the loss of self-respect which must inevitably ensue from such a hot pursuit of publicity, and nothing is more unwise than to trust too implicitly in the boasted harmlessness of folly. Nor should it ever be forgotten that no rank of society implies vulgarity of soul. A girl may be far from sensible, yet shrink instinctively from disclosing her silliness to a stranger. That she should be encouraged to do so in the interests of a journal seems to me a pity. That the perusal of other girls' sentimental queries inspire her with similar suggestions hardly admits of a doubt. That she is benefited by the gentle twaddle written in return must remain a lamentable uncertainty. It is always pleasant for her to be told, even by somebody who does not know her, that she has "an ardent, tender, affectionate and sensitive nature;" but the information is of no lasting value. It is not worth her subscription to the periodical.

AGNES REPPLIER.



he "Reds of the Midi" is the title of one of the most vivid bits of the French Revolution that has yet been given to the English-speaking world. The translation by Mrs. Thomas A. Jauvier is so admirable that it could not possibly have taken anything from the force of the original French of Monsieur Félix Gras. The world has been so taken up with the striking central figures of the revolution in Paris, that it has not had time to analyze the growth and movement of the various elements in the provinces which made the revolution a possibility. Félix Gras has taken as his heroes the soldiers of that interesting battalion which marched up from Marseilles to Paris, intrepidly shouting:

"Aux armes! aux armes!"

Or again, as their banner, on which was painted in red letters "The Rights of Man," was brought to the front:

"Allons, Enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

The art of the author is the most perfect, and, before the tenth page has been passed, the reader is in line with the Marseillais battalion, calling "Allons, Enfants," as loudly as Pascalét himself; and his enlistment is for the war—until the last page has been regretfully turned.



heaping Electrical Energy.—Electrical energy is a manufactured product. To produce it at present for economic purposes, the mechanical energy of steam or water-power is transformed in the magnetic field of a dynamo. The water-power of the country—even if constant in supply—is entirely inadequate. Even in the most favored places, like Manchester, N. H., a steam plant is kept in reserve for times of low-water. The steam engine is very

wasteful of energy. Its most perfect form does not utilize more than ten per cent. of the quantity provided in the fuel.

A pound of coal possesses about eleven million foot-pounds of potential mechanical energy. A horse-power is about two hundred thousand foot-pounds per hour. If all the energy of a pound of coal could be used it would maintain a horse-power for five hours and a half. A good steam engine to-day takes two pounds of coal to maintain a horse-power for an hour, instead of only the fifth of a pound which would be demanded by a perfect engine. The latter would give ten times as much electrical energy per pound of coal as we are now able to get.

Inventors have given much thought to the proposal to convert the energy of coal into electrical energy in a direct way so as to dispense with the engine. Two methods have been tried. First, Thermo-electric: when bars of two different metals, such as antimony and bismuth, are soldered together at one end, while the other ends are connected by a wire, a current of electricity will flow through the circuit when the soldered junction is heated. This shows that heat energy from any source may be directly transformed into electrical energy. Such a device, which is called a thermo-pile, yields less than three per cent. of the energy spent to heat it, and is, therefore, less efficient than the steam engine and dynamo. One of the best of these thermo-electric batteries, called the Noe, has German silver for one of its elements and an alloy of antimony and zinc for the other, and this gives but the tenth of a volt per pair. When heated for this maximum voltage for some hours, the German silver diffuses into the alloy and is ruined past repair. Other metals less diffusive have less voltage, and such as will give a higher voltage have a lower melting point. These are the reasons that nothing of commercial value has come from the thermo-pile, as a substitute for the steam engine, for the generation of electricity. Second, Thermo-chemical: every chemical reaction involves electrical energy, and when such change takes place in a liquid, it becomes possible to employ it as a galvanic source of electricity. Carbon will combine with oxygen only at a relatively high temperature; and for that reason has not been used as a substitute for zinc in a battery. No one knew how to make it dissolve in a liquid.

Dr. W. W. Jacques has found a way of doing this and has discovered a new and economical source of electricity. He provides an iron bottle holding some potassium hydrate, and in the latter fixes a carbon rod, as if to make an ordinary battery in which the iron should be one element and the carbon rod the other. In this condition there is no action, for the cold hydrate will not act upon either substance; but if the whole bottle be heated to about 400°C , and air be pumped into the solution, the hot carbon is at once attacked, and a current of electricity will flow through a wire connecting the iron to the carbon, the direction in the wire being, as usual, toward the element most acted upon, in this case the carbon. The electro-motive force of such a cell is one volt and the current yield is half an ampere for each square inch of immersed carbon. The cell is small when compared with an ordinary galvanic cell. A carbon rod one inch in diameter, having ten inches immersed, would thus give fifteen amperes, and fifty cells, occupying about two cubic feet, would yield $15 \times 50 = 750$ watts, or a horse-power.

As neither the liquid nor the iron are acted on, they will last indefinitely. The source of energy is the heat, and its efficiency is fifty or sixty per cent. of the working power of the coal consumed, instead of eight or ten per cent. This is the cleverest apparatus for the supply of electrical energy yet invented.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



Artificial Silk Production.—It is very generally known that a large proportion of the world's paper supply is made from straw and wood, but the production of silk from wood is a comparatively recent accomplishment, and has not yet been widely noticed. France is one of the greatest silk producing countries of Europe, and in the manufacture of silken fabrics she stands foremost among the nations of the world. The discovery of the process for making silk

from wood is due to a Frenchman, and in France, in 1893, it was first proven that the process could be made a commercial success.

At present the artificial silk all comes from France, being made at Besançon, where there are established large works. The new fabric has steadily grown in favor, and an English company, after a thorough examination of the French factories, has decided to establish works in Lancashire, near Manchester, for the manufacture of the silken yarn from wood pulp. This yarn is to be sold to weavers, who will transform it into cloth by existing machinery.

The artificial silk exceeds in lustre the natural, which is said to be the only difference in the appearance. It is claimed that it takes the dye more readily than the natural silk, and affords more permanent colors—a property not to have been expected.

As in the manufacture of paper the wood is first transformed into pulp, the exact mode of this transformation has not been published. The fibrous texture of the wood is completely obliterated in the pulping process, and the pulp, after thorough cleansing, has the appearance and consistency of a thick gum. This plastic mass is placed in cylinders, which connect with pipes running near the spinning machines. The pipes are studded with metal taps terminating in glass tubes, with very small apertures. Pneumatic pressure in the cylinders forces the pulp along the pipes and out at the glass tips, where it appears in tiny, mucilaginous globules. One of these globules when touched by the finger of the operative adheres to it, and can be drawn into a very delicate filament. This filament is passed through the spinning guide and on to the bobbin. When it is desired to spin a large thread several filaments, from as many tips, are passed through the same guide and on to the same bobbin. When the bobbins are set to rotating, filaments remarkably uniform in size are drawn from the tips, as long as they are kept supplied with pulp.

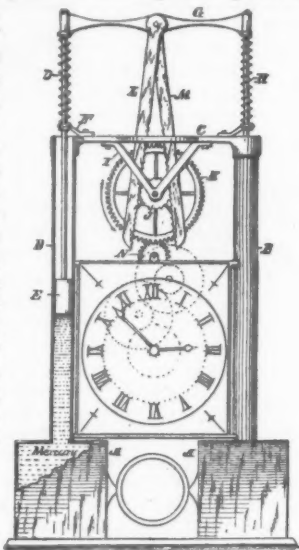
The tips are called "glass silkworms," and the factory at Besançon keeps twelve thousand of these worms continually ejecting their silken threads upon the revolving bobbins, turning wood into silken yarns.

The artificial silk has not the same chemical composition as the natural, but its physical properties are so nearly the same that it is claimed that it will answer all the demands of the cocoon silk. It is anticipated that the introduction of the industry into England will mark an important epoch in textile manufactures.

S. E. TILLMAN.



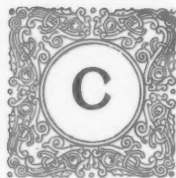
Perpetual Motion.—While any theory of perpetual motion is an absurdity, in the sense that is understood by the mechanician, that is, the possibility of creating something out of nothing, or of generating a force from nothing, there is, nevertheless, always the possibility of commanding forces which are practically continuous in their action; thus giving a machine which, subject to wear and tear of its parts, is capable of indefinite duration in its operation. An example of this is shown in a clock whose pendulum depends for its motion upon one or more tubes of mercury, fitted with piston rods. The temperature being variable, it follows that the mercury will alternately rise and fall. The pistons are so connected with a reciprocal gearing that one lever, operating on a ratchet wheel, winds the wheel up, if the mercury rises, while another lever, operating on the opposite side of the wheel, likewise winds when the mercury falls. Following the laws of nature, there is almost constant motion of the mercury in one direction or the other; and there is no reason why the clock machinery thus operated, should not continue to run until the metal of which it is constructed is worn out.



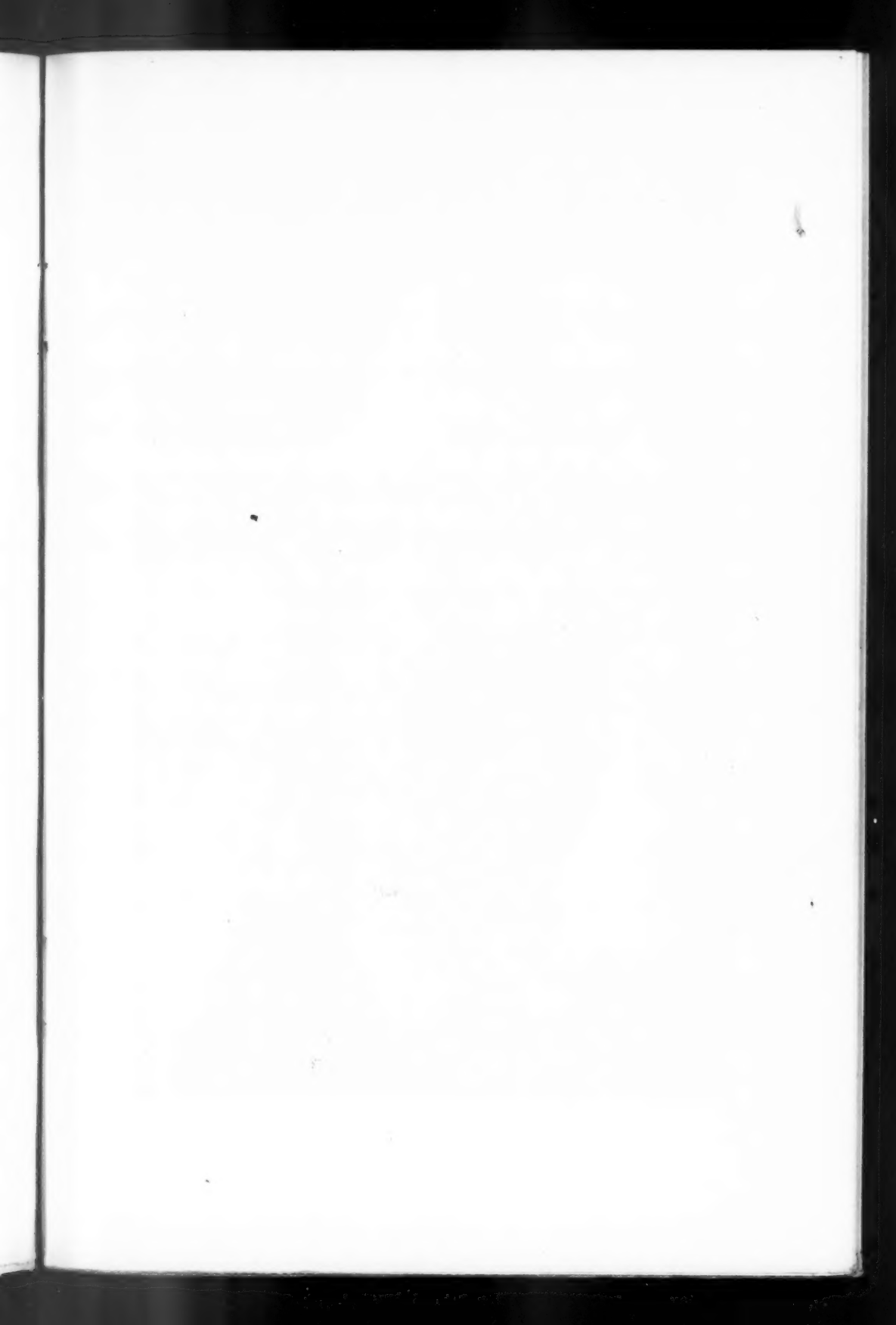
* * *

Presently, too, we shall have harnessed the magnetic currents of the earth; and then another unfailing source of power will be added to the economy of human effort.

LEWIS STANNARD.



Compressed Air Motors applied to street cars received much attention in New York during the month of August. The writer witnessed the test on the Harlem lines and was impressed by the ease with which a heavily laden car was handled. Starting without jerk and stopping in the shortest possible space were advantages which specially commended themselves to the passenger. The outfit is simple, consisting of steel tubes under the seats. These tubes are charged with air under two thousand pounds pressure. The air pressure operates a small cylinder engine under either side of the car. A single charge from the tanks at the end of the line will carry a loaded car for sixteen miles. The mechanism seems, to the casual eye, quite perfect. The cost of operating is claimed as lower than for either cable or electric service, and there is no such expensive construction of roadway, as in the case of existing methods. The factor of safety is said to be large notwithstanding the high pressure, and it seems possible that the same power may eventually be applied to horseless carriages under an even greater pressure than that in use for street cars.





By J. MacWhorter, R. A.

"EVENING MISTS."

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